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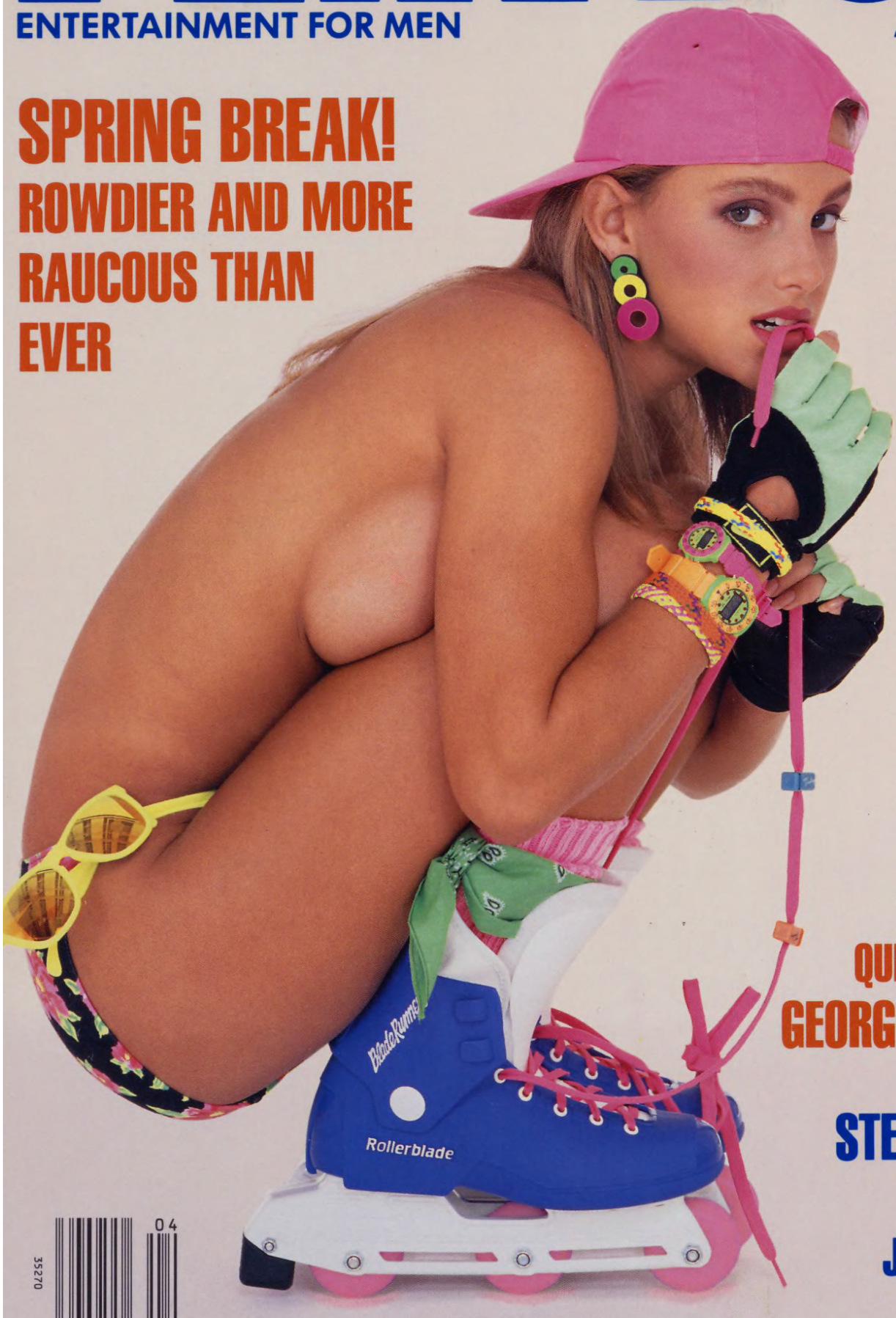

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THE WOMEN OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES

THE RAGING TALENT OF MARTIN SCORSESE, A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

20 FEARLESS QUESTIONS WITH GEORGE FOREMAN

STEVE MARTIN BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

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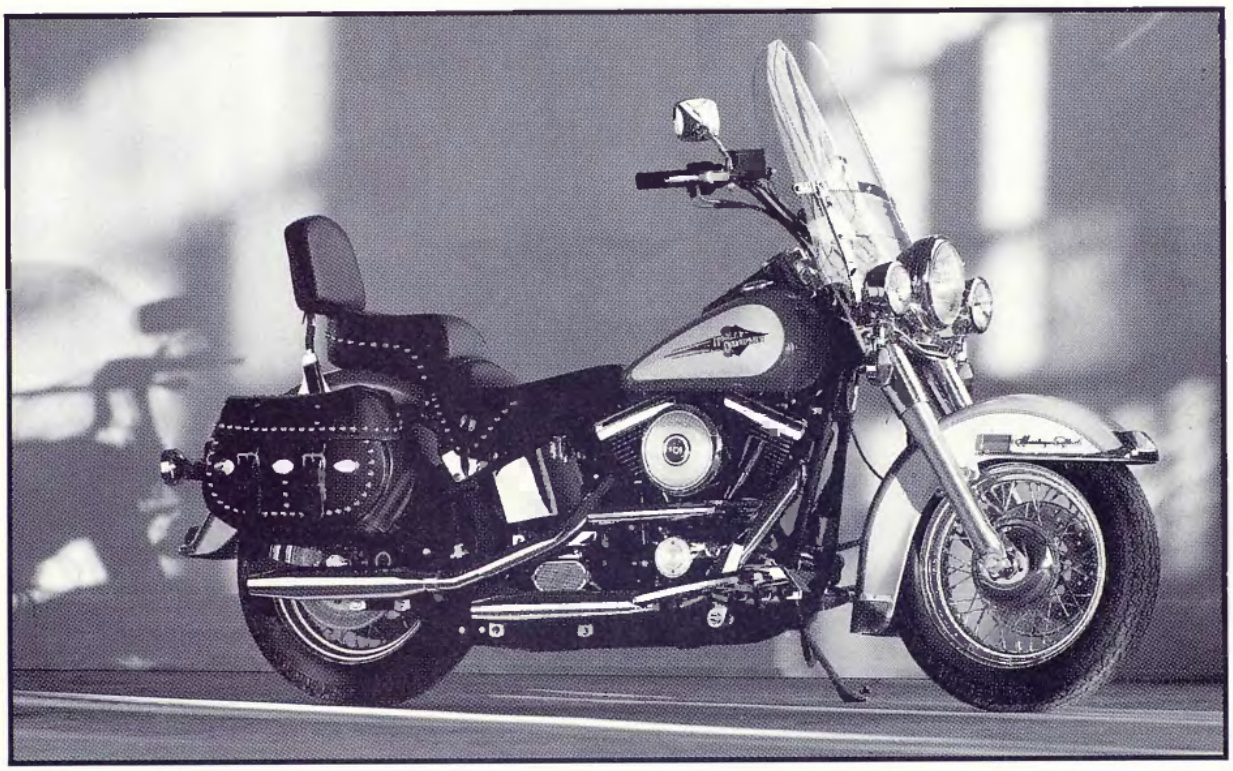

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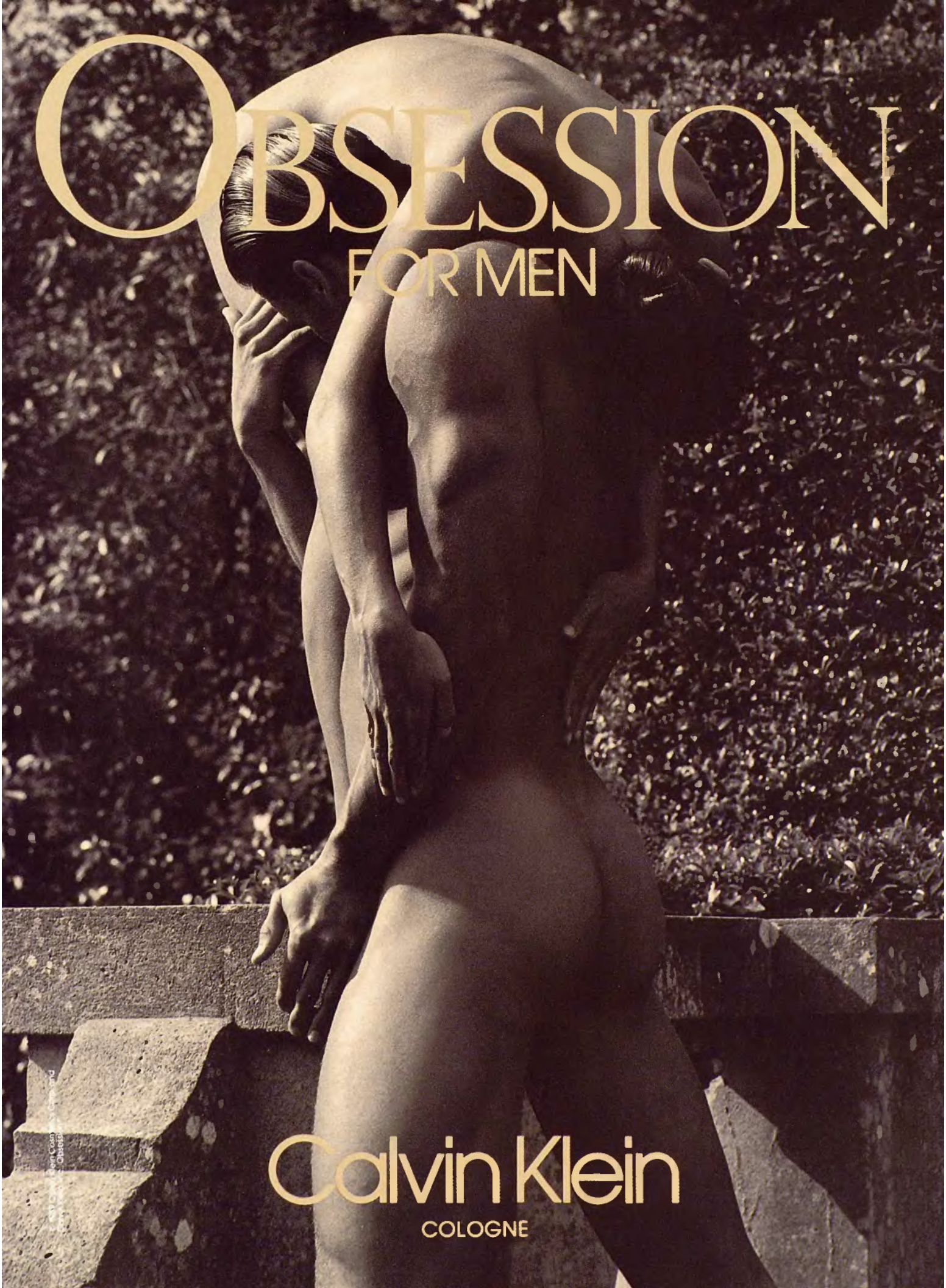
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FOR MEN
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WITH BOTH the Academy Awards and a heavyweight-championship fight on tap, we don't think there could be a better *Playboy Interview* subject than film director **Martin Scorsese,** whose *Raging Bull* is widely considered the greatest fight movie of all time. But then, nearly all of Scorsese's films have devastating intentions. Contributing Editor **David Rensin** confesses that "even though Scorsese was very casual and totally unpretentious during our discussions, I couldn't escape the feeling that I had been granted an audience. It was like being in the presence of a very intense and committed priest. For Scorsese, the craft of film making is almost like a religion." (For a glimpse of Rensin's irreverent side, look for *The Bob Book*, co-authored with **Bill Zehme,** due from Dell in June.)

As you probably know, Scorsese's Oscar-candidate film *GoodFellas* is based on the book *Wiseguy*, which is in turn based on the life of a lower-echelon Mafia hood turned informer named **Henry Hill.** Hill went into the Government's Witness Security Program, the subject of **T. J. English's** hard and skeptical examination *The Wiseguy Next Door*. English's book *The Westies*, about the rise and fall of an Irish mob in New York, was just published in paperback by St. Martin's Press.

A wise guy much more to our liking is **Steve Martin,** arguably the greatest comic sensibility since **Chaplin. Bruce Jay Friedman,** no slouch himself when it comes to humor, gives the actor his due in *Steve Martin, National Treasure*. Also this month, **George Foreman** is in the final days of training for a championship bout with **Evander Holyfield**—which, if he wins, could make him the most revered 43-year-old athlete of 1991. **Lawrence Linderman** visited Foreman at his training camp for *20 Questions* and warns those who'd bet against Mount Baldy, "He's not finely chiseled like Holyfield, but when you see him up close, he's not fat. He's just *big*, smart and, God, does he hit people."

Tired of having feminist sand kicked in your face just because you're a man? Our *Men* columnist and Contributing Editor **Asa Baber** participated in a revolutionary approach to self-empowerment called The New Warrior Training Adventure and came away transformed. "It's about sharing our bond as a tribe, the tribe of men," says Baber, "and it's one of the best things I ever did." He shares his experience in *Call of the Wild*, illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft.**

We know you'll feel good about our two special pictorials, *Women of the Women's Colleges* and *Give Us a Break!*, both photographed by Contributing Photographer **David Chan,** with help from **Arny Freytag, David Mecey** and **James Schnepf.** And if you're our typical reader in his early 30s with a good job and an established career, you may be surprised to learn how many college-aged (or younger) women think you're cute, too. Or maybe you're not surprised, because you're already dating one. **David Seeley** knows just who you are and what you're going through—and reveals all in *The Fine Art of Poaching*, illustrated by **Alan Reingold.** In *Playboy's Automotive Report*, **Ken Grass** describes a different sort of sleek, streamlined beauty and gives the low-down on all the latest cars. To round out the issue, West Coast Editor **Stephen Randall** tells a bittersweet story of two kinds of death in *Uncle Andy Gee's Farewell Show* (illustrated by prize-winning Lithuanian-born **Stasys Eidrigevicius**), and **Robert Scheer,** in his *Reporter's Notebook*, asks why we've risked so much in Saudi Arabia and still can't sing Christmas carols there. Maybe we should object to other practices from the Dark Ages, such as the Saudi ban on women drivers. In the spirit of modernism, and to show our Arab friends just what they're missing, we present our first Saudi-American Playmate, **Christina Leardini.** Now, *there*'s something worth fighting for.

RENSIN

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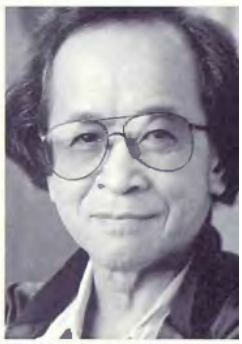
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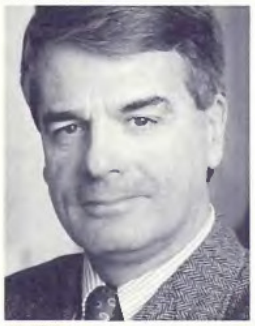
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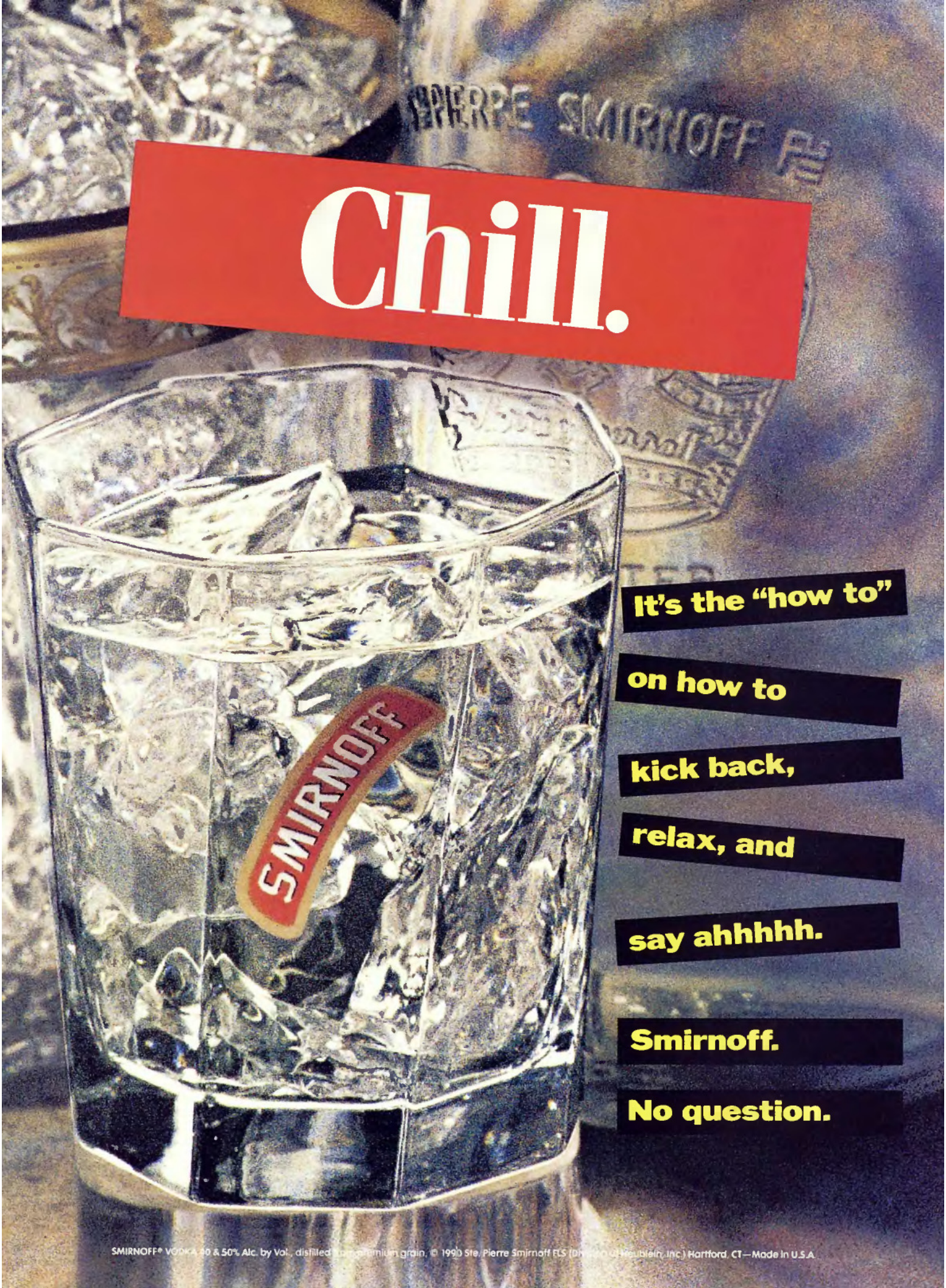
Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), April 1991, volume 38, number 4. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.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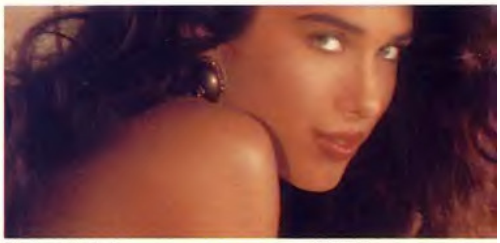
vol. 38, no. 4—april 1991

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
MEN	ASA BABER	34
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	36
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		41
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		45
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: LET'S HEAR IT FOR MARIE OSMOND—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	55
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MARTIN SCORSESE—candid conversation		57
THE WISEGUY NEXT DOOR—article	T. J. ENGLISH	74
GIVE US A BREAK!—pictorial		78
THE FINE ART OF POACHING—article	DAVID SEELEY	86
SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	90
CALL OF THE WILD—article	ASA BABER	98
U.S.-SAUDI SWEETHEART—playboy's playmate of the month		102
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		114
UNCLE ANDY GEE'S FAREWELL SHOW—fiction	STEPHEN RANDALL	116
20 QUESTIONS: GEORGE FOREMAN		118
PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT—article	KEN GROSS	120
PLAYBOY COLLECTION—modern living		124
STEVE MARTIN, NATIONAL TREASURE—playboy profile	BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN	128
WOMEN OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES—pictorial		132
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		169

Women's Colleges P. 132

Young Love P. 86



Calling Christina P. 102

Fashion Forecast P. 90

COVER STORY

March Playmate Julie Clarke rolls onto our cover produced by Associate Photo Editor Jim Larson, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Thanks to John Victor for Julie's hair, Pat Tomlinson for her make-up and Daffy Waterwear of L.A. for her swimwear. Jewelry from Lake Effect, sports equipment from Turin Bicycle and shades from SunVision. The Rabbit ties one on.

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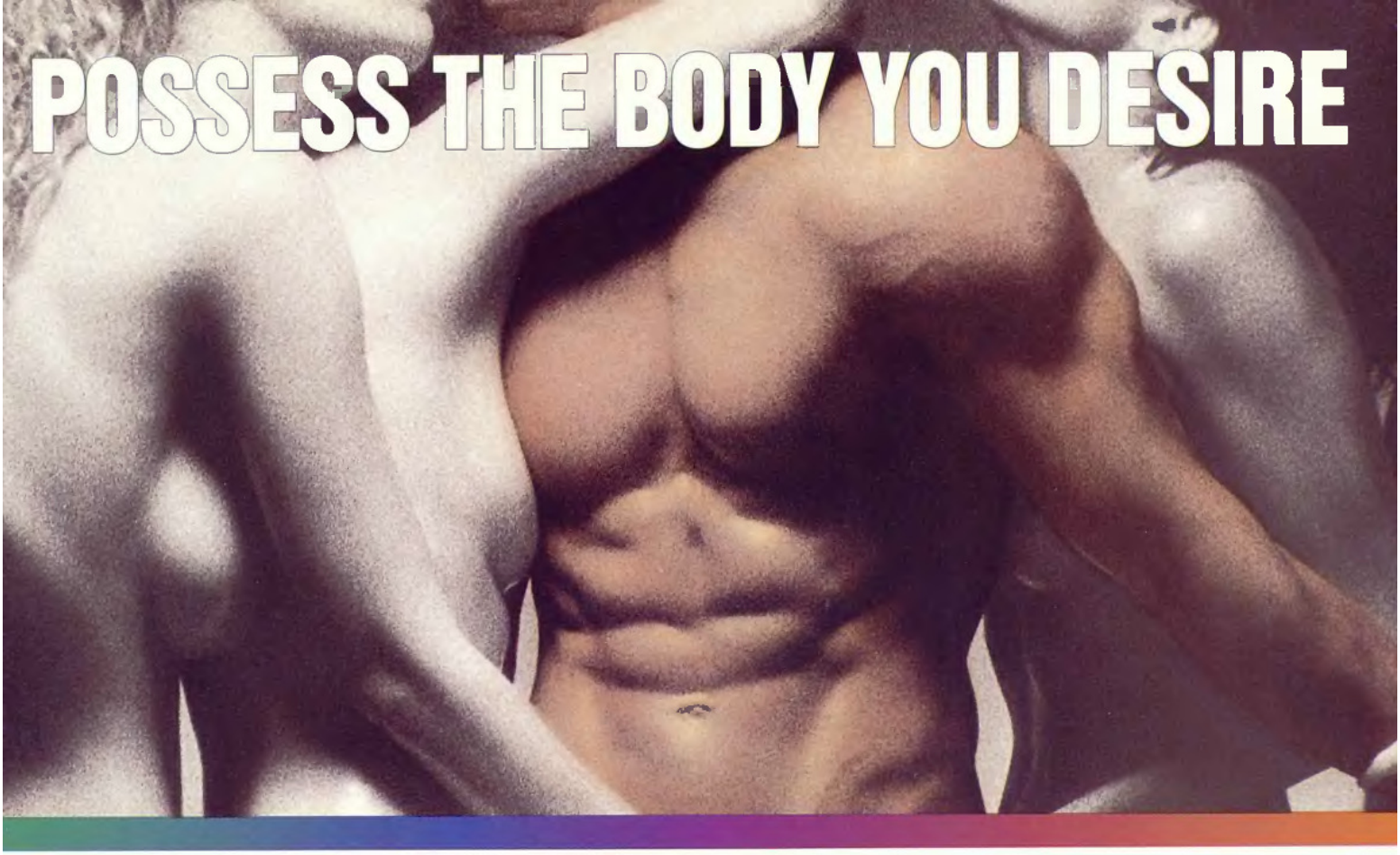

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IACOCCA

The *Playboy Interview* with Lee Iacocca in your January issue is wide-ranging and perceptive. Even so, I am writing to emphasize an important lesson from the Chrysler bail-out. Although it is reassuring for Americans to believe that Chrysler has "made it," the reality is probably more troubling. Many of the purported benefits of the bail-out, such as saving jobs, have been accomplished more effectively by the building of new plants by the Japanese in the United States. In this era of realizing too late how special favors have cost the taxpayers billions, it is imperative that we not look on the Chrysler bail-out as a practical solution to economic troubles. Just as the savings-and-loan crisis is proving, the Government should not be in the business of handing out special favors.

Elaine Mittleman
Falls Church, Virginia

Your interview with Lee Iacocca is a prime example of why my *Playboy* subscription has been continuous for many years and will be for many more. There is no other publication that gives the reader this type of hard-hitting style. Your interviewer Peter Ross Range obviously did his homework.

Perhaps no other person deserves more credit than Iacocca for the fact that air bags and other safety devices are major factors in buyers' choices among 1991 vehicles. Conversely, perhaps no other person deserves more blame for the delay in the implementation of air bags, which were conceived and tested in the Fifties. For the credit, he deserves a pat on the back. For the blame, he deserves a kick in the pants.

Erwin L. Milne
Jefferson City, Missouri

What Chrysler has in its C.E.O. is a bargain at $20,000,000.

What the U.S. has in Lee Iacocca is a potential leader who is intelligent, experienced and inherently honest. Iacocca should be our next President.

Frank G. Fischer
Maple Shade, New Jersey

It is amazing what the Ford Motor Car Company does to people. Its founder, Henry Ford, was a good mechanic with an idea for mass production. His wealth then turned him into an all-seeing, all-knowing person, with notable not-seeing, not-knowing results—witness the Peace Ship or his irrational anti-Semitism.

Now comes another Ford alumnus, Lee Iacocca, an excellent car salesman and car conceiver, who with his wealth has become all-seeing and all-knowing. How grateful we can all be that he doesn't covet the White House. It isn't big enough for that all-consuming ego.

John W. Coe
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan

Lee Iacocca, in your January interview, revealed that he is full of bombast, misinformation and delusions—but he is right about one thing: The U.S. needs an industrial policy. The Japanese are, indeed, robbing you blind, and without Government-sponsored consortia, not only will you never really get back on your feet, you'll also never have the money to solve environmental problems.

Pierre Mihok
Don Mills, Ontario

ABORTION RIGHTS

In January's *Dear Playboy*, Callie Lasch writes about West Virginia state senator Charlotte Pritt's suggestion that if legalized abortion becomes restricted, men should be sterilized when they fall behind in child-support payments. Lasch asks how male activists would respond and she deserves an answer.

As do most prominent feminists, Pritt totally misunderstands the dynamics behind sexism. Should women lose access to legal abortions, they would have to

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), APRIL 1991, VOLUME 38, NUMBER 4, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 8560 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90069; METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.: ATLANTA: 3017 PIEDMONT ROAD NE, SUITE 100, ATLANTA, GA 30305; MIAMI: 2500 SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY, MIAMI, FL 33133; TAMPA: 3016 MASON PLACE, TAMPA, FL 33629.

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wait nine months before exercising their right to terminate parental obligations. If Pritt truly wants men to "suffer" from equal treatment, then she should introduce a bill that would place a nine-month *limit* on support obligations when children are conceived accidentally. As with maternal obligations, anything beyond that should be voluntary.

We legalized abortion because telling women to "be more careful" is not a good enough option. Telling men to "be more careful" isn't, either.

Fredric Hayward, Executive Director
Men's Rights, Inc.
Sacramento, California

Thanks for standing up for my sexual freedom! Any man who thinks that abortion rights don't concern him is fooling himself. Maybe now the militant feminists will stop referring to *Playboy* as a sexist magazine. (I prefer to call myself an equalist.) My boyfriend and I both want to thank you for the great articles and photos. Keep up the good work!

Michele Smith
Muncie, Indiana

"COMING OUT RIGHT"

Robert Scheer's *Reporter's Notebook*, "Coming Out Right" (*Playboy*, December) is an example of the kind of reportage on gay people that we have tried, in vain, to see published in other national magazines. It takes gay people seriously as people and intelligently explores the ways in which our fight with homophobia is a fight against others' oppressive and intrusive "morality." As such, it is a fight whose outcome has implications for nongay people as well. The fact that an article so free from the usual, tiresome, concealed gay baiting found in most pieces on gay people appears in a magazine so explicitly "het" is a pleasant surprise. But then, you may be surprised to find that gay people read *Playboy*. I borrow it from a friend of mine (also gay), and we get a lot of laughs out of our reading it "just for the articles—no, really!" Thanks.

Steven Homer
Chicago, Illinois

GREAT FICTION

Tremendous short stories from John Updike (*Aperto e Chiuso*) and Margaret Atwood (*The Bog Man*) in your January issue. Keep the great fiction coming.

Jeremy Herda
Spokane, Washington

CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

Hey, guys, what gives?

Regarding *Call of the Open Road*, by Ken Gross, in your January issue, the selections of Lyn St. James, one of your judges, reveal a disturbing pattern. Smartest Four-Door Sedan Over $20,000: Lincoln Continental. Sharpest Four-Door Sedan Under $20,000: Ford Escort GT. Most Improved Old Model: Lincoln Town Car. Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend (Boyfriend): Lincoln Continental. Most Fun to Drive: Escort GT. The ultimate insult had to be the Ultimate Convertible: Mercury Capri!

It is unfortunate that St. James lends a stink of company bias to an otherwise fine article. It is obvious who signs her pay checks.

William Frey
St. Louis, Missouri

St. James replies: "I didn't approach the assignment with a bias. Granted, because of my association with Ford, I'm more intimately familiar with Ford vehicles, but my selections were my honest opinion in each category."

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

Here's Looking at You, in the January issue, is the most startling, brilliant display of photography I have ever had the pure joy to see. Helmut Newton is, without question, a creative genius. Every time I look at his pictures, I see new meanings, new conceptions. Yet the pictures remain mysteries, vaguely disquieting.

Jack K. Howard
Tucson, Arizona

Thank you for publishing the superb black-and-white portfolio by Helmut Newton. He is a master photographer

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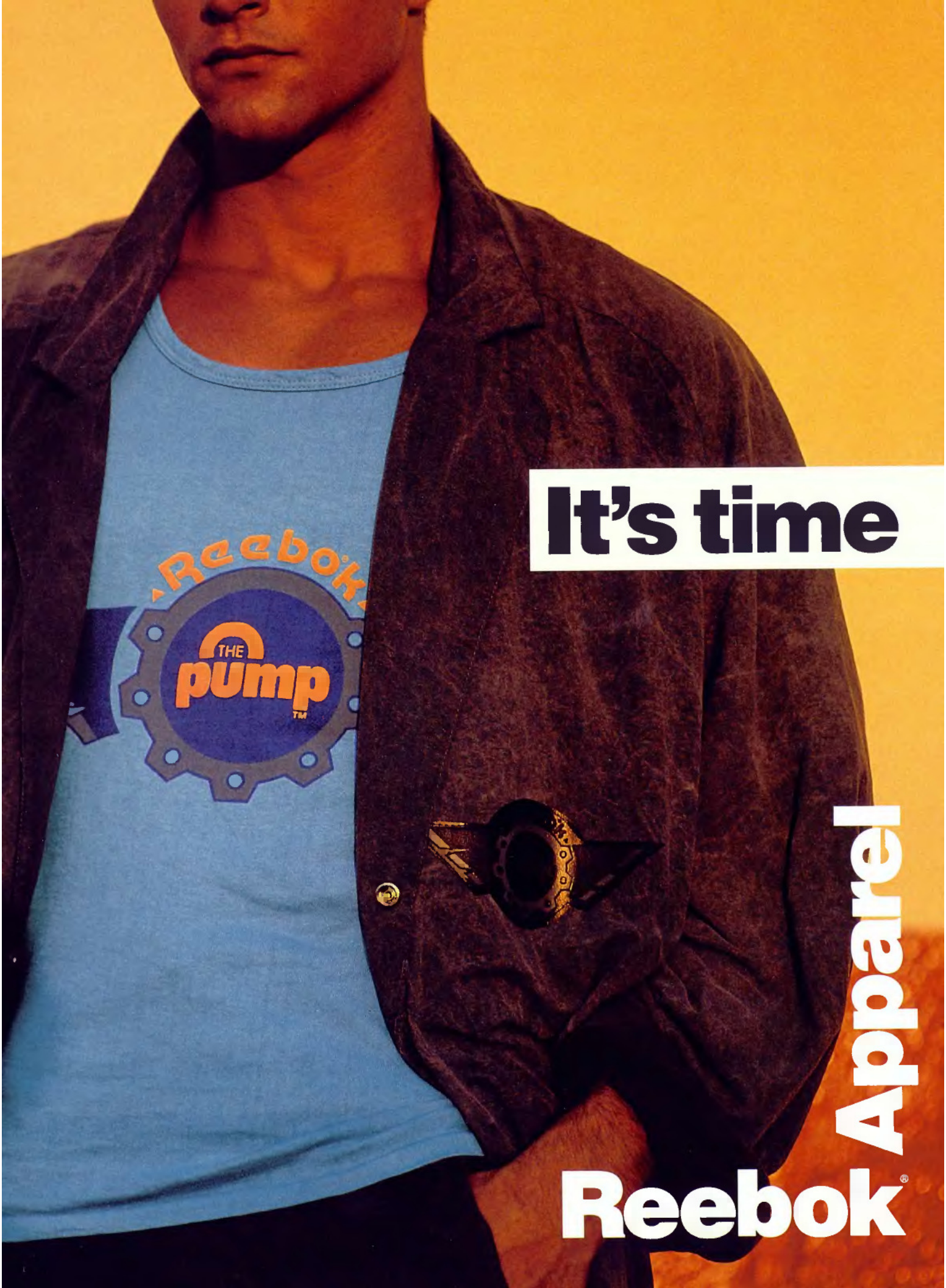
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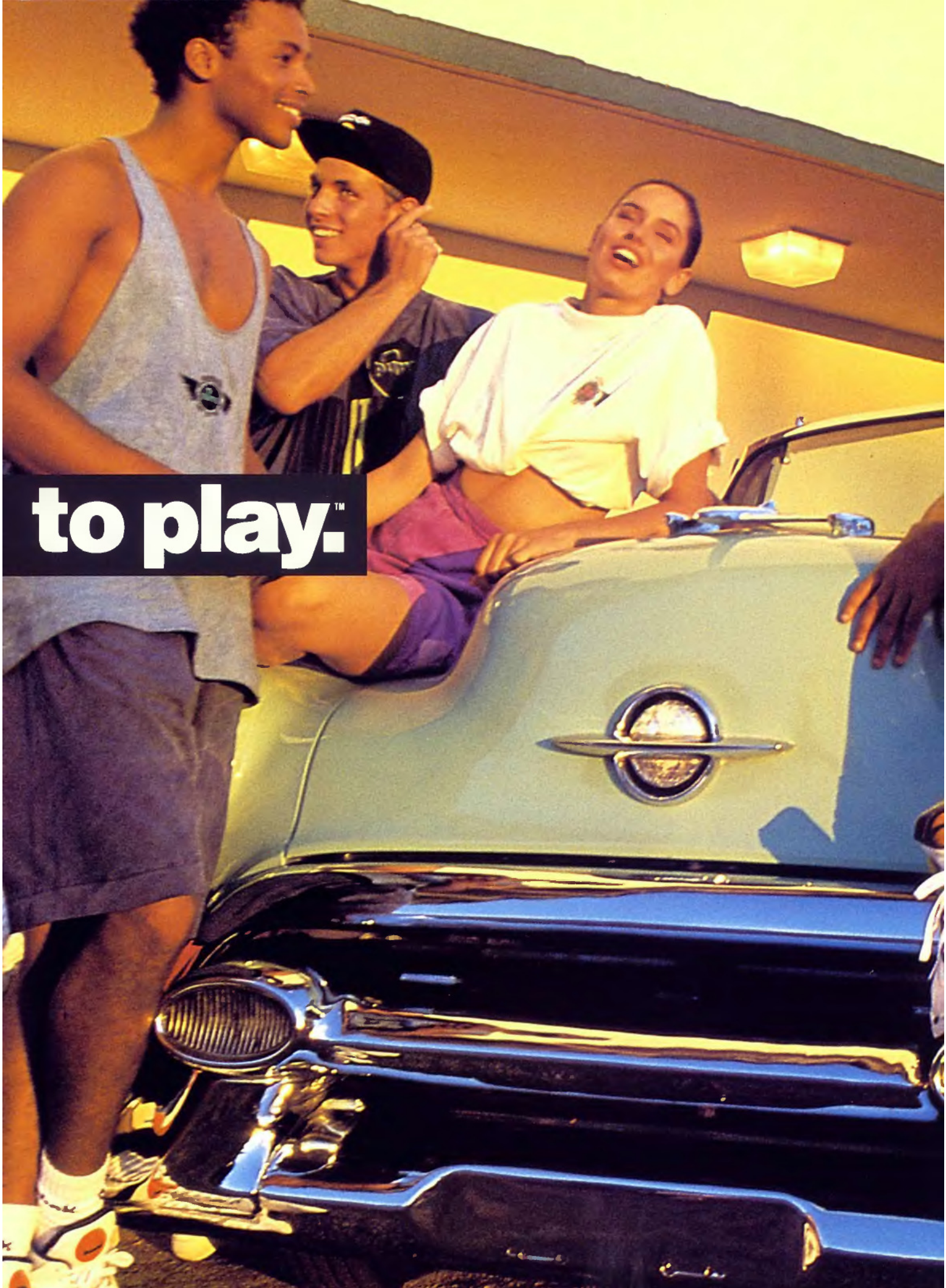
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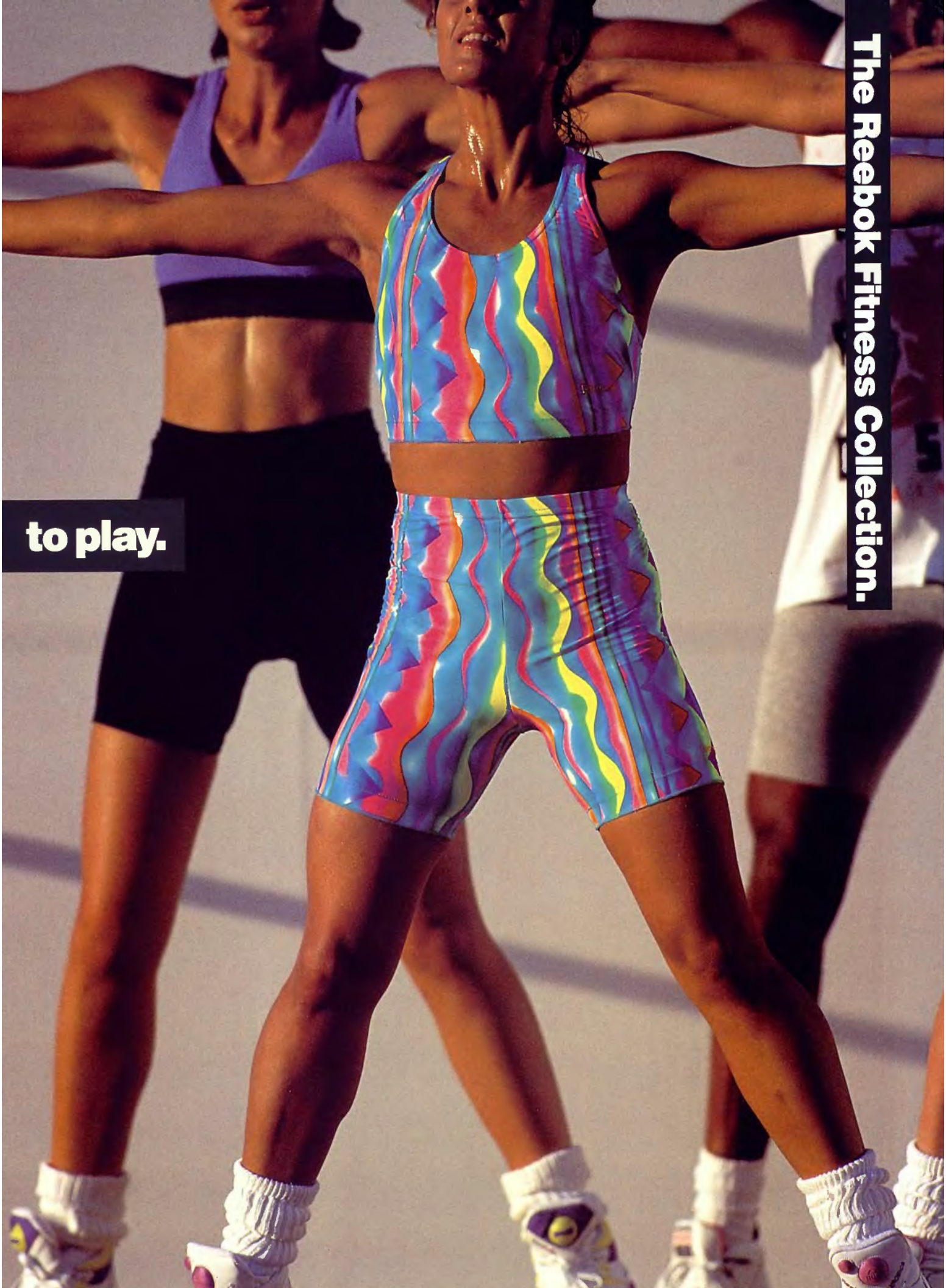
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who continues to take his photography into the exciting—and sometimes disturbing—borderlands of human erotic consciousness.

Lou Varricchio III
Middlebury, Vermont

JAZZ AND ROCK

I enjoyed *Playboy's History of Jazz and Rock*, by David Standish (January). He's wrong about one thing, however: Louis Armstrong wasn't born in 1900. He was born on August 4, 1901. We now know this because Tad Jones finally looked up his baptismal record a couple of years ago.

Authentic jazz, by the way, is an ensemble music. It makes no difference how improvisational the music is, or how talented the soloists; if it's not ensemble, it's not jazz! The early music has a more valid claim to the label than any of the bastard offshoots, no matter how wonderful these may be.

Mike Jolley
New Orleans, Louisiana

"FEMALE-SENSITIVITY QUIZ"

Asa Baber, in his January *Men* column, "The Female-Sensitivity Quiz," appears to suggest that a man's emotional wounds are best cured by sexual gratification, and that a woman's primary role in a relationship is to provide that gratification. Baber could have drawn more attention to the fact that we have hearts and feelings. Thanks for shoring up the image of men, Baber.

Aditya Bhatnagar
Syracuse, New York

STACY ARTHUR

You have found heaven for me, but she's married and lives in Ohio! Stacy

Arthur (*Playboy*, January) is your most beautiful Playmate yet. She gets my vote for Playmate of the Nineties!

Mike Shain
Louisville, Kentucky

LOVE DICKS

I enjoyed your article *Love Dicks*, by Pamela Marin (*Playboy*, January). As a former background investigator, I am especially interested in the computer data bases mentioned in the article. Where can I get the names, addresses and telephone numbers of some of these data bases and computer networks?

Bill Bourquin
Redlands, California

Write to the National Association of Investigative Specialists, Inc., P.O. Box 33244, Austin, Texas 78764.

KLIBAN

I share with you the sorrow of losing Kliban, and while I thank you for the tribute in the January issue, I must take exception to the lines about how he hated letters from cat lovers. I wrote to him three times, and each time, he replied swiftly, with grace and humor. He even sent me a personalized cat drawing!

The book *Playboy's Klibans* was published in 1979. It's time for part two. By the way, to settle a long-standing argument: Is it pronounced Klyeban or Kleeban?

Mar Penner Griswold
Buffalo, New York

Thanks for the memory of Hap, Mar. His last name is pronounced Kleeban.

A good time was had by all.

By all the people who savored all the foods that were prepared with Tabasco® brand pepper sauce. The chili for Monday Night Football. The scrambled eggs at 2:00 a.m. The post-volleyball pre-Trivial Pursuit pizza. The BLT for Sunday lunch. It seems that almost anywhere there's food and Tabasco® pepper sauce, there are people having a good time. Perhaps it's time for you to put a bottle of Tabasco® sauce on your table. And, as the saying goes, let the good times roll.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

PUMPING KARMA

While most folks head for the gym after a hard day's work, enlightened New Agers in Los Angeles flock to the Altered States MindGym in West Hollywood to give their karmas and chakras a workout. In the Eighties, Altered States was *the* place to get mellow in Samadhi Flotation Tanks, buoyed by warm salty water, deprived of sound and light. Now, the MindGym has stepped into the Nineties by relocating to a more opulent setting on Santa Monica Boulevard and adding a line of New Age technotoys for the brain.

The Star Chamber is a meditation booth that zooms its occupant into an open-eyed dreamlike state, with a combination of blinking lights, music or tapes and lots of mirrors—about 900 of them. Be comfortable with yourself before embarking on this trip.

Since we were *really* stressed out when we visited, we snapped on a pair of Inner Quest III glasses and headphones. The goggles' flashing lights and pulsing New Age music transported us from an overwrought beta state through the relaxed alpha state and into the creative theta state. We followed with a session on the VibraSound machine, whose kinesthetic waves of music poured into our brain and pulsed through our back and kidneys.

Trying other light and sound devices—Courier, Mind's Eye, Inner Vision and D.A.V.I.D. Paradise—we either fell asleep or slipped into a deeply meditative delta state. A cup of coffee helped return us from the ozone. Less soothing was the Potentializer, which slowly rotates its passenger in a motion designed to replicate that of a child being rocked by his mother but made us slightly queasy.

Back on the freeway, we were much too mellow to cope with the traffic. That is, until some creep from the Valley cut us off. No one said relaxation comes easy.

NOW BATTING . . . ALBERT SCHWEITZER?

What do Eddie Murphy, John Kennedy, Mike Tyson and George Burns have in common? They all played major-league baseball—at least according to baseball writers James and Alan Kaufman, two sultans of stats who've found some familiar names among M.L.B.'s roster of players. Among the notables:

Albert C. Schweitzer: nicknamed Cheese. Was *not* famous missionary/Nobel Peace Prize winner but batted near .300 in 1908 and stole 26 bases in 1910.

Eddie Murphy: batted .287, played for three teams from 1912 to 1926. Actually had major-league colleague named Bill Murray.

John Kennedy: shared J.F.K.'s birthday (May 29), debuted in 1962 and cracked a homer in his first at-bat for (who else?) the Washington Senators.

Mike Tyson: KO'd 27 career homers as infielder for Cardinals and Cubs.

George Burns: batted .287 during a 15-year career, which ended in 1925. Led the National League five times in runs scored.

George Burns (another one): batted a crisp .307 lifetime and turned out an M.V.P. season in 1926, when he hit .358 with 64 doubles for Cleveland.

Jimmy Stewart: finished career with paltry .237 average; nonetheless, turned out starring performances in every field position but pitcher.

George C. Scott: earned American League home-run crown in 1975 with 36 and retired in 1979 with 271 lifetime four-baggers.

Tip O'Neill: led the American Association with a .435 average in 1887.

Here are our choices for a dream team: *Infield*—Tom Jones (1B), Don Johnson (2B), Jim Morrison (3B), John Houseman (SS) and "Buck" Rodgers (C); *Outfield*—Gary Cooper, William Holden and John Glenn; *Pitching*—Kenny Rogers, Timothy Leary and Kaiser Wilhelm; as the designated hitter, Danny Thomas. And who says baseball isn't all about star power?

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

THE BELLES OF ST. MARK'S

Picture two Parisian cancan dancers in corsets and flouncy dresses, color them with New Wave make-up and supply them with dirty minds. The result? Snooky and Tish Bellomo, gorgeous sisters who reign as the queens of St. Mark's Place in New York's East Village. By day, you'll find them tending shop at Manic Panic ("the oldest punk department store in the world").

But it's their nighttime antics that *really* make our Mohawk stand on end: Although they seldom appear under the same name twice, the Bellomo sisters have a night-club act that's fast becoming legendary. Their aliases, like most of their clothes, are transparent, and their various personae are, to say the least, bizarre. When they're the Creamtones, Snooky and Tish sing their original romantic ballad, *If Love Came Wrapped in Cellophane*, then offer up a sensitive reading of Bull Moose Jackson's *Big Ten Inch Record*. As the reptilian Creamatelli Brothers—Vito and Tony—they employ

A TRAVEL UPDATE FROM SAUDI ARABIA

To the Editor:

I read your December article *Not Home for the Holidays* on places to go to get away from all the Christmas hype. John Rezek has left out a place I am familiar with and can recommend.

The eastern province of the kingdom of Saudi Arabia is *the* place to be for those who wish to absent themselves from the American ways of celebrating the holidays. You will find many local customs and activities that will let your mind relax and your body harden.

First, you land in Dhahran after a 20-hour flight, joining the rest of the passengers in the terminal to stroll with your carry-on baggage (I chose an M16A2 with an M203 40mm grenade launcher attached and a Colt .45 M1911A1 for a sidearm) to the holding area, where you will catch your bus. If you are lucky, you will be selected for the quaint local custom of offloading the luggage from the 747.

Your air-conditioned bus will take you to the port of Dammam, where you will stay either in dirt-floored tents or on asphalt, providing your own shelter from the sun.

And every day is sunny, old Sol rising swollen and red at 6:30 A.M. and setting at 5:30 P.M. during most of December and January. The daily temperatures range from about 80 degrees Fahrenheit in the day to 40 degrees Fahrenheit or below at night. You will be constantly refreshed by the omnipresent breeze.

After your custom R.V.s arrive by ship, you and your fellow vacationers will convoy out onto the beach, be it traditional sand or the less conventional gravel. When you reach your vacation site, your days will be occupied in many ways. Each day will see you rising before the sun, and some nights you may find yourself not going to sleep at all. Activities include, but are not limited to, digging numerous holes in shifting sand or ground composed almost entirely of gypsum crystal, setting up tents and shade nets, cleaning your weapons, cleaning the bathing areas, burning feces with diesel fuel, cleaning your weapons, maintenancing your R.V.s, standing around in heavy genuine military gear while keeping a lookout for "the enemy" and cleaning your weapons.

Meals come three times each day, sometimes hot, sometimes an M.R.E., or Meal Ready to Eat. The hot meals are limited in variety only by the imagination of the chefs. Breakfast will always be square eggs and ham, plus whatever other T-ration got dumped into the pot. Dinner is anyone's guess, but bring your appetite—it's the best spice there is!

M.R.E.s are self-contained and feature entrees such as chicken à la king, dehydrated beef patty and diced turkey with gravy. In each M.R.E. are also nutritious crackers, three types of beverage powders, a spread for the crackers, a spoon and dehydrated fruit. Different M.R.E.s have special items in them, my personal favorite being an oat product remarkably like a whetstone.

Local native activities for the holidays include nothing, for the government has outlawed all religions except the Moslem faith. You may celebrate in your own way, of course, with whatever items you may have brought from home or had mailed to you, as long as they do not contain alcohol or cannot be in any way construed to be pornographic—items such as uncensored copies of *Playboy* magazine. Damn.

Finally, travelers must be aware that they will be here for several months at the least should they decide to sign up for the tour, which is the only way one may visit short of obtaining an official royal Saudi invitation.

Cost is not a concern; the tour will actually pay you for your time. You will go back home (maybe) in eight months to a year pounds lighter, with firmer muscles and several thousands of dollars in your bank account, provided no one has spent it for you.

Always glad to help out fellow Americans in search of a holiday destination guaranteed to be far from the beaten path.

Sgt. Ed A. Taylor
411th MP Co 720th MP Bn
89th MP Bde
APO New York, New York

three washcloths each (for crotch stuffing) and pencil-thin mustaches (for sleazy authenticity), then belt out campy hits such as Tom Jones's *She's a Lady* and *Young Girl*, by Gary Puckett and the Union Gap. "I don't know which one of us I hate more," Tish says in her own brutally honest critique of the Creamatellis' groin-grabbing moves, "Vito or Tony or *both*." And in their latest incarnation (for a hastily planned Hawaiian night at a local club), they swiveled their hips as the Wicked Wahini Sisters from the Island of Lackanooki. Their signature song was *Kamannawannalei-a*.

If you missed the twins at your local cabaret, you may have caught them singing backup for Blondie, or appearing in bit movie parts. Snooky gave a jailbird a blow job in the prison scene of *GoodFellas*. ("That was my head, all right," she cracks.) And Tish, in the same film, administered a hand job under a guy's coat. "But they cut the scene," she says ruefully. "We actually used a pepperoni. I guess the appearance of a penis would have changed the rating."

DRIVE, HE SAID

Art Sellinger, golf strong man, strokes the ball so hard you half expect it to crumble. Owner of the world record for clubhead speed at 158 miles per hour (average players swing the club at about 80 miles per), Sellinger also drives long: A few years ago in Dallas, he rocketed a ball 445 yards, the equivalent of two good shots for anyone else.

After winning the 1986 National Long Driving Championship, Sellinger lined up sponsors (Taylor Made golf clubs, Sandvik titanium shafts, Ram golf balls), developed a how-to-golf act (his favorite one-liner: "My advice is to swing hard—in case you hit it") and took it to the fairways as a one-man exhibition.

In a typical show, the 6'3", 240-pound Sellinger, who resembles a football lineman, whacks some one irons about 300 yards, pulverizes a *putter* almost that far and drills some drivers about 350. He hits a ball, still in its wrapper and cardboard box, about 100 yards. Then the big finish: He rifles a ball through a sheet of half-inch plywood and another through the 317-page Moses Lake, Washington, phone book. Splinters and paper fill the air like confetti. "Some of the other guys"—there are perhaps five full-time long-drive exhibitionists—"cut out some of the pages in the middle of the phone book or just use quarter- or three-eighth-inch plywood," says Sellinger with a sniff.

Want to hit it like Art? "Buy my videos," he advises, "attend one of my exhibitions or change to my sponsor's clubs, shafts and balls." Now, there's one man who pitches as hard as he hits.

Rick Ireton rode a wave
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MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

ON A BUCKS-PER-MINUTE basis, boxed CD sets aren't as pricy as they seem, but you must use your programing buttons. Few album-era artists with three or four CDs of good material on them just churned out singles. So the sets have been resequenced and baited with dubious rarities, and the savvy listener will arrange them to suit his own taste.

Frank Sinatra: The Capitol Years (Capitol) and ***Frank Sinatra: The Reprise Collection*** (Reprise) prove my point. Because Nelson Riddle oversaw 57 of its 75 tunes, the Capitol threefer is relatively consistent, but its intensity soars with every run of songs from the likes of the *Songs for Swingin' Lovers* album and catchy singles such as *Love and Marriage* and *Hey! Jealous Lover* sound out of place. When Sinatra became his own boss at Reprise, the concepts just kept on coming (an inset depicts 98 LP covers). So with Riddle contracted to Capitol at the outset, and Frank's voice going at the end, the 81-song, four-disc Reprise set changes gears constantly.

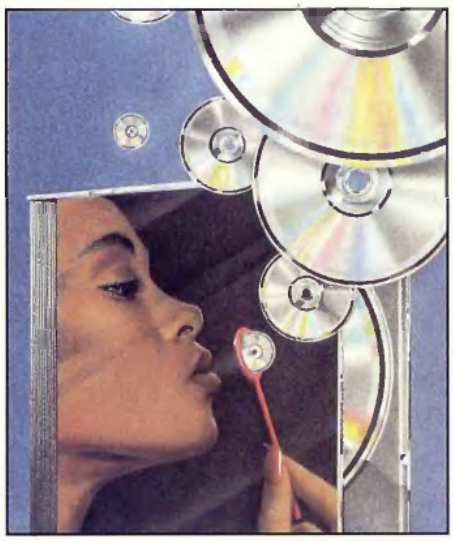
There are hours of great singing on the tapes I'm making out of the two boxed sets. Star of my repackage will be Capitol's newly unearthed piano-accompanied rehearsal of *One for My Baby*. Riddle earned his rep; but he never commanded an instrument a tenth as expressive as his boss's voice.

NELSON GEORGE

The first thing to be said about ***The Marvin Gaye Collection*** (Motown), a four-CD set of music from this legendary label's most complex performer, is that it's not an overview of his career. Yes, one disc chronicles his top-20 pop hits, and another one most of his masterful recordings with Tammi Terrell (*If This World Were Mine*, *You're All I Need to Get By*). But fans of Gaye's ambitious albums of the Seventies and Eighties, classics such as *What's Going On?* and *Let's Get It On*, as well as the more problematic yet fascinating *Here, My Dear* and *In Our Lifetime*, will find them all given short shrift. This package is not an adequate substitute for the original albums.

Instead of updating and deepening 1974's *Anthology*, with its broad, overly general survey of Gaye's career, the package's compilers have used two of the four CDs to focus on recently rediscovered material that, depending on your taste, either enriches one's understanding of Gaye's art or reveals interesting, but not essential, oddities.

The collection's crucial disc is *The Balladeer*: 17 showbiz standards, many of



Boxed CD sets: resequenced rarities.

Ole Blue Eyes,
the Hendrix experience
and rare Marvin Gaye.

which Gaye tinkered with obsessively for most of his adult life. Are these good records? Certainly. My favorite is *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*. Do they add to our appreciation of Gaye's greatness? Only slightly. While his approach to arranging these chestnuts is often fresh, the over-all feeling of these recordings is not as sensuous, as soulful or as much fun as, say, *Let's Get It On*.

DAVE MARSH

A great boxed set ought to contain material worth saving and savoring, be long enough to justify its price and be packaged with skill and attention to detail. Beyond that, there are no rules. RCA's five-CD ***The Jelly Roll Morton Centennial*** is shy of graphics, but the great jazz-piano pioneer's music is so lavish that you'll never miss them. The West German Bear Family label's trimmings are always deluxe, and on ***Webb Pierce: 1951–1958,*** the four CDs, with 113 songs, are nearly overwhelmed by the trashy beauty of the box and the accompanying liner booklet—if anything could overwhelm the nasal perfection of *There Stands the Glass* and its brethren. When you're bored with Robert Johnson, these are the roots-music sets to turn to.

What a good boxed set can't be is a hodgepodge cash-in excuse to rummage through the dresser drawer of a great career. That's what's wrong with ***Lifelines: The Jimi Hendrix Story*** (Reprise), which is not so much a boxed set as an expensive version of a syndicated radio biography. There is great unreleased music here and some of it as scary and as beautiful as the best of Hendrix. But to get to it, you have to wade through pallid narration and repetitious anecdotes. On the last disc, an uninterrupted 1969 *Jimi Hendrix Experience* concert ought to have been released separately, if only to rid it of the odor of rip-off exuded by this padded monster.

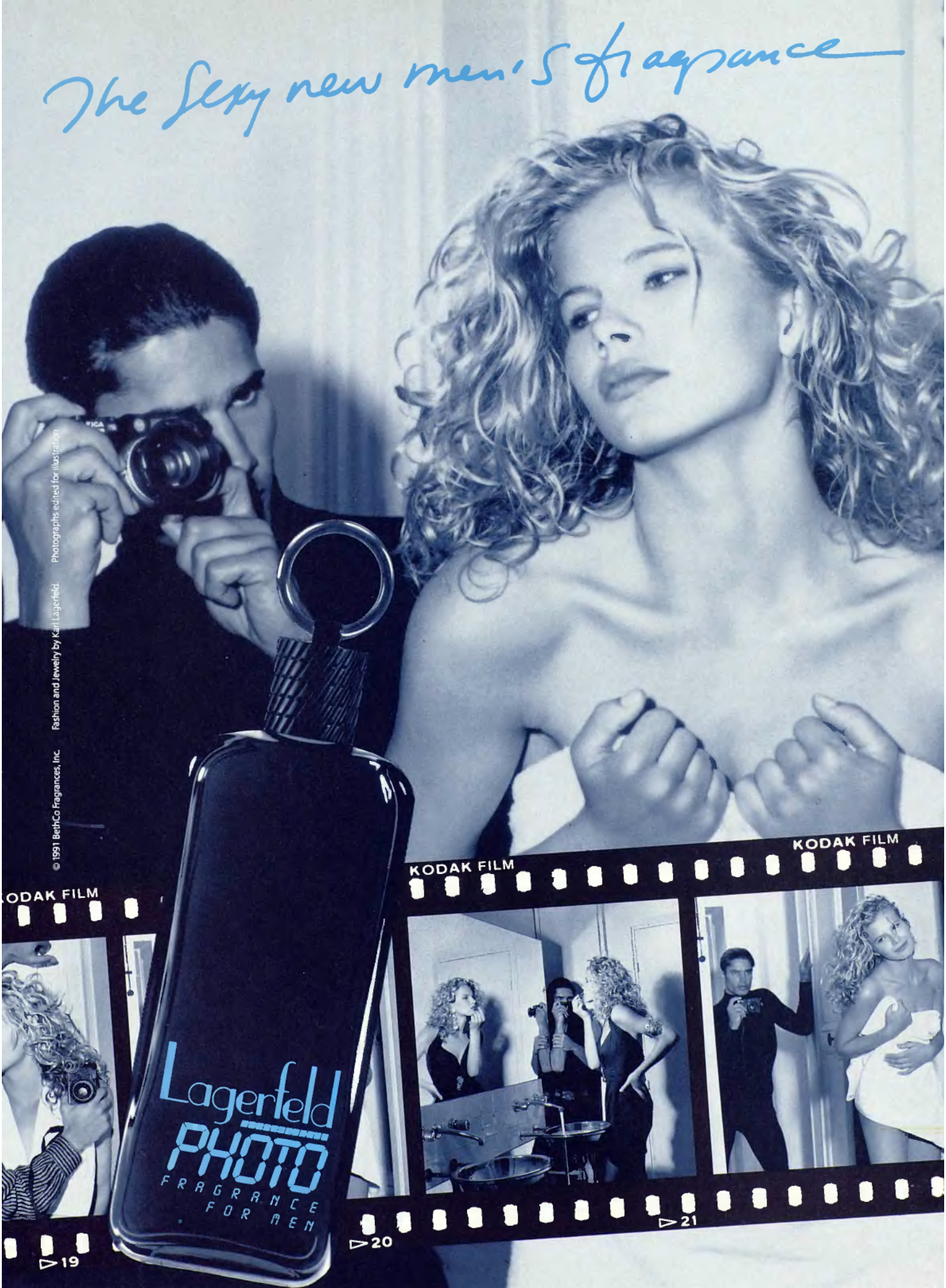
CHARLES M. YOUNG

Any series of albums titled ***Legends of Guitar*** is necessarily going to be arbitrary and subject to second-guessing. Rhino Records, working in conjunction with *Guitar Player* magazine, has separated its

GUEST SHOT

AFTER *realizing that the "Partridge Family" ghost would shadow his legitimate musical abilities for years to come, actor/musician* **David Cassidy** *quit the business. Twelve years of acting and songwriting followed, then he released his eponymous debut on Enigma Records. With critical plaudits and a hit single, "Lyin' to Myself," Cassidy is now on a lengthy concert tour. He went into Indigo Girls' latest LP, "Nomads, Indians, Saints," a skeptic—and came out a believer.*

"I guess if you had to label Indigo Girls—and I hate labels—you could call them country/folk soul sisters. Country/folk isn't a genre I listen to, yet *Nomads, Indians, Saints* made me listen. In fact, it made me sad. Amy Ray and Emily Saliers paint pictures with music and especially with beautiful lyrics and then put me in those pictures. It's impossible to approach this record analytically. It takes hold of you emotionally, takes you somewhere and guarantees a payoff at the end. And, damn, what vocal blend in those harmonies! What a terrific surprise to love something when you least expect to."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19
20
21

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Marvin Gaye *The Marvin Gaye Collection*	6	8	8	9	8
Jimi Hendrix *Lifelines: The Jimi Hendrix Story*	4	8	9	5	7
Led Zeppelin *Led Zeppelin*	8	9	10	7	9
Legends of Guitar *Electric Blues*	9	9	9	7	9
Frank Sinatra: *The Capitol Years*	8	8	10	8	7

SHAKE YOUR MONEYMAKER DEPARTMENT: We have our doubts about the news that MTV and MCA are working on a rock theme park called Rockplex, near the Universal Amphitheater in L.A. The park is expected to include a production studio, a restaurant, gift shops and a record store. It's just another move toward taking the light and air out of rock and roll and taking it straight to the bottom line.

REELING AND ROCKING: Rock musician bios to be filmed this year will include the lives of **Otis Redding** and the **Big Bopper** (who, along with **Buddy Holly** and **Ritchie Valens,** was killed in a 1959 plane crash). . . . Any day now, you can see what **Oliver Stone** did with **Jim Morrison's** story in *The Doors*. **Val Kilmer** *will* sing in the movie, which will also have Morrison's voice on the sound track. . . . **Debbie Harry** is appearing in a psychological thriller called *After Midnight*. . . . Concert promoter **Bill Graham** will play gangster **Lucky Luciano** in **Warren Beatty's** upcoming movie about **Bugsy Siegel.** . . . **Jody Watley** will sing the theme song for the new **Blake Edwards** movie, *Switch*. . . . **Ray Sharkey** will reprise his role in the sequel to *The Idolmaker*, which was loosely based on the life of **Bob Marcucci,** the guy who discovered **Fabian** and **Frankie Avalon.**

NEWSBREAKS: **Robert Palmer** will soon be touring again in a Forties-style stage show. . . . The **Who's John Entwistle** is putting together a supergroup to include **Joe Walsh, Keith Emerson** and **Zak Starkey** (**Ringo's** son). . . . Rapper **Kurtis Blow** is working as a consultant to the ABC soap *All My Children*. He's writing songs and approving club scenes. . . . How the world has changed: TV producer **Zev Braun** is developing a miniseries based on the **Dylan** song *Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts* (about two women in love with the same man). And in another strange bit of Dylan-related news, Bob wrote one of the songs on **Paula Abdul's** new album. . . . On the upcoming tribute to **Les Paul,** look for a song co-written and performed by **Iggy Pop** and **Slash.** . . . **U2** is in Berlin working on studio album number seven, again produced by **Daniel Lanois.** . . . Have you heard that a California high school is thinking of calling itself **Frank Zappa** High? But Zappa's not impressed. "Considering the sorry state of education in California, it would be more appropriate to name a high school after Ronald Reagan." . . . **George Lucas'** film company made its first music video, for **Dwight Yoakam,** who describes it this way: "It's very Felliniesque . . . like *Mad Max* meets *Paris, Texas* and *The Twilight Zone*." Yep, that's what old Dwight said. . . . **David Lee Roth's** tour kicks off in the U.S. in April. . . . Number one on my arrogance meter is **Harry Connick, Jr.** A recent quote: "If I played rock and roll, I'd be revered as the greatest rock-and-roll musician in the world. It's music that requires very little knowledge and not much talent." . . . *Rock & Roll Confidential* tells us that a **Too Short** rap concert in Washington State last fall required fans under 18 to bring along either a parent or a note from home. . . . Finally, for about $15,000, you could have had a set of 100 posters from the Sixties, including the first psychedelic one, for a 1965 **Charlatans** concert. The proprietor of a store in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district was the seller for an anonymous owner. In the Nineties, even nostalgia is expensive.

—BARBARA NELLIS

legends into five categories—*Electric Blues*, *Rock: The Fifties*, *Rock: The Sixties*, *Jazz* and *Country*. The selections add up to a middle road between historical importance and cool, even if history has ignored them. On *Rock: The Fifties*, you'll find the hugely influential *Maybellene* by Chuck Berry, *Mona* by Bo Diddley, *Rumble* by Link Wray, among others, plus *Mammer-Jammer* by Don & Dewey. Don & Dewey were extremely cool (try saying "You got to do the Mammer-Jammer if you want my love" on someone's answering machine), so I'm going to leave the second-guessing to other critics and look forward to future volumes for greater inclusiveness. I also look forward to more of Dan Forte's nifty and informative liner notes. Do *you* want this collection? I say this: It will appeal to younger guitar fanatics who have become obsessed with finding out where all that beautiful noise came from. It will appeal to older guitar fanatics who want to fill holes in their collections or stay awake during long-distance driving. Most of all, it will appeal to aspiring songwriters looking for licks to recycle and claim as their own. If you are not a fan of jazz and country, you can safely skip those volumes. The rest runs the gamut from somewhat to massive fun.

VIC GARBARINI

Led Zeppelin (Atlantic), the four-CD boxed set, offers 54 examples of how brilliantly the Zep blended light and shadow. There's Jimmy Page's acoustic guitar crossed with crunchola riffs in weird time signatures. Robert Plant's blissfully unhinged vocals, John Paul Jones's misty orchestrations—all driven home by John "Bonzo" Bonham's awesome hammer and foot. The crystalline remixes buff-shine masterpieces such as *Whole Lotta Love* while preserving their grit. The "new" material (three live tracks and a rare B side) showcases their hybrid roots from Delta blues to Page's Celtic-raga excursions. Isn't there more of this live stuff in the vaults? These guys were weakest when they lost the nimble/heavy balance and swung to either extreme. Sadly, that stuff is overrepresented here. Such gems as *Good Times, Bad Times* and *Living Loving Maid* go missing in favor of early acoustic fluff and half-baked metal grunge from their later albums. Still, a solid collection. Not so the ***Layla Sessions: 20th Anniversary Edition*** (PolyGram), which relegates Derek and the Dominoes' masterpiece to high-tech hell. Poor Jim Gordon's drums are shoved into the background, while the warmth and blend of Eric Clapton and Duane Allman's dueling guitars are surgically removed in favor of nice cold digital separation. No, thanks.

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JAZZ

By NEIL TESSER

Jazz goes mainstream.

Jazz: eclectic, top-selling jazz blues and free excursion.

You can point high and low to cultural indices proving the resurgence of jazz, but the surest sign is at the Multiplex. Jazz is back in American films, and, since movies beget movie-sound-track albums, even the cinematically illiterate get to hear what's going on. *The Hot Spot*, Dennis Hopper's *film noir* from last fall, provides a noteworthy showcase for Miles Davis: It's Davis' first album in three decades that's almost all blues. But *Kind of Blue*, his landmark sextet date from 1959, painted its pictures in cool, urbane colors. ***The Hot Spot*** (Antilles) replaces those shades with the baked-earth tones, dry guitar riffs and gritty vocals of blues greats John Lee Hooker and Taj Mahal, with Miles offering commentary from the side lines. Wherever else his recent music has led, Miles has continued to include the blues in his live performances, and such tunes have sparked his most satisfying solos. This evocative (if limited) album of scene setters asks little else of the legendary trumpeter and shows him off to great advantage.

Branford Marsalis is no stranger to the flicks, having already acted in a couple (one of which also featured his music)—and that's not even counting his MTV appearances with Sting. In his latest film foray, the saxophonist wrote and performed most of the score for Spike Lee's ***Mo' Better Blues*** (Columbia). The sound-track album finds Branford leading his regular top-notch quartet, with the redoubtable Terence Blanchard added on trumpet; his cogent contributions, along with the enforced brevity of the tracks, prove an effective counterweight to the lengthy and sometimes indulgent solos that characterize Marsalis' other recent recordings.

Branford's little brother Wynton has (literally) scored a success with his sterling ***Tune In Tomorrow*** (Columbia), which includes 65 minutes of music from the critically acclaimed romantic fantasy starring Peter Falk, Keanu Reeves and Barbara Hershey. Set in the Marsalises' home town of New Orleans, the film provides a perfect vehicle for the prodigal trumpeter's first sound track: It allows him to further explore the New Orleans ensemble style at the heart of his excellent young septet (showcasing pianist Marcus Roberts). Marsalis augments his band with veteran local reed men and organists, and his writing achieves an Ellingtonian voluptuousness that sends the album over the top.

As it turns out, the Marsalises and Miles Davis have more in common than the current cinema; each of them ennobles a different song on the splendid new album by pianist and vocalist Shirley Horn. Some singers knock you down, bowl you over and leave you for dead; Horn sings bittersweet kisses that waft their way to intimate targets. Perhaps her best album yet, ***You Won't Forget Me*** (Verve) makes good on its title, with one indelible performance after another. Horn divides the repertoire between familiar standards and little-known gems, and she fills each one with an appropriate blend of fragile resilience.

At the other end of the spectrum, Sun Ra—the keyboardist/composer/bandleader and self-professed space traveler—has re-entered planetary consciousness with ***Purple Night*** (A&M). On his last album, Sun Ra's 19-piece Arkestra proved disappointingly tame; its new outing gets a little closer to the cosmic bone, especially on a roiling, 19-minute free-jazz excursion to the outer limits. More firmly rooted on terra firma, but just as iconoclastic, is the 11-piece band in Boston called the Either/Orchestra. ***The Half-Life of Desire*** (Accurate), its third album, includes shades of Mingus, tunes from the Miles Davis and King Crimson(!) songbooks and a hallucinatory fantasy on the *kitsch* classic *Temptation*. Once you've heard *these* big bands, Benny Goodman will never sound the same.

Even if you put both those bands together, though, you'd have fewer musicians than Dave Brubeck employed on ***New Wine*** (MusicMasters): It documents the appearance of his quartet with a 60-piece symphony orchestra at the 1987 Montreal Jazz Festival. Such projects can often turn into either bad jazz or bad Bach. But most of this concert is terrific music. This should come as no surprise, since Brubeck moves easily in both worlds (three of the pieces on *New Wine* are drawn from cantatas and an oratorio that he composed); in addition, the solos of clarinetist Bill Smith reflect his *own* background as a symphonic composer.

You'll get a strikingly different take on "jazz with strings" from the iconoclastic String Trio of New York (violinist Charles Burnham, guitarist James Emery and bassist John Lindberg). They're among the most focused of avant-garde improvisers, and ***Ascendant*** (Stash) is their most accessible album. Applying their unusual instrumentation to tunes by Chick Corea, Monk and Mingus, and Jimi Hendrix, the S.T.N.Y. uniquely reconsiders the familiar.

Brazil continues to inspire American jazz musicians, as it has since Stan Getz crested the waves of bossa nova in 1962. ***Rhythmstick,*** titled after the homemade percussion instrument Dizzy Gillespie uses in concert, signals the rebirth of the long-dormant CTI label. It sports an eclectic array of musicians, including Gillespie (who pioneered the use of Latin-American rhythms in modern jazz), saxists Phil Woods and Bob Berg, guitarist John Scofield and percussionists galore in a Brazilian/Afro-Caribbean stew that's tough to resist. From Brazil proper, by way of Timeless Records in Holland, comes ***Luz Neon,*** by the legendary Leny Andrade, who, unlike many of the great Brazilian vocalists, is a genuine *jazz* singer. (Dig the new beat and great scat solo she brings to *A Night in Tunisia*.) And although the American singer Susannah McCorkle hails from Northern California, her Portuguese accent—along with her musical interpretation—finds the target on ***Sabia*** (Concord), a collection of mostly classic Brazilian songs.

Finally, here's a short list of recommendations: Stan Getz's ***Billy Highstreet Samba*** (EmArcy), a 1981 electro-Brazilian date that went unreleased for nine years and is worth the wait; solo pianist Walter Norris' imaginative concert ***Live at Maybeck Recital Hall*** (Concord); ***Roots Revisited*** (Verve), the top-selling jazz-blues set by James Brown's straw boss, alto saxist Maceo Parker; the three volumes (sold separately) chronicling tenor saxist Dexter Gordon's ***Nights at the Keystone*** (Blue Note), drawn from late-Seventies club recordings; and Kenny Werner's ***Uncovered Heart*** (Sunnyside), by one of the most incisive composer/pianists working today.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A DEAF-MUTE chambermaid steals a miniature Henry Moore sculpture from a London hotel suite in ***Object of Beauty*** (Avenue), setting off a chain of events that almost bring back the good old days of screwball comedy. There's a serious undertone, however, to the plight of John Malkovich and Andie MacDowell. While he is a far cry from the usual film *farceur*, Malkovich has a take-charge air, and MacDowell seems on her way to becoming one of moviedom's most beguiling comediennes. Together, they portray an unmarried couple of ne'er-do-wells, stranded in luxurious digs with mounting hotel bills after one of his dubious financial deals collapses. They're the sort of people for whom living well is the best revenge. When poverty looms, their relationship begins to unravel, and each believes the other has stolen the statue to raise cash. He sleeps with her best friend (Lolita Davidovich) in an effort to learn the truth. Clearly, their moral codes are fairly slipshod. *Object* may not mean anything more than meets the eye, but it plays like a house afire—kept simmering by British writer-director Michael Lindsay-Hogg, who codirected TV's *Brideshead Revisited* and knows a thing or two about swank. ¥¥¥½

●

With a switch of roles that dramatizes his amazing versatility, John Malkovich in ***Queens Logic*** (New Line) says frankly, "I'm a homosexual who can't relate to gay men." He is just one of a bunch of young dudes growing up—but struggling mightily not to mature—in New York's borough of Queens. Ken Olin, Joe Mantegna, Kevin Bacon and Tony Spiridakis (who wrote the screenplay) are the straight members of the group, with Linda Fiorentino and Chloe Webb as the women they would like to keep on the fringes of their lives. Jamie Lee Curtis has a minor role in the piece, directed by Steve Rash with a strong sense of place. Even when the movie rambles, he knows where it's coming from—from Queens, with some sharp dialog and indigenous humor that consistently catch the flavor of urban malaise. ¥¥¥

●

Some gigantic insects from the Brazilian rain forest assume human form and take up residence in Ohio, where they are assigned to blow up a nuclear power plant. So goes ***Meet the Applegates*** (Triton), an outlandish but often sidesplitting spoof of American consumerism directed by Michael Lehmann, who did the subversive *Heathers* and coauthored this prank with a wag named Redbeard Simmons. As Dick and Jane Applegate, Ed Begley, Jr., and Stockard Channing play high-camp American middlebrows, with Bobby Jacoby and Cami Cooper as their school-age small fry. Of course, the transformed bugs become quite taken with sex, TV and other human endeavors. Any creature great or small who crosses them gets popped into a cocoon, and the Applegates soon have a basement full of enemies. Dabney Coleman, mustache and all, plays a female master bug named Aunt Bea. That's a clue that Lehmann occasionally goes too far, blurring the line between satire and mere sappiness. Even so, these Applegates are madcap mutants, who pointedly swap ecological awareness for a plastic, unrecycled American dream. ¥¥¥

Object's Malkovich, MacDowell.

Malkovich switch-hits in a double-header; bugs bug *Applegates*.

●

If you can handle it, ***The Silence of the Lambs*** (Orion) is a paralyzing suspense drama, the kind of movie to watch by peeking through your fingers. Director Jonathan Demme, more often associated with lightweight fare (*Something Wild* and *Married to the Mob*), brings touches of dark humor as well as cinematic style to this adaptation (by Ted Tally) of Thomas Harris' novel about the search for a serial killer with a penchant for skinning his victims. Jodie Foster expertly plays the no-nonsense FBI agent assigned to the case, with Scott Glenn as her department superior and Anthony Hopkins as Dr. Lecter, the jailed psychopath who may supply a key to the thinking of homicidal maniacs. Hopkins infuses the Lecter character with icy menace (Brian Cox played the same part in *Manhunter*, a 1986 movie adapted from a previous Harris novel). Brooke Smith, as the missing girl the killer has thrown into a pit until he's ready for her, makes keeping cool seem heroic. Audiences are likely to sit tight, too, and gasp with relief when it's over. ¥¥¥¥

●

The subject of ***Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol*** (Aries) would probably have found the movie very much to his taste as a cinematic memorial. Writer-producer-director Chuck Workman includes some telling interviews with members of the deceased artist's entourage and his list of famous cronies (from Viva and Holly Woodlawn to writer Fran Lebowitz, artist David Hockney and actresses Liza Minnelli and Shelley Winters). Workman's feature-length movie covers Warhol as a nervous, creative lad—born in Pennsylvania of Czech-immigrant parents—who ultimately becomes the wealthy, remote, respected inventor of 15-minute celebrity. More than any eminent New York icon of our time, Warhol embodied the showtune catch phrase that if you can make it there, you can make it anywhere. *Superstar* is stylish pop-art biography saying very little that's new but summing up an extraordinary epoch. ¥¥¥

●

Portraying great artists and composers of yesteryear is a tricky business—since big-name dropping can easily start to sound more foolish than familiar. Thanks to Judy Davis, an Australian actress with the magnetic intensity of an old-time movie queen in the Bette Davis mold, ***Impromptu*** (Hemdale) stays pretty much on track. Judy (no kin to Bette) plays George Sand, the 19th Century French writer whose romantic flings with Alfred de Musset and Frédéric Chopin (played, respectively, by Mandy Patinkin and Hugh Grant) burnished her reputation as a woman of the world "who wears men's clothes and leads the most depraved life imaginable." Not all *that* depraved, but Davis keeps *Impromptu* absorbing to watch, while Julian Sands, Ralph Brown and Bernadette Peters nimbly go through their paces as other historic characters who often behave like a houseful of rowdy rock musicians. Director James Lapine manages not to strike a silly note cinematically, even when Chopin sits down to play a piano classic better known today as *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*. ¥¥½

●

Remember the blacklisted Hollywood Ten, those film makers of the early Fifties who were suspected of Communist sympathies? The infamous House

Bruce's bests: Robert or Robin.

BRUCE'S BETS

Emboldened by last year's minor success with Oscar picks (naming Best Actor and Best Actress) after batting zero in 1989, I'll try again. My predictions are:

BEST PICTURE: ***Awakenings*** (*GoodFellas*, maybe, menaced by *Dances with Wolves*).

BEST DIRECTOR: **Penny Marshall** for *Awakenings* or **Martin Scorsese** for *GoodFellas*.

BEST ACTRESS: **Joanne Woodward** for *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*, but I like **Anjelica Huston.**

BEST ACTOR: **Robert De Niro** or **Robin Williams,** *Awakenings*.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: **Whoopi Goldberg** for *Ghost*, and high time, too.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: **Bruce Davison** for *Longtime Companion*.

•

Prizeworthiness aside, in alphabetical order, my own Ten Best:

Alice. Mia Farrow and a sparkling cast glow in Woody Allen's inspired comedy.

Avalon. Through the years with director Barry Levinson's kin.

Awakenings. Medical case history played marvelously.

Edward Scissorhands. Charming fantasy directed by Tim Burton.

GoodFellas. Neck and neck with *Miller's Crossing*, Scorsese's epic has the edge.

The Grifters. Stephen (*Dangerous Liaisons*) Frears does it again—with Anjelica Huston soaring.

Longtime Companion. So far, the most touching movie about AIDS.

Metropolitan. Young New York social lions gored by their own Whit Stillman.

Mr. and Mrs. Bridge. Prewar Midwesterners made unforgettable by Woodward and Newman.

Postcards from the Edge. Streep, MacLaine in a tour de force.

And the worst? Among them: *Bird on a Wire*, *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, *Joe Versus the Volcano*, *The Lemon Sisters*, *The Sheltering Sky*.

Un-American Activities Committee saw to it that they didn't keep working at their trade. ***Guilty by Suspicion*** (Warner), written and directed by Irwin Winkler, is a somewhat belated lament for those bad old days, with Robert De Niro in another forceful, commanding performance as a top Hollywood screenwriter who can't decide what to do about naming names and ruining other people's lives. Annette Bening plays his rueful ex-wife, with a lot of other good actors exuding guilt. Some of them portray real people of the time—Ben Piazza most prominent as Darryl F. Zanuck, seldom there when the heat is on. Director Martin Scorsese plays a film-making liberal who flees to Europe rather than be compromised by HUAC's Red-hunters, while Sam Wanamaker (an actor-director famous in the Fifties, who actually took refuge in Britain as an "uncooperative witness") plays a lawyer urging clients to spill their guts. All in all, the late Martin Ritt and writer Walter Bernstein (both previously blacklisted) told it better circa 1976 in *The Front*, with Woody Allen and Zero Mostel. ¥¥¥

•

The meandering, unfocused ***Mister Johnson*** (Avenue), directed by Bruce Beresford (his *Driving Miss Daisy* won last year's Oscar for Best Picture), will stick in your mind because of Maynard Eziashi's powerful performance in the title role. Set in British West Africa in the Twenties and based on a novel by Joyce Cary, the movie is a study in cultural contrasts, setting Johnson, an African who worships anything English, off against two English colonial types (Edward Woodward and Pierce Brosnan). Their dealings finally lead to tragedy. ¥¥

•

Made in France, the strikingly original ***La Femme Nikita*** (Goldwyn) has a pulsing, offbeat musical score and a star to remember in Anne Parillaud. Literally raising havoc in the title role, Parillaud portrays a violent, amoral drug addict and killer, whose cohorts are shot dead in the first reel. She coldly murders a cop, and is first condemned, then rescued by a secret government agency—where a honcho named Bob (Tcheky Karyo) trains Nikita as a professional assassin on the far-right side of the law. She initially resists, but finally obtains a new identity and goes out into the world to waste people on the government's hit list. Her life takes an unexpected turn when she falls for a mild supermarket check-out clerk (Jean-Hugues Anglade) and begins to ask herself whether being a licensed-to-kill sexpot is really the way to go. All of which threatens to turn ludicrous, but writer-director Luc Besson (married to his leading lady) gives the film a kind of ruthless, surreal simplicity. Triggered by the hypnotic Parillaud, cineasts of *tout* Paris have been queuing up for months to eyeball *Nikita*. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Alice (Reviewed 2/91) *Mama* Mia in Manhattan. ¥¥¥¥

Awakenings (3/91) Another identity crisis on the Marshall plan. ¥¥¥¥

The Bonfire of the Vanities (3/91) A hot property, but it fizzles. ¥

Cadence (Listed only) Sheen and sons in cell game. ¥¥

Closet Land (Listed only) Acting exercise in a room with no view. ¥¥½

Cyrano de Bergerac (12/90) France's Depardieu wins by a nose. ¥¥¥¥

Dances with Wolves (2/91) Calendar art by Costner, with reservations. ¥¥

Edward Scissorhands (3/91) Tim Burton's fine-cut fantasy upgraded. ¥¥¥¥

The End of Innocence (3/91) Dyan Cannon takes us on a head trip. ¥¥½

The Godfather Part III (3/91) The first two were far better. ¥¥½

Green Card (3/91) MacDowell meets her match in a marriage of convenience with Depardieu. ¥¥¥

The Grifters (12/90) Frearsome. ¥¥¥¥

Guilty by Suspicion (See review) De Niro locks horns with hysteria. ¥¥¥

Hamlet (3/91) A bit of *Lethal Weapon* for the Bard, starring Mel Gibson. ¥¥¥

Heaven and Earth (Listed only) Samurai showdowns. ¥¥

Impromptu (See review) George Sand, Chopin and all that jazz. ¥¥½

Iron & Silk (Listed only) To China with love, and plenty of it. ¥¥

La Femme Nikita (See review) She's a wicked wonder woman. ¥¥¥

Meet the Applegates (See review) An insect comedy and no mistake. ¥¥¥

Men of Respect (3/91) John Turturro as the Macbeth of the Mafia. ¥¥½

Mr. and Mrs. Bridge (1/91) Revisiting K.C. with American Gothics. ¥¥¥¥

Mister Johnson (See review) Man's inhumanity, out of Africa. ¥¥

Not Without My Daughter (3/91) Sally's Field day as a hostage in Iran. ¥¥½

Object of Beauty (See review) Malkovich and MacDowell go broke in style. ¥¥¥½

Once Around (3/91) Warm family comedy with Holly Hunter and Richard Dreyfuss as a wonderfully mismatched couple. ¥¥¥¥

Queens Logic (See review) Boys will be boys, especially here. ¥¥¥

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead (3/91) Shakespearean spoofery. ¥¥¥

The Silence of the Lambs (See review) Harrowing, hellish. Go for it. ¥¥¥¥

Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol (See review) Pop artful. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Classic vocalist **Johnny Mathis** has always had a jones for classic movies, but his video habit started by accident when one of his tour limos happened to be equipped with a VCR. "I began watching my favorites while driving around between concerts," he says. Now he's hooked. "I run *The Letter* with Bette Davis at least once a week. I've actually learned the dialog. And Davis' *Dark Victory*—I cry every time!" Other mandatory rewinds on the crooner's list: *The Good Earth*, *Gone with the Wind*, *The Naked Gun* ("that one has *the* biggest laugh"), *Some Like It Hot* and *Casablanca*. What, no musicals? "Sure, Busby Berkeley films and, of course, *Jailhouse Rock*. What a presence Elvis had. I knew him real well. Forget those slam biographies; he was a *super* guy." —LAURA FISSINGER

BRUCE ON VIDEO

our movie critic goes to the tape

Although springtime and the Academy Awards usually coincide, Oscar seldom shows up with a song in his heart. Only seven times has the Best Picture nod gone to a movie musical. They are:

The Broadway Melody (1929): The novelty of sound probably made this a winner, though the *Melodys* of 1936 (with Eleanor Powell) and 1940 (Powell plus Fred Astaire) are far better.

An American in Paris: This Gene Kelly gem eclipsed both *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *A Place in the Sun* in 1951. Production splendor, plus a fine Gershwin score, clearly turned Oscar's head.

Gigi: Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier shimmer in the Alan Jay Lerner–Frederick Loewe musical about the grooming of a young French girl. The best of 1958 and a real charmer.

West Side Story: Who could resist this musical (lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, music by Leonard Bernstein) version of *Romeo and Juliet* revisited by dancing street gangs in 1961? It took ten Oscars and made history as musical drama with a message.

My Fair Lady: Another Lerner-Loewe triumph in 1964. Ironically, star Audrey Hepburn wasn't nominated, and Julie Andrews (passed by for the *Lady* role she created on stage) got the Oscar, anyway—for *Mary Poppins*.

The Sound of Music: Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1965 salute to the Von Trapp singers, with Julie Andrews—again—topping the sugary blockbuster hit. Super scenic schmaltz.

Oliver! Carol Reed directed this 1968 Dickens tuner, with Ron Moody as the marvelous Fagin, who teaches orphans to steal. But David Lean's 1948 nonmusical, starring Alec Guinness, is still the definitive *Oliver Twist*. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO SIX-PACK

this month: behind the camera

Hedda Hopper's Hollywood: The famed columnist hosts movie shorts from Tinseltown's heyday featuring stars and demistars at play (Republic Pictures).

Great Movie Stunts: When the director shouts "Action!" by God, you want *action*. Harrison Ford takes us behind the scenes of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (Paramount).

Day for Night: Life on and off the movie set in late director François Truffaut's valentine to his craft starring himself and Jacqueline Bisset (Warner).

The Secret Life of Sergei Eisenstein: The legendary director gives insights into his work in this topnotch docubio. Includes excerpts from *Battleship Potemkin*, *Alexander Nevsky* and others (Mystic Fire).

The CBS/Fox Guide to Home Videography: Now, down to basics: Push here, point there, turn this . . . *don't do that!* Camcorder operation made easy (CBS/Fox).

From Star Wars to Jedi: The Making of a Saga: Director George Lucas reveals the inspirational story behind the greatest space epic ever filmed. May the Force be with you (CBS/Fox). —TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle: The flying squirrel and the talking moose are on vid at last! Also on the six-tape collection: Boris and Natasha, Sherman and Mr. Peabody, Dudley Do-Right and the rest of the gang (Buena Vista).

Grand Canyon Mule Ride: Award-winning video of classic trip through the Grand Canyon, complete with historic sightseeing, genuine wrangler stories and "original mule music." Actor (and former rancher/horseshoer) Wilford Brimley narrates (Don Briggs Productions).

SHORT TAKES

Strangest How-to Video: *Praying Mantis Fundamentals*; **Wildest Ballroom Video:** *Advanced Lion Dance*; **Kinkiest-Sounding Instructional Video:** *Vibrations Workshop*; **Second-Kinkiest-Sounding Instructional Video:** *Creative Rod Crafting*; **Best Video Procrastination:** *Thinking About Thinking*; **Worst I've-Got-an-Idea Video:** *Climbing the World Trade Center*; **Best Thrill-a-Minute Video:** *Exclusive Lawns*; **Best It's-a-Living Video:** *Carve a Ball and Claw Foot*.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING RECKLESS	***Wild at Heart*** (Nicolas Cage and Laura Dern, rebels without a clue, screw their way across the South; David Lynch outweirds himself); ***State of Grace*** (Irish street gang menaces everyone; Sean Penn captivates); ***Quick Change*** (clown-suited thief Bill Murray leads damned getaway).
FEELING WICKED	***Problem Child*** (dopey suburbanites adopt a freckle-faced little Satan; comic mayhem ensues); ***The Witches*** (clever boy uncovers queen crone Anjelica Huston's plot to turn kids into mice; OK for adults); ***The Bad Seed*** (Mervyn LeRoy's 1956 take on the hellish-tot theme).
FEELING EXPERIMENTAL	***Flatliners*** (Kiefer Sutherland and med school cronies do some out-of-body thrill seeking); ***Darkman*** (supercosmetician burn victim makes phony faces and tackles thugs); ***Frankenstein Unbound*** (Dr. F. enlists a time-traveling technowhiz to thwart monster spree).
FEELING FLEET	***Days of Thunder*** (Tom Cruise eyes the checkered flag, but 180-mph footage finishes first); ***The Art of Speed*** (legend Richard Petty downshifts to narrator mode for decent racing docuvid); ***Michael Jordan's Playground*** ("God in basketball shoes" spurs a kid to shoot for his dreams).

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STYLE

AND THE WINNING TUX . . . .

So you have an invitation to the Academy Awards ceremony on March 25, black tie required, and you want to avoid looking like all the other penguins. Here's the formal dope on Oscar. Last year, England's Daniel Day Lewis (shown here accepting Best Actor award for *My Left Foot*) wore an Edwardian-flavored formal frock coat by English designer Katharine Hamnett, while host Billy Crystal favored Armani. Dustin Hoffman picked up his 1988 Oscar for *Rain Man* in a tuxedo by Joseph Abboud. The stars are predictably tight-lipped about what they're wearing to this year's ceremony, but our sources figure that Robin Williams will show up in something by Matsuda, Jack Nicholson will be sporting Versace, Ben Vereen will opt for Armani and Smokey Robinson will pick a double-breasted tux by Mugler. The envelope, please.

HOT SHOPPING: CHICAGO

Michigan Avenue may be better known, but a fury of activity in the "Clybourn Corridor"—particularly at the 1800 Building—on Chicago's North Side has made it the hip mecca for shopping and leisure. Check out the following attractions: Urban American Club: A smart men's store with Armanilike looks at un-Armani prices. • Par Excellence: Miniature golf as executed by a group of Midwest artists. (One hole, consisting of 1000 terra cotta skulls, was part of a touring art exhibit.) • Ancient Echoes: Jewelry and art inspired by ancient symbols, priced from $15 to $10,000. • Remains Theater: Ten dollars a performance even when big stars are on the bill. • Ditto®: Three-dimensional sculptures made from your personal photos. • Goose Island Brewery: A boutique brewery with café fare and its own sensational seasonal beers.

VIEWPOINT

"I'm color-blind," admits comedian/actor Howie Mandel, "so I wear all black, because I can tell it matches." Currently appearing as the voice of young Bobby on Fox's *Bobby's World*, Mandel says black gives him that "young Johnny Cash" look. "You can picture me by the railroad tracks, strumming the guitar and singing songs about prison," he jokes. If Mandel ever makes a fashion mistake, he never admits it. "I just tell them it's the style." He also says he'd love to start a new fashion trend. "I was in London and tried on a kilt. Imagine three guys standing at urinals, wearing kilts."

WELL, HELLO, POLY

Poor poly. When she burst upon the scene in the Sixties and Seventies, she was everybody's favorite companion. Then polyester started showing up in all the wrong places and quickly got a bad reputation. But this is the Nineties, and now the fabric's taking the fashion world by storm in the form of microfibers, polyester fibers that are even thinner than silk. Why weave a synthetic fabric into a fine garment? Because it gives clothes incredible drape and resiliency. Hugo Boss and Giorgio Armani blend microfibers in their suits. So do M. Julian (check out his leather/micro baseball jackets) and the manufacturers of Drizzle and Sanyo raincoats. We always said poly was a great mixer.

GOING FOR THE GOLD

Chefs representing the nation's most prestigious restaurants recently cast their votes in the annual Chefs in America American Gold Medal Food and Beverage Awards blind-taste-test competition. Here are some of the winners: For *cordon bleu* brews, the chefs raised their glasses to Dos Equis, Bass Ale, Guinness Extra, Pilsner Urquell and Augsburger Golden. . . . Red and white table wines from Glen Ellen Winery took another prize. . . . And for spicing up their cooking, the chefs chose Kingston-Miami Trading Company's Jamaican Country Style Hell Hot Pepper Sauce.

S T Y L E M E T E R		
DENIM SHIRTS	**IN**	**OUT**
FIT AND FABRIC	**Lighter-weight fabrics and loose fits; worn with sports coats or even suits**	**Heavy, tight-fitting denims; acid washes; worn without o jacket and/or tie**
POCKETS AND CUFFS	**Pocket flaps; matte-metal, stone or horn buttons**	**Heavy embroidery or shiny metol buttons**
COLLAR	**Longer, relaxed collars worn loosely with paisley or patterned ties**	**Collars that are small and stiff, up-turned or silver-tipped**

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

Psychohistorians are going to have a field day analyzing the spread of *Twin Peaks* mutilation fever in the Nineties. On the heels of TV's *Nouvelle Vague* saga of "Who raped, tortured and killed Laura Palmer?" we had the tasteless spectacle of Bret Easton Ellis' splatterpunk homage, *American Psycho*. Now, in ***Chicago Loop*** (Random House), Paul Theroux explores the story of a happily married Yuppie developer who seeks out lonely women through the "Personals" columns and eventually murders one of them by biting her to death.

What separates Theroux's intense short novel from the earlier sensationalist treatments of violence against women is his riveting, frightening focus on the thought processes of a psychopath. This is an honest attempt to understand the motivations behind an unthinkable act.

On the surface, Parker Jagoda appears to be a typically amoral business opportunist, a far cry from the vicious murderer whom newspapers are calling The Wolfman. As Theroux puts it, "The Wolfman at home was a guy with an infant son, a Beemer, a mortgage and 20 framed pictures on his piano." He and his photographic-model wife enjoy playing sex games in which he checks into a sleazy hotel and waits for her to come to his room in different disguises. But something has gone haywire in Parker's psychosexual make-up, and these marital scenarios aren't exciting enough. He begins to place ads in the "Personals" column of the *Reader* and searches for women who want to be beaten.

Parker's twisted vision of relationships between the sexes explores a psychopathology of love/hate, sex/violence, pleasure/pain that is right out of the pages of Krafft-Ebing. And when he loses control during a "ritual of mortification" with a sad, lonely woman named Sharon, Theroux does not spare us the gruesome details.

Finally, as a sort of penance, an ultimate act of empathy with his victim, Parker dresses in women's clothing, moves into a shabby apartment a few blocks from where she lived and becomes Sharon. In Theroux's skillful hands, this grotesque story is a sexual parable for our times, a startling insight into the distorted relations between men and women.

In a strong spring season for fiction, three other exceptional new books—***The Difference Engine*** (Bantam), by William Gibson and Bruce Sterling, ***Sweetwater Ranch*** (Atlantic), by Geoffrey Norman, and ***Sailor's Holiday*** (Random House), by Barry Gifford—stand out. Gibson and Sterling, the science-fiction pioneers of cyberpunk, team up to tell a 19th Century tale quite distinct from their previous work. Instead of writing speculative fiction about how computers may affect future society, they have fantasized about how they would have affected the past. If, in 1855, George Babbage had perfected his steam-powered mechanical computing engine, how would history be different? Lord Byron would be prime minister, posit, Gibson and Sterling and every citizen of Britain would be registered by identification number in a large computer. The fate of the nation might hinge on a box of punched cards that become the Macguffin of this brilliant historical thriller.

Chicago Loop: A sexual parable.

Theroux's startling insight into disturbing relationships.

Edgar-winning mystery writer Geoffrey Norman takes us to the Redneck Riviera territory of Florida's Panhandle for a tough, fast-moving story about the director of an orphanage who is charged with child abuse. The charge is part of a shakedown operation, and ex–Green Beret Morgan Hunt is hired to investigate the shady lawyer behind it. He brings events to the kind of dramatic conclusion that another Florida writer, John D. MacDonald, would have admired.

Barry Gifford is one of those overnight successes who have been writing highly praised books that sell modestly for two decades. The David Lynch movie of his novel *Wild at Heart* launched him, and that outlandish pair, Sailor and Lula, are back for more colorful and crazy adventures in *Sailor's Holiday*. In the four interconnected novellas of this book, Gifford brings the two star-crossed lovers together in New Orleans after Sailor finishes a jail stint. Gifford, who sketches marvelous characters as deftly as William Faulkner and animates them in scene after scene of hilarious dialog, is a storytelling talent who deserves his chunk of best-sellerdom.

The most impressive first book this month is ***Muscle*** (Poseidon), by Sam Wilson Fussell. This is Fussell's fascinating story of his transformation from a skinny, wimpy Oxford scholar to a 250-pound Southern California powerhouse bodybuilder in four years of pumping iron, shooting steroids and living at the gym. His vivid descriptions of the rigors of the weight-lifting scene and his introspective honesty make this book a kind of American success story that has you up out of your chair and cheering.

Finally, two studies of international hot spots that are hardly typical travel books: ***Best Nightmare on Earth: A Life in Haiti*** (Prentice Hall), by Herbert Gold, and ***Baghdad Without a Map*** (Dutton), by Tony Horwitz (an adaptation appeared in *Playboy* in January). Gold's anecdotal history of his 38-year love affair with Haiti is simply the best all-encompassing explanation of this contradictory and tragic island country that I have read. Like Gold, Horwitz has a discerning eye and a light touch in describing his travels, and he provides a much-needed counterpoint to the recent reams of political analysis of the Middle East.

BOOK BAG

Faulkner's Mississippi (Oxmoor House), text by Willie Morris, photos by William Eggleston: Two Southern talents celebrate Faulkner and the Mississippi of his life and fiction.

Musical Chairs (Morrow), by Kinky Friedman: When the former members of Kinky's country-and-western band start dropping like flies, the Texas supersleuth is on the job unraveling the messy mystery.

The L.A. Musical History Tour: A Guide to the Rock and Roll Landmarks of Los Angeles (Faber and Faber), by Art Fein: A tour—from the obvious to the obscure—that includes Geffen Records, three Beatles residences, the Hollywood Boulevard Walk of Fame and all the night clubs frequented by rock and roll's movers and shakers as well as those aspiring to rock-and-roll fame.

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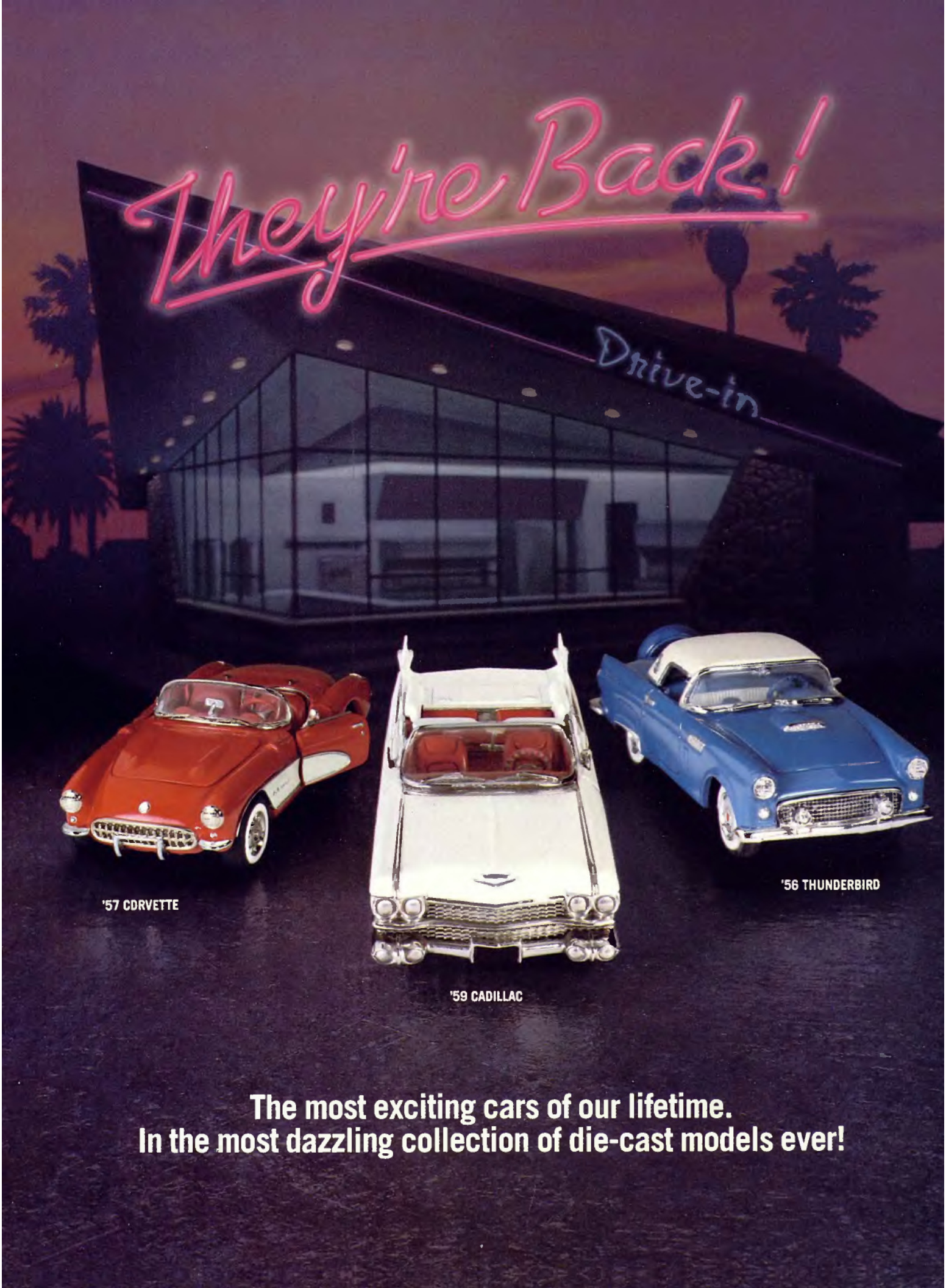

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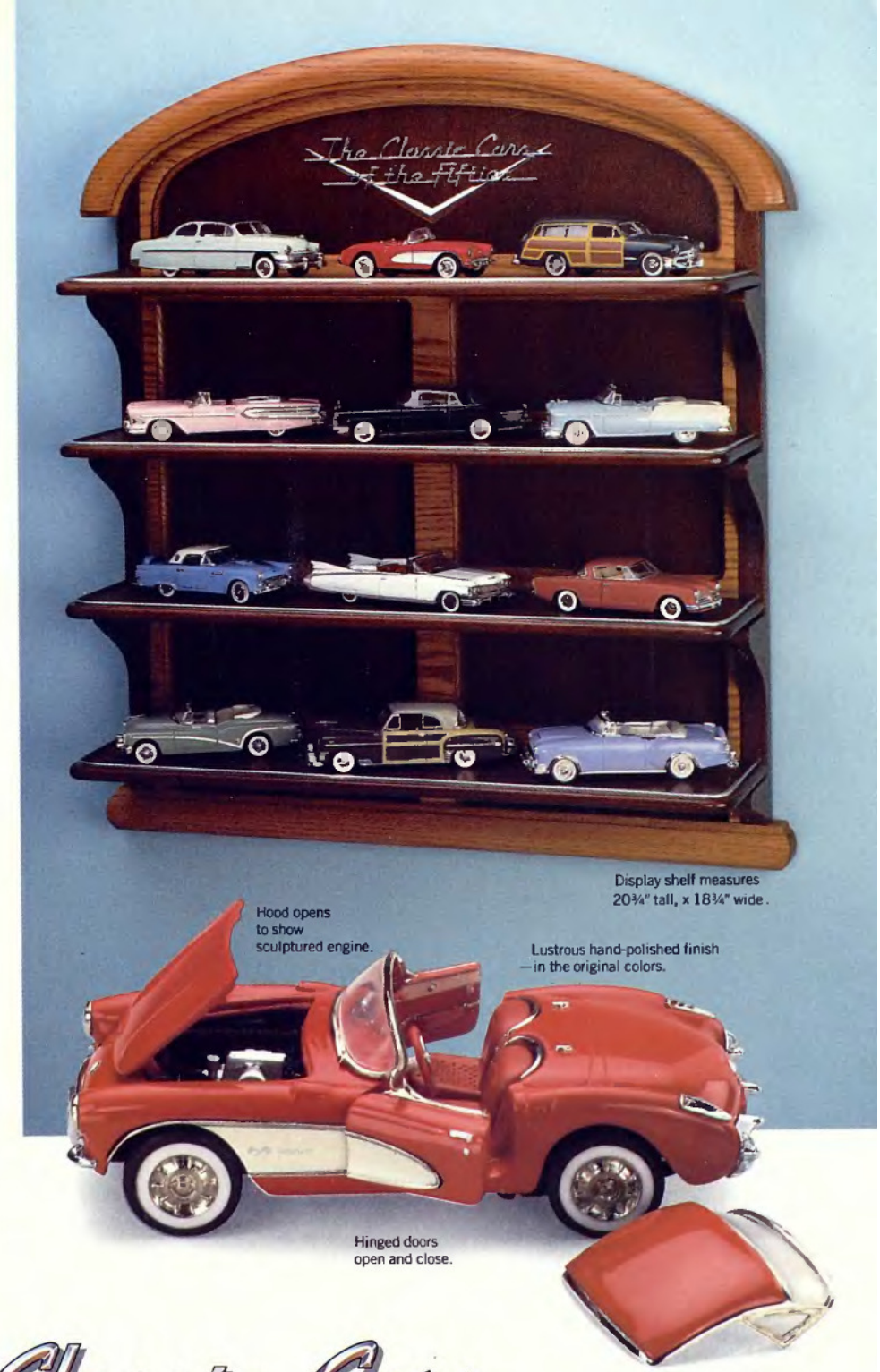

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Ever ask yourself what's happening on the social scene that just might reach out and bite you on the ass?

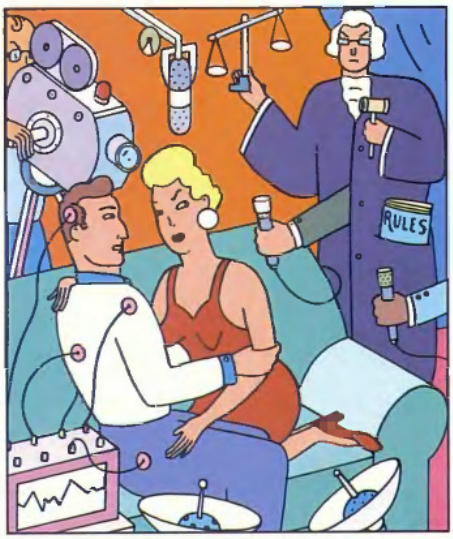
Item: A man I know meets a woman at a bar, dances with her, necks with her on the dance floor in front of others. They join his friends outside and continue necking in the back seat of a car while they're driven to a party. There, the two disappear into a room and come out in about 30 minutes. All seems fine until a day later, when the woman goes to the police and accuses the man of rape. There is no physical evidence of rape, but the man is arrested, jailed, tried, sentenced and imprisoned. It is his word against hers. He loses.

Item: A man I know, a part-time lecturer at a city college, takes one of his former students out to lunch at her request. She is a bright but insecure woman who believes herself to be physically unattractive and says so. He says in response, and I quote, "You are a very attractive woman. If I were in your age group and single, I would probably ask you for a date." She goes back to the department chairman, reports that the man has sexually harassed her and insists that his contract not be renewed because he is a threat to women students. The chairman agrees and it is done. The man is dropped from the faculty, no questions asked.

Item: A sophomore at George Washington University is the sole source for a story in the school newspaper about two black men who supposedly raped one of her white friends. The assailants, as described by the student, had "particularly bad body odor" and allegedly told the victim after their attack, "You were pretty good for a white girl." The student, who a day later admits through her lawyer that she made up the report, says in her apology to the dean of students that she "had hoped the story, as reported, would highlight the problems of safety for women."

The bottom line? The war between the sexes has a uniquely virulent form in today's culture. False allegations of harassment and date rape are springing up like condoms in springtime.

Face the facts, man. You live in a high-risk social environment. If a woman brings false sexual charges against you, no matter how flimsy her evidence or belated her action, your protests of innocence may not be believed. This is The Time of the Werewolf Hunt. And the last time I checked, you looked a lot more like a werewolf than she did.



THE 1991 LOW-RISK DATING KIT

Before you go out on a date, *before* you become trusting in conversation with a female acquaintance, you'd better ask yourself some basic questions. What constitutes sexual harassment in her terms? Is it harassment for you to look at her with interest? To talk with her casually? To ask her for a date? To crack a sexual joke? To ask for a kiss or a hug at the end of the evening? Does she generally advertise that men are slime while women are victims? Better check her out. "Know before you go, bro'" should be your dating slogan. Write that down and paste it over your computer terminal. *Know before you go.*

For extra protection, I've devised a low-risk dating kit. You may want to take a look at it. Am I joking when I list these suggestions? Yes. And no.

- *Hire a private attorney.* Granted, his retainer is a few thousand dollars a day, and it is a little awkward having him around all the time, especially on the date itself, but remember: Dating is a high-risk proposition these days. Your attorney's job is to follow you 24 hours a day and advise you on your every move. (You should choose a male lawyer, of course, because if your lawyer is a female . . . well, you know, people may spread the story all over town.)
- *Have your prospective date sign a dating contract.* This is imperative. You and your attorney design it and print it. With your attorney present, have her read the form, answer any questions she may have and then have her sign it. Among other things, she agrees on this form that she is responsible for her own behavior, that she is mature enough to handle a dating situation and that she has a genuine interest in dating you. No signature, no date.
- *Hire a television crew.* You need a cameraman to shoot a video record of your every move and probably an audio man to check sound levels. Better have a guy to carry the battery packs, too. And you need a special infrared TV camera for night work, along with a directional mike and extra video tape.
- *Arrange satellite surveillance.* The cost of this one? Could be in the millions, but think of what it saves in the long run. Insist on something like the KH-11 or one of its later versions. Used properly, this baby can spot a zit on your nose from many miles in space and it can follow you anywhere. You'll need a sophisticated team to program it and launch it, a satellite-dish operator and photo-analysis expert and some good code breakers to scramble your data so that *her* satellite transmission can't screw up *your* satellite transmission. (You bet, space captain, she may have her own satellite, too!)
- *Hire fingerprint and voiceprint analyzers, as well as polygraph experts, physical surveillance people and phone freaks who can tap into anything and everything.* Right, it's getting crowded with all these people following you around. Can't be helped, though. This is the Nineties. You might try former FBI personnel for most of the surveillance jobs. And don't forget to take a lie-detector test after every date. Have her take one, too. Seal the test results in a bank vault. You may need them. Also, ask her to sign a release form after the date, testifying to the fact that in her opinion, you behaved yourself. Be sure to take your ink pad and towel along that first evening, too. Have to get her fingerprints, you understand. Nothing personal, just business. Because a guy can't be too careful these days, you know what I mean?

Yeah, I think you know what I mean.

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1978.

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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

BREAKING UP IS EASY TO DO

The phone rang. I picked it up.

"I'm free! Free!" Laura yelled.

"I'm fine, thank you, and you?"

"OK, here's what happened," she said. "Yesterday, I was ready to die. I thought it was my last day in the play, the original actress was coming back. In the play, I am this independent person and I run around and have opinions and interact with other people and it sounds nuts, but lately, only when I'm on the stage have I felt alive, and happy, have I felt like *me*. I was really upset, and then, suddenly, I thought, I don't need the play to feel alive! I can feel alive in my actual life! So I broke up with Ken! I'm no longer 'Ken's girlfriend!' And, also, I'm still in the play!"

I felt a wave of nostalgia, like when I hear *American Pie* on the radio. I remembered the day my husband and I were both crying, and then he walked out of our house and the door closed and I sat thinking nothing for a few minutes, and then something snapped in my brain, and suddenly, out of nowhere, I remembered who I was, my awareness of self flooded through me. I'd been so busy being a wife I'd forgotten. It was a very mid-Seventies early-feminist moment, when independence was prized over connection. Then the phone rang again and I was back in the Nineties.

"Well," said Joanie, "he's ruined my life, so I'm going to ruin his. He'll be really sorry he fucked me over."

"You don't have to let him ruin your life," I said. "There's a certain amount of choice involved. I know he was sleeping with two other women and lied to you hundreds of times, but——"

"He's up for this job," said Joanie, who is a very powerful woman in publishing, "and I've got a call in to make sure he doesn't get it. Do you think he's miserable? Do you think he misses me?"

"What do you care what he thinks? The man's a scumbag."

"I know, I know, but do you think he's sad about me? I checked his mail this morning. I threw away his bank statement. I visited his neighbors. They hate him now. I want him to crawl back to me. On his hands and knees. I want him to come crawling back, and then I want to tell him to go fuck himself."

"Guess what happened to me yesterday," I said.

"I miss him so much," she said.

I finally hung up with her and went to meet Hank at the corner coffee shop.

"I'm heartbroken," Hank said.

"Still?" I asked testily. "Oh, sorry. It just seems that everyone I know is breaking up and they're way deep into it and they're all calling me for advice and I don't know what to say anymore. Can't anyone just talk about the weather?"

"Looks like rain," said Hank.

"Doesn't it, though?"

"Rain reminds me of her," he said.

"I thought it might," I said.

"I can't believe she's gone," he said. "She's right down the street, and she's gone. Boy, I really fucked up big."

"Look, you weren't even that crazy for her until the first time you two broke up, remember?"

"No, it wasn't exactly that; here's what happened. . . ."

"Don't tell me. The worst thing about people splitting up is that they have this compulsion to relate every detail of every minuscule moment of the breakup to anyone who will listen. I know I'm being mean to you; but I have been Florence Nightingale for months, and you're ready to move on."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are. I know that breaking up is a primal pain, major surgery of the psyche, almost as bad as if someone has died. At least you're not being a regular guy and pretending it's not happening. Guys tend to avoid all the grief and anger and consequently stay damaged—all that hurt and rage festering inside them—for years. But I think you're staying attached to your heartache because it's a way of staying attached to her. You've got to get a grip. Let her go. She left you, she's going on with her life. And you're getting into this pain too much. You know what Joanie's doing?"

"I don't care."

"Joanie broke up with the creep six months ago. She still thinks about him every day. She's devoted to ruining his life. She's still completely involved with him. She's afraid to be alone, and this is her way of staying connected. Hank, move forward. Get a life."

"Oh, what do *you* know?" Hank said.

I went home. The phone rang.

"Well, it looks like Kurt and I are separating," said Rachel. "I hate that son of a bitch! I hate all men!"

"OK, Rachel, listen to me. Here's what you can expect. . . ."

And I told her everything I had learned since this hideous epidemic of breakups began. That you lose probably every shred of self-esteem you ever had. When you're rejected (and even if you're the one initiating the breakup, you feel rejected) by the person with whom you have had the most primal connection, your most miserable thoughts about yourself are confirmed. You feel ugly and stupid and fat and smelly. You feel utterly unlovable. You hit rock bottom. But it doesn't last forever.

"Well, aren't you a little ray of sunshine," Rachel said.

"Then there's the feeling of abandonment, and the humiliation of facing people and admitting you couldn't make it work. And the dreadful fear that no one new will ever love you again. . . ."

"Shut up or I'll shoot you," Rachel said.

"On the other hand, if you were with the right person, you wouldn't have broken up. So after you go through all the misery and hell, a tiny ray of relief will break through the clouds. You'll feel released from some kind of awful bondage and wonder what you could have seen in the guy anyway. You'll feel free! Free! Like Laura. She's bubbling with joy."

We hung up. The phone rang.

"I'm so miserable!" Laura cried.

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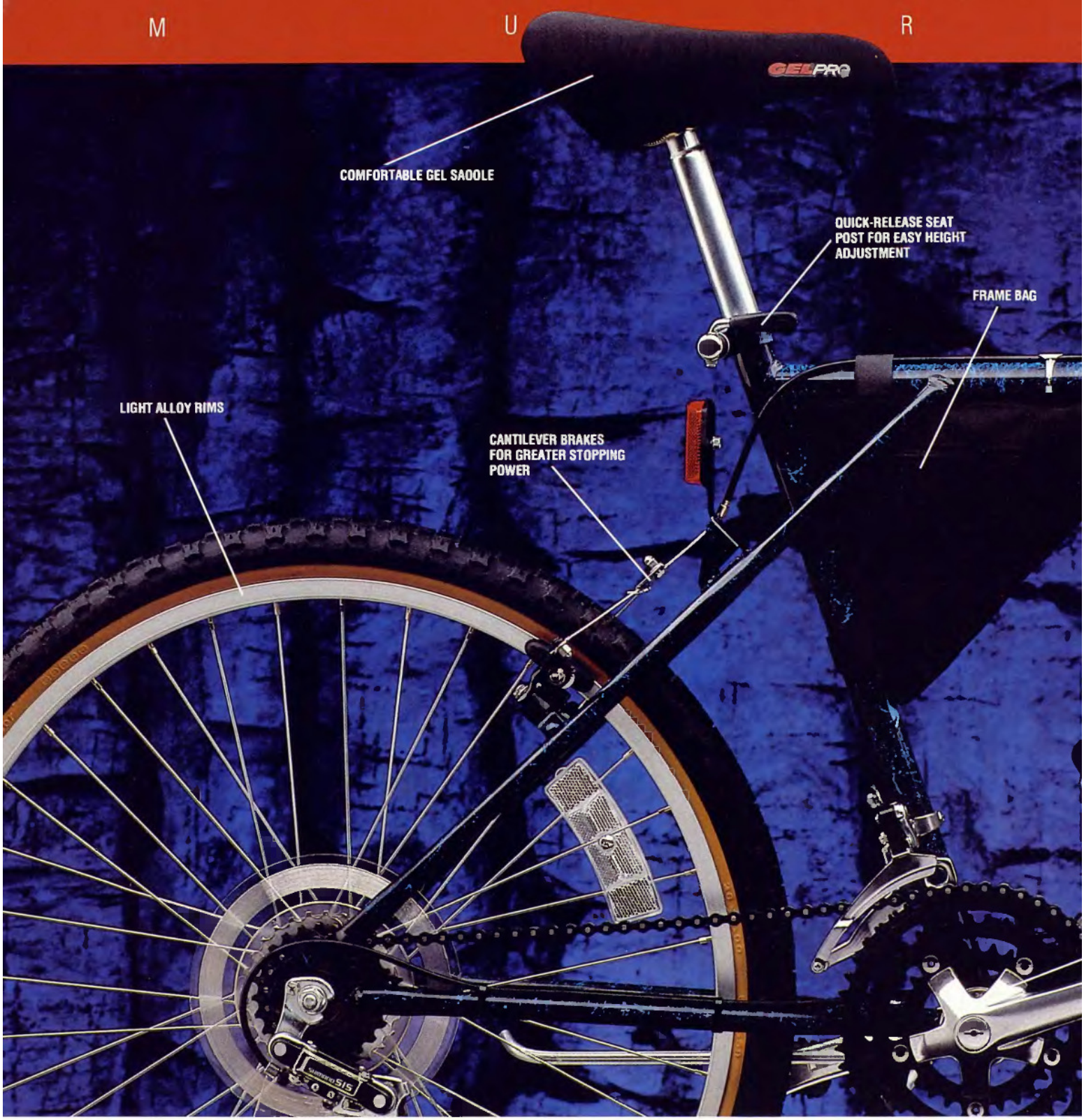
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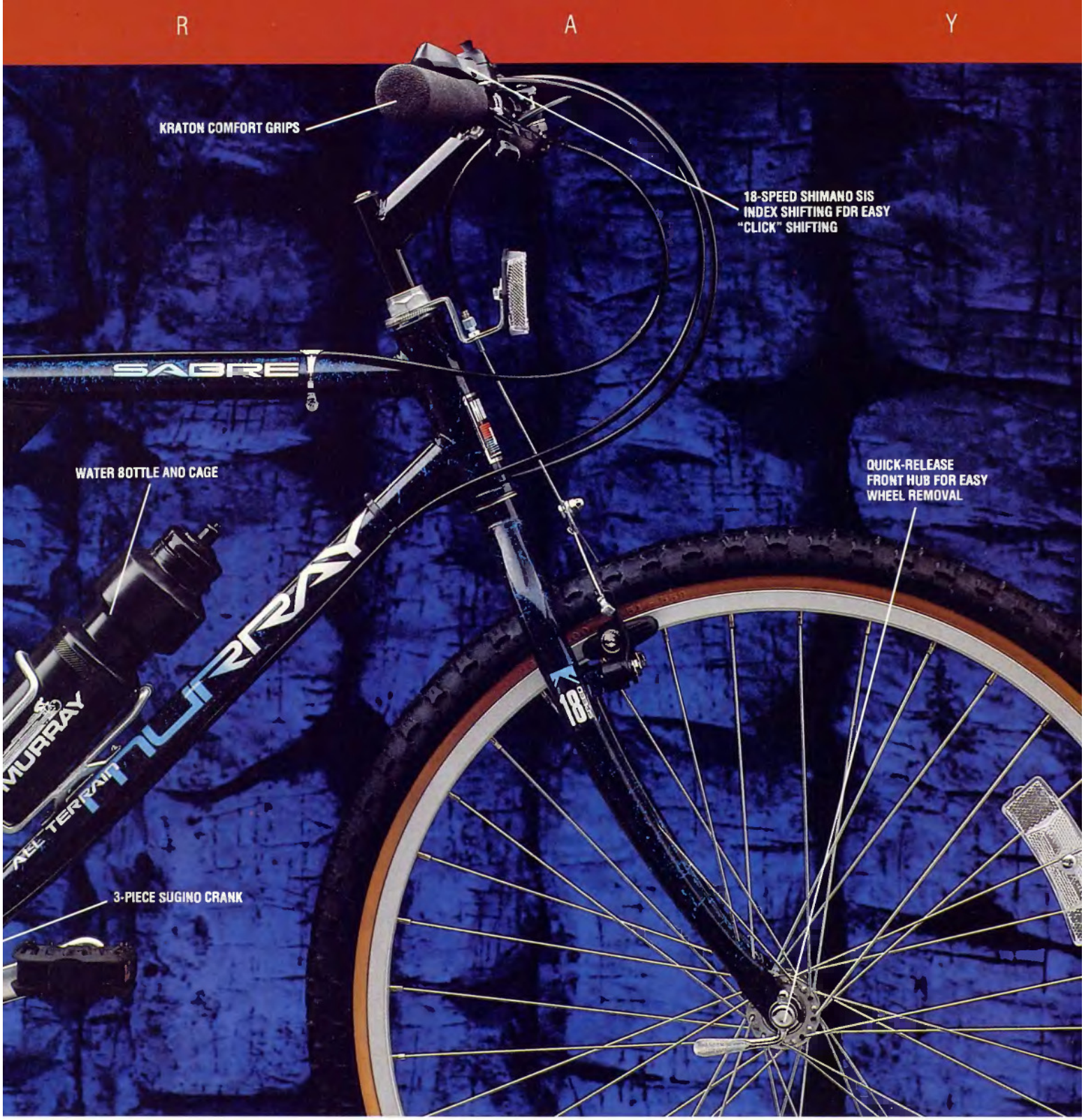

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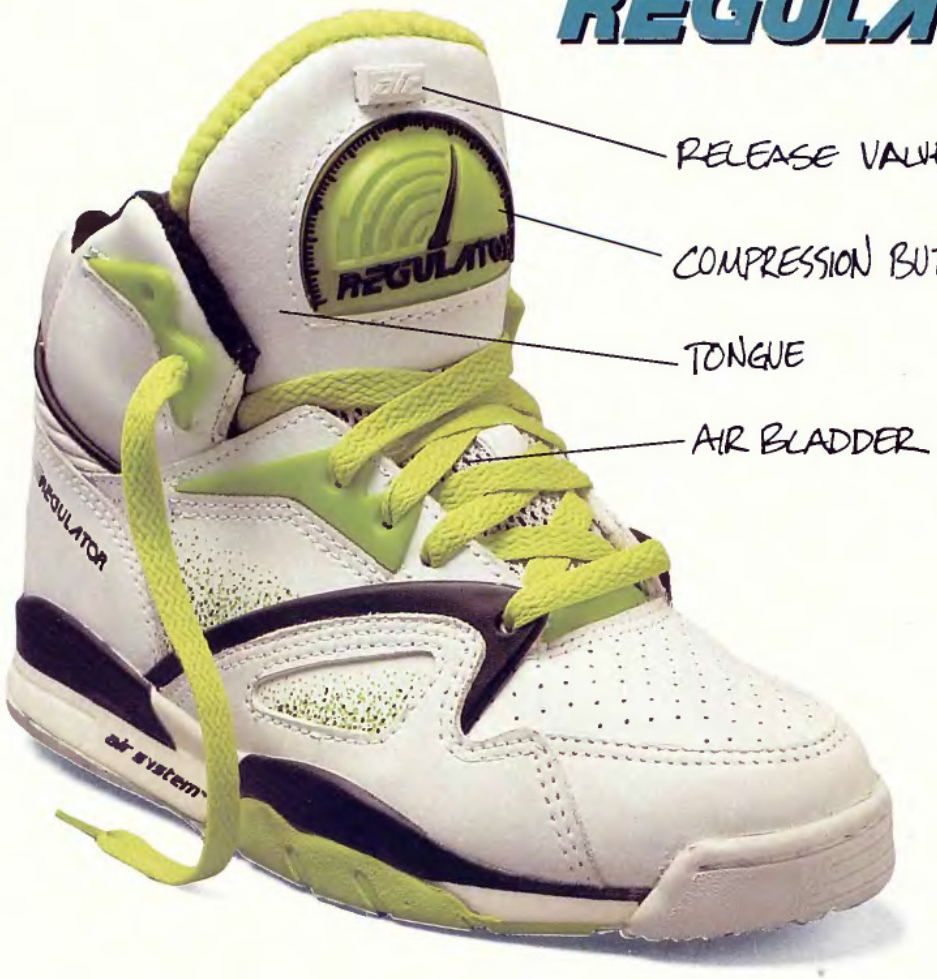

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

One of my friends says that he and his girlfriend have discovered a new type of foreplay. They set aside an hour or so a week and talk about sex. They choose a topic, and then each reminisces about past experiences, fantasies, whatever. He said they had read about it in a book, but I haven't gotten back to him for details. Have you ever heard of this?—P. R., Kansas City, Kansas.

Yes. It's called dating. Or therapy. Keith Harary and Pamela Weintraub, authors of "Inner Sex in 30 Days," call it communion. They describe a set of exercises that matches your friend's activities: "Retire to your erotic refuge with your partner at a time when you feel you will have at least an hour without being disturbed. Then change into loose, flowing clothes and share some fresh fruit, cheese or wine. Before you begin your actual talk, we would like you to remember to tell the truth, to listen carefully to your partner and to be supportive of what he or she says, no matter what that might be. Please do not make your lover feel guilty for any thoughts or feelings and try to avoid feelings of guilt yourself. As you speak, look into your partner's eyes." For a first communion, they suggest asking the following: "When did you have your first orgasm? Was it with or without another person present? What was your first positive sexual experience? What are your earliest memories about sex? What were your earliest sexual fantasies? What role do these early memories and fantasies play in your sex life?" Once you get into exchanging sexual histories, there are other topics for communion: "Are there any sexual requests you have not yet discussed with each other? If so, do so now. And be as explicit as possible. Describe the precise way that you perceive your partner while making love. Be as explicit as possible. If you have any sexual fantasies you feel are too extreme to actually act on, you may (if you want) discuss these with your partner now." There are other topics for these little chats. What is the strangest X-rated movie you ever saw? What was the most arousing? What was the first piece of erotica you can remember reading? Is there anything you wouldn't do sexually? Why? See if there is a theme to your answers. The best thing about these exercises is setting aside the hour a week. Conversation on any topic can be sexy.

A friend of mine recently got back from a spectacular weekend in Aspen, where he witnessed something called a body shot. He won't tell me what it is, except that he has promised to demonstrate it the next time we are in a bar. Have you ever heard about this?—Miss K. E., Chicago, Illinois.

God, we love assignments like this. (Now that United Express/Aspen has direct flights from Chicago, we do all of our research firsthand.) Here is our report: The body shot is a friendly version of the tequila shot. It requires a willing partner of the opposite sex. First, sprinkle salt on your finger tips. Lick your partner's neck and pat the salt onto the wet spot. Next, place the lime, citrus side out, between your partner's teeth. Now follow the usual routine—lick the salt (you have to get all of it), drink the shot of tequila, then suck on the lime. It could catch on.

I am interested in improving my bedroom atmosphere. I would like to create as different an environment as possible, while increasing the sensuousness of the space. I have kept my furnishings Spartan (a custom queen-size bed, a night stand, a receiver and two speakers and a medium-size flower print). I'm thinking that maybe a fog machine stashed under the bed or in the closet would be a good addition. How practical is it? Some other ideas I've considered include adding a chair or love seat, hanging a mosquito net or gauze over the bed, maybe draped down over the sides. I was thinking of some offbeat sounds such as ocean surf, jungle noise, undersea-animal sounds (dolphins, whales, et al.). Where can I purchase these?—R. S., Houston, Texas.

Whoa. Unless you want to turn your boudoir into a theme park, hold the special effects. You could probably pick up a fog machine from a failed disco or heavy-metal band, but really, now. Outside of inspiring Jack the Ripper fantasies, cold and clammy do not usually add up to erotic. Sounds of waterfalls, oceans, etc., are kind of hard to dance to (or fuck to), but your local record store probably carries some environmental tapes. We think you might have better results with a selection of your favorite seductive music, something to which earth people can respond.

My work keeps me trapped in the city on weekends. No big deal, except that I never get to buy any of those airline tickets where you have to stay over a Saturday night. One of my friends suggested buying nested-fare tickets or back-to-back tickets. Have you ever heard of these?—S. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

Yep. The airlines hate them but, as we went to press, hadn't figured out a way to stop you from taking advantage of loopholes. All's war when it comes to fares. The nested fare is for one-shots: Say you want to travel to New York for a Wednesday-matinee performance. The midweek fare is $795, a Saturday stay-over is $138. You buy a round trip starting in Chicago for the outbound and a round trip starting from New York for the return. You use half of each ticket and toss the rest: You still save $600 or so. Not bad. The back-to-back is a favorite with businessmen who have regularly scheduled midweek meetings. Say you have to fly to Washington, D.C., every Wednesday for a high-level golf game with Dan Quayle. Instead of buying one full-fare ticket each week, you buy two tickets with the Saturday stay-over. You use the outbound from the current week's ticket and the return from the following week's ticket. Of course, if the airlines catch you, you may be subject to paying full fare.

When my grandmother passed away a year and a half ago, my family and I were allowed to go to her home and take what we wanted. In addition to furniture and knickknacks, I got a vibrating massager with heat. My fiancé massaged my whole body with it one night, ending the experience by holding this toy firmly on my clitoris. I experienced an orgasm such as I'd never had before. We use this toy regularly now. I like him to be behind, on top of or inside me while I hold the vibrator against my clitoris. He seems to enjoy it also, but he sometimes has a problem with it because I like it better than anything else when it comes to having an orgasm. We have talked about it with another couple who are fairly liberated. The two men have suggested that we two women put on a show for them. My fiancé would enjoy this (it's his fantasy). His friend has gone so far as to get a camcorder out, tripod and all. I

ILLUSTRATION BY OENNIS MUKAI

think we are all waiting for someone else to say the word. I would probably try this, but I don't know how the other woman feels. Any suggestions?—Miss R. D., Louisville, Kentucky.

We love family heirlooms. It says a lot that the sexual revolution occurred long enough ago for one generation to have inherited the sex toys of another. And we see that you are working toward creating souvenirs for the next. We suggest you take your friend aside and ask her her feelings. Since her boyfriend owns the camcorder, she may already be familiar with it. Or maybe you should ask to borrow it for the weekend. Practice on a little-league game or something. Just kidding.

Help! I've built an incredible home-entertainment system, choosing the best components from a variety of manufacturers. There's only one drawback—I now have a coffee table full of remote-control devices. It is exasperating to shuffle through four separate units trying to find the one to change the channel or to skip a track on a CD. Any suggestions, short of buying a new integrated system?—A. K., Los Angeles, California.

Check out one of the programable remotes. There are two types. In one, you jump-start a single unit—lining up each of your existing units with the new unit and transferring the codes, button by button. It takes time but allows you to change the program if you replace a component. The newer models (the Harmon Kardon MasterWorks and the Proton UVA-2000) are preprogramed. Tell the dealer which components you own and a computer at the shop will set the commands. You should be able to get a good unit for less than $150. But one word of warning—it sounds as if you have become the ultimate couch potato. You may be giving up the only form of exercise you have left.

I've been intimate with my lover for three years. We've put a lot of imagination into sexually startling each other. Last night left me with vastly mixed feelings. After a leisurely meal, two glasses of iced white wine, then a hot shower together, she took charge and herded me to bed. There, while I lay on my back, she began fondling my testicles and licking my penis; her tongue was relentless. Soon, I had an extremely intense orgasm. She was sucking pleasantly hard, pressing her thumb just above my anus. An instant later, she climbed onto my body and kissed me, spitting my own semen into my mouth. She smeared it all over our lips and tongues and rubbed our faces in the goo. Words fail to describe my feelings about this event. I showed her this letter and she laughed evilly. Sauce for the gander. Your comments?—J. R., Houston, Texas.

How does that song go: "I've looked at love from both sides now"? So your girlfriend showed you what a great blow job feels like from her perspective. What's the problem? Sounds like you've found a player. We're intrigued by this game. What are you going to do—cut a hole in the bottom of a box of popcorn, stick your penis through it and offer her some next time you're at the movies? Will you stand over the door of the bedroom, masturbate to the point of climax, and then wait until she walks through the door to come?

Occasionally, my wife and I enjoy giving each other a massage, which often leads to even more pleasurable activities. In the course of our marriage, we have tried various creams, lotions and oils. However, we are unsatisfied with most of them. Baby oil is too slippery. Hand creams tend to be absorbed into the skin faster than we would like. All of them taste terrible, which forces us to ignore certain areas that may later require further attention. What do you recommend?—S. C., San Jose, California.

Maybe Paul Newman should come out with a massage oil to match his salad dressing. Try light, natural oils—a mix of almond oil and vegetable oil works wonders. Neutrogena has a line of body oils that includes a light sesame formula.

My girlfriend seems able to reach orgasm only a few set ways—through masturbation while lying on her back with her legs tightly clenched and through intercourse while lying on her back with her legs tightly clenched. We call it sex in the martyr position. I'm starting to feel inadequate. We reach orgasm, but we seem to be in a rut. Is it typical for women to have only one kind of orgasm?—E. Y., New York, New York.

There are researchers who think that each woman's pattern of orgasm is unique—they call it "orgasmic fingerprinting." Some women have intense orgasms, some mild, some both. There is also substantial evidence that a woman's subjective experience of orgasm varies from situation to situation. It is possible to change. If a woman masturbates in one position, she conditions herself to certain stimuli. Through practice, she can add options. She can learn more subtle sexual sensations—by changing hands, by switching from hard direct stimulation to light stimulation, by rolling over on her stomach, by moving her body against her hand, a pillow or a doorframe. It is unlikely at first that she will be able to trigger an orgasm from these alternatives, but that is not the point. Intercourse is never as precise as what you do to and for yourself—if you learn to be sensitive to imprecise stimulation, you can accommodate greater variety in intercourse.

Strange as it may sound, I've seen black pasta listed on the menus of fine Italian restaurants. I've never heard of a black food dye, so I'm wondering how they get that dark hue—almost like pitch. Tell me, what's the secret?—E. C., Miami, Florida.

Felidia Ristorante, one of Manhattan's top Italian restaurants, offers Papardelle alla Seppia *and* Trenette Nere alla Seppia, *among other black-pasta dishes. No dye is used. The color is derived from cuttlefish ink, according to executive chef Lidia Bastianich. Squid ink may also be used, but cuttlefish ink is preferred at Felidia because of its richer body.*

I am a 21-year-old college student. I've been dating the same girl for three and a half years. The sex at the beginning of the relationship was fantastic. I would have to restrain myself every five minutes in order to make the sessions last. After the first year, I learned how to delay my climax for as long as I desired. This was great for a while, but now I'm not able to climax during intercourse. It seems that I have lost a considerable amount of physical sensitivity; consequently, intercourse has become monotonous. I'm wondering if I have suppressed my emotions too much. Is it a physical problem?—B. B., Denver, Colorado.

A physical problem? We doubt it, unless you've built up a callus. You may have created a trap for yourself. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., once said, "We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be." You are going to have to unlearn control. Sex doesn't require that you focus on ignoring your own sensations, turning your erection into a tool and lovemaking into a chore. The last place you want to punch a time clock is in bed. You may want to give it a rest—for the next few weeks, do everything but intercourse. Let your girlfriend stimulate you—orally, manually, visually, whatever. Find ways to stimulate her that don't involve your penis. Maybe your endurance sessions didn't appeal to her. This isn't a permanent condition. There may be some deeper psychological baggage that affects your sex life. You are approaching the artificial deadline of graduation. What do you want to happen to your sex life/relationship after college? Start a conversation and see where it leads. If you need help, consult a therapist. Contact the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, 435 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 1717, Chicago 60611, for more information and a possible referral.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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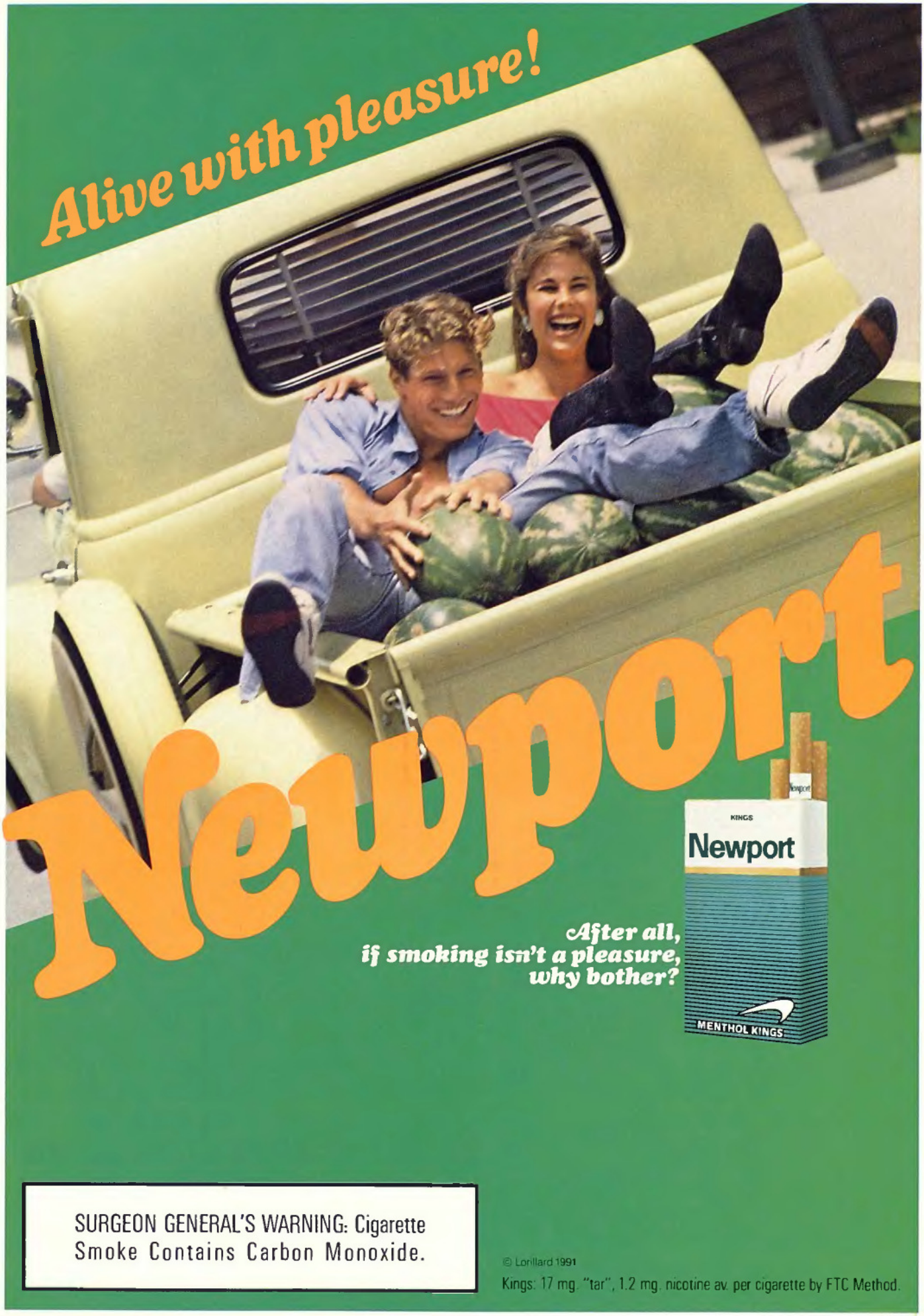

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SEX, DRUGS AND JUSTICE

THE JUDGES JUST SAY NO

every war has its conscientious objectors; in certain legal conflicts, the c.o.s have ringside seats

Last fall, U.S. District Judge Marvin H. Shoob recused himself from an obscenity case when a U.S. Attorney sought to bring felony charges against a 50-year-old bookkeeper for importing adult tapes for his personal use.

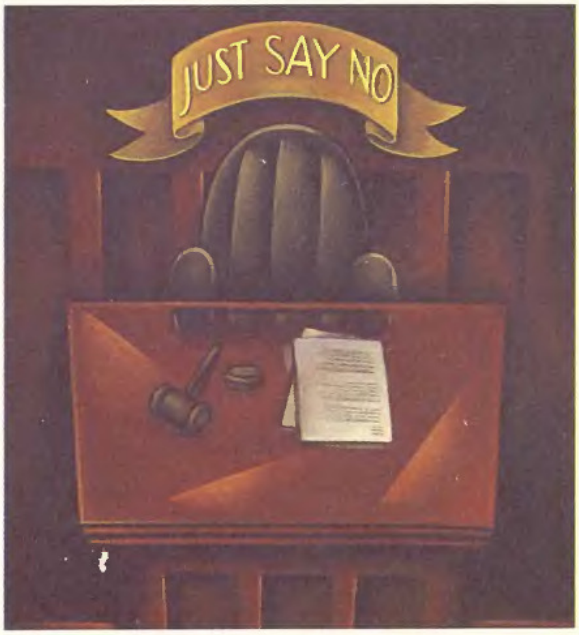
"The initiation of this action has puzzled the court from the onset," reads the judge's opinion. It goes on to index the areas in which the justice system is overtaxed: drug prosecutions and white-collar crime. Why, it asks, is the Justice Department prosecuting a run-of-the-mill porn arrest while, in the same breath, the department claims it hasn't the resources to fight the more serious problems?

"Over the past 11 years, this court has viewed hundreds of articles of pornography, many more obscene than the tapes at issue here . . ." Shoob writes. "However, the Government, based on some criteria known only to the prosecutor, chose to pursue this action while finding that thousands of identical or even more disgusting violations did not warrant an indictment. . . . The court feels so strongly that it is fundamentally unfair to pursue this 50-year-old bookkeeper and saddle him with a felony conviction, even if he is in violation of the statute, when hundreds of persons similarly situated are not prosecuted, the court must recuse."

Shoob was the first judge to become a conscientious objector in the war on porn. He refused to hear the case, because he had seen enough porn to know that the videos in question would pass the critical community-standards test with flying colors.

Shoob chose not to participate in an overzealous prosecution. Other judges may have a similar opportunity. The Justice Department's National Obscenity Enforcement Unit, renamed the Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section (with a yearly budget of about $1,700,000), is going after adult film makers in California. The conflict is still small potatoes, akin to the limited-involvement phase in Vietnam, when there were just a few military advisors.

In contrast, the nation's war on drugs has reached full-stage conflagration. The zero-tolerance offensive, with legions of enforcement officers, squadrons of new attorneys dedicated to prohibition, prosecution and punishment, has changed the landscape of American justice.



The churning of criminal cases through the courts is astounding. In 1988 and 1989, the 575 Federal judges sentenced nearly 40,000 defendants in drug cases alone. More than one quarter of the cases heard are drug cases. It is even more intensive on the state level: In 1988, state courts convicted 111,950 people of felony drug trafficking. The population of state and Federal prisons increased by 42,862 in the first half of 1990 to a record 755,425 by year's end. Government policy may not be changing drug use; it *is* filling jails.

If you are a hawk in the war on drugs, the body count should satisfy your blood lust. But when you increase the police force and the arrest rate without increasing the number of public defenders, courtrooms and judges, you tilt the scales of justice toward the prosecution. Judges regard the new Federal mandatory-sentencing guidelines as "pocket computer" justice, mechanical sentencing or worse. Combined with the Speedy Trial Act (a defendant must go to trial within ten weeks of indictment in a drug case), the result is swift erosion of freedom.

Pecos, Texas, judge Lucius Bunton told a reporter, "You are just running them through here like cattle."

Judge Sarah Evans Barker of Indianapolis concurred: "You make it like a check-out line. Get people and run them over the beeper."

U.S. District Judge Lawrence J. Irving of San Diego became the first conscientious objector to the war on drugs. Last year, he resigned, saying, "It's a game I just can't continue to play. You are a robot now on the bench."

It's not enough that the war on drugs has become a kind of judicial genocide, with prisoners loaded into freight cars and shipped to overcrowded holding pens. Obviously, wholesale justice shortchanges the accused; what's more, it short-circuits social concerns. Criminal cases fill the docket, create backlogs that stifle the other concerns. The politics of the moment have eclipsed traditional priorities: If you have a civil rights lawsuit, forget it. If you have an environmental-action lawsuit, forget it. If you have a job-discrimination lawsuit, forget it. If you have a First Amendment complaint, forget it.

A few judges have spoken out. What we find frightening is the number who say nothing, who, when due process is just a memory, will say, "I was only doing my job."

PRO-LIFE PLAYBOY READER?

You must think that opponents of fetal rights read *The Playboy Forum* and that fetal-rights supporters don't. In "Abortion: The Year in Review" (*Playboy*, December), you describe Right-to-Lifers with the question "Who could be the cleverest and cruelest?" Do you consider defending minority rights cruel? Question: Violence without reason is legal against members of how many minorities? Answer: One—fetuses. Justice demands equal rights for all. With justice in place, a mother would have neither more nor fewer rights than the child she was carrying in her arms or in her womb. These would include the right to life. Hence, justice demands that abortion legislation be consistent with that of other acts of violence. *Playboy* reaches out to a readership of men who love women. I love women, and I do not agree with exempting them from justice.

Scott Lansche
Toronto, Ontario

DEFINE YOUR TERM

A philosophy professor at Georgetown University's Kennedy Institute of Ethics has been getting a lot of press recently. Hans-Martin Sass believes that the answer to the abortion debate lies in defining when life begins—i.e., when the mass of cells growing in a womb becomes a person. He puts the magic moment at 70 days after conception. Apparently, that's when brain tissue starts to form. Sass told a newspaper reporter that when the brain's "hard and soft wiring" come together, something special is created. Since brain activity is one of the ways we define life, or lack of it, in right-to-die cases, why not use the same standard for the beginning of life? What do you think of the idea?

Taylor Richards
Chicago, Illinois

We have two reactions. The first is pragmatic: Such a definition would force a woman to know the date of conception (the same physiological quirks that make the rhythm method unreliable would make this difficult). It would force her to act within days of her second missed period (again, biology does not make this the easiest task). Even if the technology exists to detect brain waves in a 70-day-old fetus, demanding that a woman undergo such a test just adds expense to a medical procedure—putting it out of reach of the poor. The flaw in Sass's definition is that it will never satisfy Right-to-Lifers—whose greed for mandatory reproduction doesn't end at the moment of conception. These people are also against contraception (they demanded Congress review the approval of Norplant, the first new contraceptive in years). Many are flat-out against any form of sex that does not result in procreation—for them, fetal rights begin with foreplay. There is no middle ground in this debate, no compromise better than the one expressed in Roe vs. Wade. *When an issue polarizes the body politic, the only wise policy is to leave it to individual choice.*

FOR THE RECORD

THE MAGIC-MARKER TERRORISTS: TWO VIEWS

Last fall, the graffiti in the women's rooms at Brown University presented a list of alleged student rapists.

"There is no justification for falsely accusing anybody of a crime as serious as rape, and no way to prove a charge that is made anonymously on a bathroom wall.

"Still, it's hard to muster sympathy for anybody on the other side of the graffiti wars that have slandered generations of unsuspecting girls and women. . . . Don't be surprised if such writing on the wall turns up elsewhere. 'For a nice time, avoid Bob.' Like the plague." —*Chicago Sun-Times*

•

"This kind of harassment is itself a form of assault, recklessly defaming a person's character without affording him the opportunity to defend himself.

"Accusations of rape [should] not be bandied about in an irresponsible fashion. . . . Victims should have their cases heard through appropriate administrative and legal mechanisms. But alleged assailants also deserve the customary juridical protections against the possibility of unfounded charges." —*The Providence Journal*

AIDS ON CAMPUS

Playboy has done an admirable job of quelling AIDS hysteria. But a recent article in *The New England Journal of Medicine* gives me pause: According to a study co-authored by Dr. Richard Keeling, random testing of blood samples from 16,863 students at 19 schools found 30 students on nine campuses with the AIDS virus. All but two of them were men. If one in 562 college students has the AIDS virus, shouldn't we be more alarmed?

Jackson Dunne
Boston, Massachusetts

How would you react if the survey proclaimed that one in 562 blondes had the virus, or one in 562 owners of Japanese cars? If you want to be Paul Revere, ask if your message is relevant. The AIDS virus doesn't look at your diploma. To date, only about five percent of AIDS cases have resulted from heterosexual transmission. The vast majority of cases result from I.V.-drug use (needle sharing) and anal sex in the gay community. The college figure doesn't identify the route of transmission—it seems to assume that there are no gays or I.V.-drug users in college, a daring assumption, considering the ratio of men to women among the collegiate

RESPONSE

AIDS population. Next, we ask, Of what benefit to public policy is this figure? Will money go to educate (i.e., instill the fear of AIDS among) college students that could better be spent reaching I.V.-drug users? A useful analogy is fire fighting: Someone living in the hills outside a city that was on fire might find solace if a fire engine pulled up in front of his house at the first sign of sparks—but if he wanted the fire contained, he would send the truck to the flames. We think you know all that you need to know to act cautiously. Condoms prevent the transmission of S.T.D.s. Use 'em.

OBSCENE DEVICES

In the January *Playboy Forum*, you say that several states have tried to outlaw the sale of dildos and vibrators as "obscene devices." Texas tried in 1978—very successfully. The sale of dildos has been illegal since. Local police officials have used the law against obscene devices to seize video equipment from adult bookstores. While unsuccessful in winning any of those cases, they continue to seize more equipment.

Lee Neal
Texas Connection magazine
Dallas, Texas

NC-17

A few days ago, I went to a theater to see the NC-17-rated movie *Henry & June*. I got more than just an evening at the movies. First, I was asked to produce identification. But that didn't bother me too much. At 36, it's kind of nice to be taken for a teenager. Then I had a protest leaflet shoved into my face by some obviously upset and offended individuals—the point of which being that the NC-17 rating was merely a trick by Hollywood to sneak the trash and filth of X-rated movies into decent communities. That, too, didn't bother me very much—until the movie was over. It was then that I realized I was a pervert. You see, I didn't think the movie was trash or filth. I thought it was art, beautifully made and performed. But what the hell do I know? I'm sure the filth police are a better judge of this kind of thing than I am. However, in spite of their wisdom, which no doubt comes from a direct line to God, I would still like to decide for my humble self which movies to pay to see. Call me simplistic, but I've always had this wacky notion that people should mind their own business and allow other adults to think and choose for themselves. This is the American way, or so I've been led to believe.

J. P. Harrah
Gadsden, Alabama

SEX-ED DROPOUT

I just read that a man made his daughter withdraw from a University of Oklahoma sociology course because she had to read an article on "The Socialized Penis." In the academic environment of a college campus, and, more specifically, within the context of a sociology course, it seems entirely appropriate that the subject of human sexuality, how society and the individual influence each other, should be topics open for discussion and debate. Among other important functions of higher education is the duty to expose young people to a variety of ideas and experiences that will allow them to see and understand multiple sides of an issue, to either modify their own beliefs accordingly or, at the least, develop a logic and a rational defense for those beliefs that they may continue to hold, as well as tolerance and respect for the views of others. Since I doubt that this man's daughter can make it through a four-year course of study without being exposed to at least two or three new ideas, I suggest that rather than try to reduce the curriculum to an academic vacuum, he simply save the tuition money. And maybe burn down the local library while he's at it.

Bob Ripley
Midwest City, Oklahoma

FORUM BOOKSHELF

Three impressive books have recently crossed our desk. They target familiar media topics—pornography and the death penalty—but with new information and arguments.

Last Rights (Abingdon), by Joseph B. Ingle: The death penalty may seem appropriate in cases such as Ted Bundy's but Ingle's research, garnered from ministering to 13 death-row inmates, proves that execution is not always the easy or the right choice.

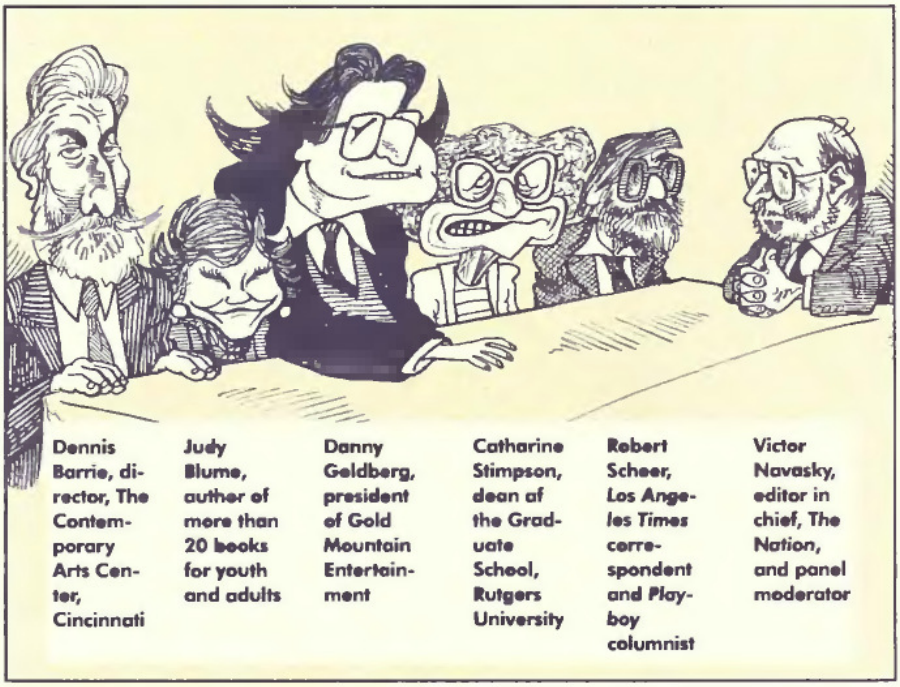
Men Confront Pornography (Crown), edited by Michael S. Kimmel: Thirty-two essays by men—some famous, some not—that examine pornography and its effects. Attitudes range from warm affection for smut to the anger in a treatise titled *Is Pornography Jerking You Around?* by a group called Men Against Pornography. While there is much to dispute here, the work presents a fair examination of porn by the half of the culture most familiar with it.

Pornography: The Other Side (Praeger), by F. M. Christensen: The author, a professor at the University of Alberta, makes the persuasive argument that pornography is good and that antiporn movements are evil and symptomatic of sexual illness. Repression, not porn, causes violence.

LOOK WHO'S TALKING

the first amendment in crisis: arts and entertainment, a colloquium presented by the playboy foundation

On October 24, 1990, the Playboy Foundation and the Nation Institute assembled a panel of speakers to discuss "The First Amendment in Crisis: Arts and Entertainment." These outspoken advocates of freedom addressed censorship, the market place of ideas, culture wars and, since the evening was intended to celebrate the 11th anniversary of the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards, sex. Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Chairman Christie Hefner introduced the colloquium, moderated by Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*. The following are excerpts from the discussion.



Dennis Barrie, director, The Contemporary Arts Center, Cincinnati

Judy Blume, author of more than 20 books for youth and adults

Danny Goldberg, president of Gold Mountain Entertainment

Catharine Stimpson, dean of the Graduate School, Rutgers University

Robert Scheer, *Los Angeles Times* correspondent and *Playboy* columnist

Victor Navasky, editor in chief, The Nation, and panel moderator

HEFNER: In the [Robert] *Mapplethorpe* and *2 Live Crew* cases, we have seen some encouraging court victories reaffirming the strong libertarian instincts in this country. While we can celebrate those victories, underlying problems make me anything but sanguine.

Each of the people on this panel represents a different community in terms of his or her work. Yet you'll hear a great commonality of experience here, because what's at work in this era of censorship is much more interrelated than it may at first appear.

STAND-UP GUYS

NAVASKY: I would like to set the stage by recalling an earlier attempt to intimidate artists and entertainers—the period of the infamous blacklists—the McCarthy era. Ring Lardner, Jr., was one of the so-called Hollywood Ten. He was blacklisted for many years because when he was called before the House Un-American Activities Committee, he was one of those who did not answer what was then known as the sixty-four-dollar question—"Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?"—the way they wanted him to answer. I consider the Lardner position the position of conscience. What he said was, "I could answer your question, sir, but I would hate myself in the morning." That seems relevant to the dispute over the current NEA regulations.

BARRIE: I take the Ring Lardner approach. I would have hated myself—and I think my museum, its board of directors and its staff would have hated themselves—in the morning if we had given in to the call for censorship, to the cancellation of the Robert Mapplethorpe exhibit.

CULTURE WAR

STIMPSON: I think a cultural war is going on. It is explicitly directed against speakers who challenge racial and sexual codes. Obscenity has replaced communism as the demon of choice for rigid and fearful Americans. Yes, the sex police are on the beat.

GOLDBERG: The phrase cultural war is one that the radical right openly uses to express its attitude toward entertainment and art in this country. I have this nagging feeling that while we win battles, we are losing that war. I would like to talk about strategy. When Jesse Helms first attacked Mapplethorpe, [*Time*'s art critic] Robert Hughes wrote a long piece criticizing Helms. A few weeks later, Helms made it into the yellow box on the letters page that *Time* reserves for the subject that gets the most mail. Eighty percent of the mail had agreed with Helms and twenty percent with Hughes. The total number of letters was one hundred and twenty-seven, which meant that about thirty people were concerned enough to write a letter in defense of the NEA. This is symptomatic of what's going on. You have a very small minority that writes letters, makes phone calls and threats, that marches into classrooms, and you have a passive majority that is not paying attention.

The *Roe vs. Wade* television movie, even though it got the highest rating in its time slot, lost a million dollars as a result of sponsors' withdrawing support. The sponsors withdrew because of a few hundred or a few thousand letters. You will not see another Movie of the Week dealing sympathetically with the choice issue. It's dead. This is why I say we're losing the war, even though we always win the battle of the op-ed pieces, the editorials and frequently the courts. We need to get a hundred

thousand letter writers who will make a commitment to spend two minutes a month and participate in this debate at the business level. When a TV network gets a letter, they interpret it and try to extrapolate from it the views of seven thousand people. That is the power of the Reverend Donald Wildmon.

SCHEER: I don't buy the argument that we're losing. I see the country as much freer than it has ever been. We have won many victories. The censors are at war with capitalism. The right is at war with its own ideology. All over the world, people want to be able to buy, to spend their money. When the people in Hungary broke down the iron curtain, the first thing they wanted was a Hungarian issue of *Playboy*. Consumer sovereignty reigns. I've suggested before that Cincinnati and Havana ought to be sister cities, because they both have moved against the market place.

BLUME: There's a lot of scary stuff going on out there. Some parent marches into a school with a book and says, "Get this filthy thing out of here." And the principal, wanting to avoid a confrontation, quietly instructs the teacher to get that book out of there. It's going to be up to readers to defend books, to museumgoers to defend museums, to moviegoers to defend movies, to people who like music to defend music. Until the side that wants the freedom is as vocal as the side that's trying to take that freedom away, it isn't going to work.

GOLDBERG: We defeated legislation in fourteen states that would have required record stickering and, while we won a 2 Live Crew court case, shopping malls now are requiring guarantees from tenants who retail records or books that they won't offend local community standards.

The result is that anything that is deemed controversial just isn't carried in some large chains. The 2 Live Crew record is not available in about half of the retail stores in the United States. However you feel about the record, the reason it's not carried has nothing to do with an aesthetic opinion of store owners or with religious views of buyers. It has to do with the fact that the mark of shame has been put on it by one nut in Florida.

IS THE FIRST AMENDMENT FOR EVERYONE?

BARRIE: When the jurors were selected for my trial, it was evident that most of them had never been to an art museum or a symphony or a ballet. It became evident in the trial and in the aftermath that there are divisions in our country and that our institutions are not serving the so-called masses of our society. A lot of people were concerned with the selection of the jurors. It was stated over and over again that the jurors were nuts, that the last time they'd been to a museum was in the seventh grade. And that was portrayed as: How could we possibly win with this jury?

Well, we could win with this jury because in the *voir dire*, over and over again, these jurors were questioned: Do you think an adult should have the right to see, read, listen to whatever he or she chooses? And over and over again, these people said yes.

> *"The truth is that there is no evidence that any type of censorship or repression of free speech increases moral behavior."*

SCHEER: I am concerned about the distinction that is made between what might be considered elite eroticism and what *The New York Times* referred to in a film review as the "raincoat" crowd. What we really should be talking about is not developing a standard of safe art, safe ideas but, rather, defending those ideas that are provocative. Now, 2 Live Crew is controversial precisely because it has provocative ideas. It was rough, abrasive, brutal. It's precisely those ideas that most require protection. So I warn against the tendency to separate out the elite art, the museum art, from the mass art available to those of us in the raincoat crowd.

IS JOE COLLEGE A COWARD?

STIMPSON: I wish to speak about the role of our colleges and universities in this crisis. Universities believe in academic, intellectual and artistic freedom; acting on that belief often hurts. I find 2 Live Crew misogynist; I will not mention Andrew Dice Clay. But I would not deny 2 Live Crew or Clay a forum. I might picket against them, but I would work to give them a forum on my campus.

Universities also believe in reason. They engage in the contestatory search for truth. They think things through. The university is the place to learn about the different and about difference. Some universities have acted on these virtues with a respect for freedom: the New School has gone to court; the University of Iowa Press, *Kenyon Review* and Lehman College Art Gallery have all turned down grants. But I must report sadly that higher education has either taken money from NEA with a few grimaces and a few words of regret or been a small and still presence in this cultural war. It has tiptoed away from its own virtues and principles. It has not defended intellectual and artistic freedom passionately, systematically and uniformly.

BARRIE: You know, the NEA has been in a struggle since the Mapplethorpe thing broke and it has had a hard time getting the arts organizations behind it to do the letters, the politicking and the money raising that are needed to save it. That was true of the Contemporary Arts Center. We stood alone for a long time. The symphonies, the ballets, the playhouses and other museums said, "It's not our fight." Well, indeed, it is their fight. We heard that over and over from the institutions who should have seen right from the beginning that their freedoms were at stake. Clearly, if they could close us, they could close them.

MORALITY OR FREEDOM

GOLDBERG: Somehow, the other side frames the issue as if it were a choice between free speech on one hand and morality on the other. And often, I even hear people on our side say, "Well, morality may be a problem, but what about the First Amendment?" As if that is the trade-off. The truth is that there is no evidence that any type of censorship or repression of free speech increases moral behavior. All the evidence shows the opposite.

The fact is that in the Soviet Union, for forty or so years after World War Two, it was illegal to write or speak anything anti-Semitic in public. In the United States, we let Nazis march and,

clearly, forty or fifty years later, it's a lot safer to be a Jew in the United States with free speech than in the Soviet Union that censored anti-Semitism for forty years.

SCHEER: The political crusade in the name of morality is analogous to communism. The rhetoric of Newt Gingrich or Ronald Reagan resonates with a lot of people whom we would not normally consider to be right-wingers or fascists or nuts. They are speaking to a legitimate concern for morality in our society. There is a tremendous increase in divorce, a spiraling crime rate, an increase in racism. Those are legitimate concerns. The idea of morality is a legitimate one. Where we screw up is in not explaining that the people who came up with this notion of free speech were also concerned about morality. There's a greater likelihood of moral behavior in a free market place of ideas than in one where government has power over ideas.

Clearly, censors have a notion of making people better by denying them access to ideas that are supposedly bad.

STIMPSON: There seems to be a historical impulse to make some behavior scapegoated or outcast behavior. The content of that behavior changes from culture to culture. Do I think we should have a category called obscenity? No. Do I think we should have a category called pornography? No, I don't.

LABEL LUST

GOLDBERG: There's a retail chain in the Northwest that stickered what it considered to be controversial records before the record companies were doing it and stickered all of Frank Zappa's, including his all-instrumental album [*laughter*]. Later, [officials] claimed that that had been an oversight. But it wasn't an oversight—it was a conscious response to the fact that Zappa had been marked as controversial. There needs to be a countervailing pressure. If people are caving in to one extreme point of view, then the people who have the majority point of view should make their views known in the market place of ideas.

STIMPSON: I have greater faith in readers, writers and listeners than in people who want labels slapped on. I also agree with the people who think if you're trying to protect your kids, don't slap on a label.

IS SEX A DANGEROUS IDEA?

SCHEER: We know there are some people around who just don't like sex, and what can you do? But then, there's this group that tries to develop a constitutional argument. I do not understand why sex has been singled out. You can be a racist, you can attack people's religion, their skin color. You can call for all kinds of violence and it's constitutionally protected. It's only if you try to get someone sexually excited that you run into this trouble. We have this weird special standard that must be based—as far as I can figure—on the idea that sexual ideas are either not ideas and therefore not deserving of protection or they are so dangerous that they have to be regulated.

"When are we going to stop being on the defensive and assume a moral high ground and say God ordains sexual expression?"

I think we need more sexually explicit material. People are afraid to say it's a good thing. I went to see *Henry & June*. I came out and I could say to the pickets outside, "This should be constitutionally protected. You wouldn't watch this and go out and rape someone." What I really wanted to say was, "Hey, this is *great* stuff. I was turned on. My life is better because I went to this movie." Take a movie like *9½ Weeks*. Why do we say it should be defended because it has interesting social ideas about fascism? Why can't we say it should be defended because it arouses people to different feelings and that's part of the human experience?

BARRIE: I don't disagree with you; *9½ Weeks* has it. OK, that should be justification enough, but right now, the *Miller* decision is all we're working with. And if we couldn't prove that one prong—that if a reasonable man can find scientific, educational, artistic or political value in a work, it is protected—I would have been visiting the Ohio facilities.

TIM WRIGHT (an audience member): Mr. Scheer made a comment that was very proactive, as opposed to defensive, in saying that sexual expression was actually a good thing. Having grown up in a very religious background, it occurs to me that if you're coming from a religious background, you're always going to have that little piece of baggage that sex is bad. But when are people going to declare that sex is God-ordained good? I'm asking, why don't we start a new religion? Why don't we write a new Bible? For five thousand years, we've been living with this Judaeo-Christian ethic that has made sexual expression out to be bad and we're stuck with it. And you go to court and people like the jurors think rationally that, oh, yeah, this is OK. But if some preacher comes along and pulls on those childhood religious strings that say sex is sinful or bad, people are going to flip-flop and vote against you. What we need is a whole new revelation that declares that, for instance, homosexuals are chosen people or that abortion is a sacrament. We've got to say it is God-ordained, because you'll always have the moral low ground as long as you're arguing against people who say, "But God said. . . ." When are we going to stop being on the defensive and assume a moral high ground and say God ordains sexual expression?

GOLDBERG: The emotional approach is to say, "I don't want anyone telling me what to do in my house." Believe me, that sells to a lot of Christians.

PLAY BALL

BARRIE: The day we received our verdict was the same day the Cincinnati Reds were playing the Pirates in the play-off game. The verdict was announced at the game and the people in the stadium stood up and cheered. People cheered and cried in the streets and hugged each other. I was applauded in every news room in the city. It was a great moment and it will always remain a great moment.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SPY IN THE SKY

HONOLULU—*Operation Wipeout, a joint-agency antidrug operation, decimated about 90 percent of Hawaii's marijuana crop this past summer, said the state's*

attorney general, Warren Price. Price attributed crop detection to "space-age intelligence-gathering and photo-identification methods." Because the Pentagon was involved in a highly classified part of the operation, some experts suspect that military satellites were used. In addition, new helicopter-mounted nozzles, developed for accuracy, sprayed 785,000 marijuana plants with herbicide without harming surrounding foliage. The head of the DEA in Hawaii credits Operation Wipeout with driving the street price of pot upward from a low of $1600 per pound to as high as $6000—making it less affordable than cocaine.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—*A national University of Michigan survey of high school seniors found that the percentage using pot has dropped from 37 in 1978 to 16.7 in 1989. Those figures seem to support a finding by the National Institute on Drug Abuse that peer disapproval of pot smoking increased from 48 to 71 percent in the same period.*

NO WORD

SAN FRANCISCO—*Rock band MX-80 is protesting censorship by not recording vocal tracks. "They may take away the freedom of speech, but they can never take away the freedom to shut up," said lead singer Rich Stim, urging other rockers to follow his lead. The band's new LP, "Das Love Boat," is the first solely instrumental recording to bear a warning that some listeners may find the material offensive.*

RX: CANNABIS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Food and Drug Administration has authorized the use of marijuana for some AIDS patients. According to Robert Randall, head of the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics, pot reduces the nausea, vomiting and weight loss associated with AIDS. The FDA has allowed marijuana use two dozen times since 1976, when Randall, a glaucoma sufferer, became the first person approved to use marijuana for medical reasons. Randall's group aims to have the DEA reclassify marijuana in order to make it available on a prescription basis.*

AND SURE ENOUGH. . .

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—*Mills College professor Diana Russell holds that pornography leads to violence. The sociologist may have proved her point when she and two other female porn* aficionados *stormed into a grocery store and an adult bookstore in Bellingham, Washington, and tore up copies of* Playboy *and other men's magazines. After being arrested and charged with malicious mischief, Russell said she had long known she would one day take action.*

LONDON—*The British Home Office commissioned two scholars to study pornography studies conducted around the world in order to document an association between porn and violence. They found little evidence. In fact, they found that some pornography makes people less aggressive. (Except antipornographers, evidently.)*

SEX, DRUGS AND THE POPE

VATICAN CITY—*Pope John Paul II told the International Federation of Catholic Pharmacists that moral duty constrains pharmacists from dispensing drugs that can be used against life. Apparently referring to pills for birth control, abortion and euthanasia, the Pope said, "In distributing drugs, the pharmacist cannot renounce the needs of his conscience in the name of the rigid laws of the market."*

Meanwhile, Bishop Louis E. Gelineau of Providence, Rhode Island, has refused to let a local TV station broadcast church services because it aired a three-part series called "Love in the Rectory," reporting on sex in the Catholic priesthood.

MATRI-MONEY?

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—*Married men earn on average 30.6 percent more than unmarried men, according to a University of Michigan survey. Three possible explanations: Employers are more likely to hire and promote married men, because they find them more stable; women are more likely to marry financially successful men; married men work harder if they have to support a wife and family.*

ORGAN HEISTS

LAGOS, NIGERIA—*At least six men have been beaten to death, stoned or shot in riots over the alleged theft of people's sexual organs. Fighting erupted in several streets and market places after some citizens claimed that a stranger had abducted their genitals. The street crowd—believing that some people have the power to steal penises*

and women's breasts by means of a handshake or other casual contact—violently attacked the accused. A senior police official said that medical examinations of "theft" victims showed that "organs were in their natural place and functioning."

SOUND BYTES ON SEX

we listened in while the sex experts talked at their annual meeting

The topics range from achieving sexual peaks to the seeming inevitability of divorce. No, we are not talking about *The Oprah Winfrey Show* in sweeps week. Every year, members of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex assemble to present papers, opinions and hypotheses to their peers. This year, we asked **Marty Klein,** a California-based therapist, to eavesdrop.

ULTIMATE SEX

"Intense eroticism is almost never neat and clean. When I asked people to anonymously describe their most memorable encounters, virtually everyone's story was clearly energized by obstacles to be surmounted, rules to be broken or dangers to be avoided—and yet embraced. Surprises, firsts of all kinds and overwhelmed expectations also abounded. . . .

"Participants said they felt profoundly validated and cared for, if only for a moment. This holds true whether the encounter appears to be affirming or humiliating. Peak erotic experiences fulfill deep yearnings."—JACK MORIN, PH.D., sex therapist

WORTHY OR FLIRTWORTHY?

"Our experiment compared college women who received positive feedback about their creativity from a flirtatious 'ad executive' with women who received the same positive feedback neutrally. The women who received the flirtatious feedback rated themselves lower in self-evaluations than the other group did. Apparently, women interpreted the flirty praise as insincere and began to doubt their own abilities."—ARTHUR SATTERFIELD, M.A., and CHARLENE MUEHLENHARD, PH.D., psychologists at the University of Kansas

RAPE ED

"There is now evidence that colleges can actually do something to change students' attitudes toward rape. Our study of almost five hundred undergraduates showed that a month after hearing a rape-education lecture, students were less supportive of rape myths than other students were. Including such a lecture in student-orientation activities may have positive results."—JAYME JONES, M.A., and CHARLENE MUEHLENHARD, PH.D., psychologists at the University of Kansas

THE SEXUAL CRUCIBLE

"The route to intimacy and intense eroticism is quite different from what the public and most professionals believe and pursue. It actually involves helping people grow up, accept that they're going to die one day and understand that true intimacy and sexual passion inevitably involve disappointment and pain."—DAVID M. SCHNARCH, PH.D., sex therapist at LSU Medical Center

TERRORIZING TEENAGERS

"We need to help young people become sexually healthy adults. We must not sacrifice the sexual rights of young people—their rights to AIDS information, sexuality education, family-planning programs, abortion services. We cannot say to the teenagers of America, 'Just say no—or die.'"—DEBRA HAFFNER, executive director of SIECUS

EXCELLENT ORGASMS

"Our unconscious, socialized fear of losing reality interferes with our ability to be profoundly aroused. As a result, most people rush to have intercourse prematurely. They impatiently start it before they get fully—and that means wildly—aroused. Their orgasm is then incomplete—it cannot be an altered state of consciousness. . . .

"That is why people are not sexually satisfied. Unconsciously uncomfortable with intense arousal, they go for a relatively quick release rather than savoring and building the arousal and going for a profoundly satisfying intercourse only when it is totally, overwhelmingly inescapable."—STELLA RESNICK, PH.D., psychologist

FOUR-YEAR ITCH

"There is divorce in virtually every society around the world, which follows a remarkably uniform pattern. Why do people everywhere tend to divorce right around the fourth year of marriage, during the height of their reproductive and parenting years? . . .

"In today's hunting and gathering societies—the model for all our human ancestors—continuous nursing and high levels of exercise inhibit ovulation. This creates a natural birth spacing of about four years. So the marriage duration around the world corresponds to the historic human birth interval of four years. . . .

"Why should human pair bonds be permanent? Monogamy and adultery go hand in hand. If you ignore the polite social myths about what humans supposedly do, you see the reproductive/sexual strategy as it has always been: serial monogamy and clandestine adultery. If we survive as a species, this will also be our pattern a million years from now."—HELEN FISHER, PH.D., anthropologist at the American Museum of Natural History, New York

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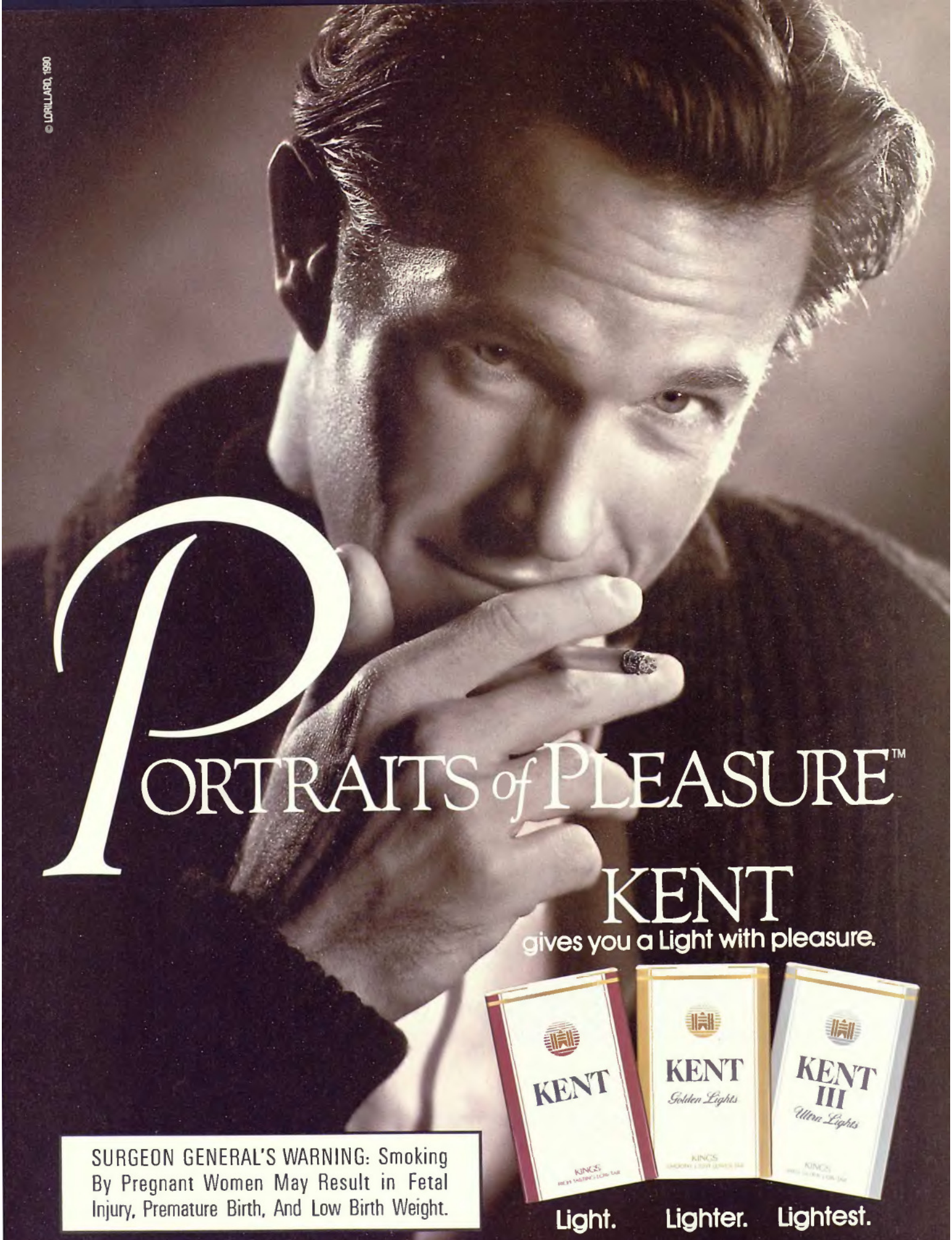

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LET'S HEAR IT FOR MARIE OSMOND

as long as we're dying to defend saudi arabia, let's try it with our values intact

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

So—what do we *do* with Saudi Arabia once we save it?

Like Fido chasing the hubcap on a speeding car—what's doggie supposed to do once he catches it?—the massive intervention into one of the world's most isolated regimes raises questions the Bush Administration would just as soon avoid. No matter what the fate of Saddam Hussein, Saudi Arabia will never be the same. Like it or not, its future is very much in our hands: The cop who walks away after breaking up a domestic fight often has made matters worse.

The tip-off to the moral hypocrisy of Operation Desert Shield came when the Administration agreed not to let the troops get boxing magazines, see the Bob Hope show uncensored or show the religious medallions they wear around their necks. In one fell swoop, some of the most sacred tokens of American life were sacrificed to the sensitivities of hard-line Saudis who detest our way of life. They judge *Boxing Illustrated* magazine to be pornographic because of photos of men in boxing trunks. One *Rolling Stone* issue was also banned for an objectionable cover, as was an edition of *Life* on a religious theme.

The Saudi royal family bent to the will of the most fanatical among them, and so did the U.S. authorities. Here were U.S. troops defending the sovereignty of a regime that regards GIs and most other Americans as infidels, and it was banning not what its citizens could read but ours.

How did it come to pass that this nation, which has withheld normal relations and, indeed, even overthrown governments because of imperfections in their human-rights records, has asked its young to die defending one of the world's most primitive totalitarian nations? Why was the U.S. Government so eager to ape the mannerisms of that regime? And what does the fact that they will accept Americans as defenders only if they forgo alcohol, pinups and symbols of Christ tell us about our Saudi allies?

"I don't see how the Marine Corps can ask any man to hide his religious faith," Marine Corporal Michael Collins said angrily at a company meeting. "We're here defending them—why are we kissing their butt?" That very image would be enough to have Corporal Collins' hand cut off, or worse.

But a world of understanding is contained in that question. What divides us from the Saudis is our belief in whether or not a government has the right to suppress religious and other views in the name of an established moral code.

The Marine Corps can't legally ask anyone to hide his faith without violating the U.S. Constitution. The separation of church and state stems from the recognition of the basic tenet that the state shall make no law establishing a religion. It is aimed at enhancing rather than curtailing the ability of people to practice their own religious and nonreligious beliefs. The Saudi experience demonstrates once again why such separation is necessary for the protection of minority views.

Obviously, the Saudis don't believe in the separation of church and state. Quite the opposite. Their religious police, armed with switches to strike exposed female limbs and the power to arrest Christian-cross or Jewish-star wearers, enforce the world's tightest theocracy.

In my town in Southern California, the fundamentalist ministers go nuts at attempts to keep Christ out of Christmas in the public schools or government offices. Tell them they can't have a crèche in Anaheim and the walls come tumbling down. But I heard nary a peep out of them, or any other prominent leaders—religious or otherwise—over the U.S. military's prohibition on soldiers' publicly singing *Silent Night* this past Christmas in the Saudi sand.

The apologia for the Saudis was widespread. Even Bob Hope gutted his traditional show for the troops "because the king is running the place, they have their religion and their beliefs and you have to kind of abide by it." So Hope, at the age of 87, betrayed everything he stands for and agreed to leave women—including Ann Jillian, Marie Osmond and the Pointer Sisters—out of the show in the desert. "When I got to the plane, they said, 'There will be no girls,'" Hope said, adding, "It's a religious thing."

No, it's not. It's a freedom thing.

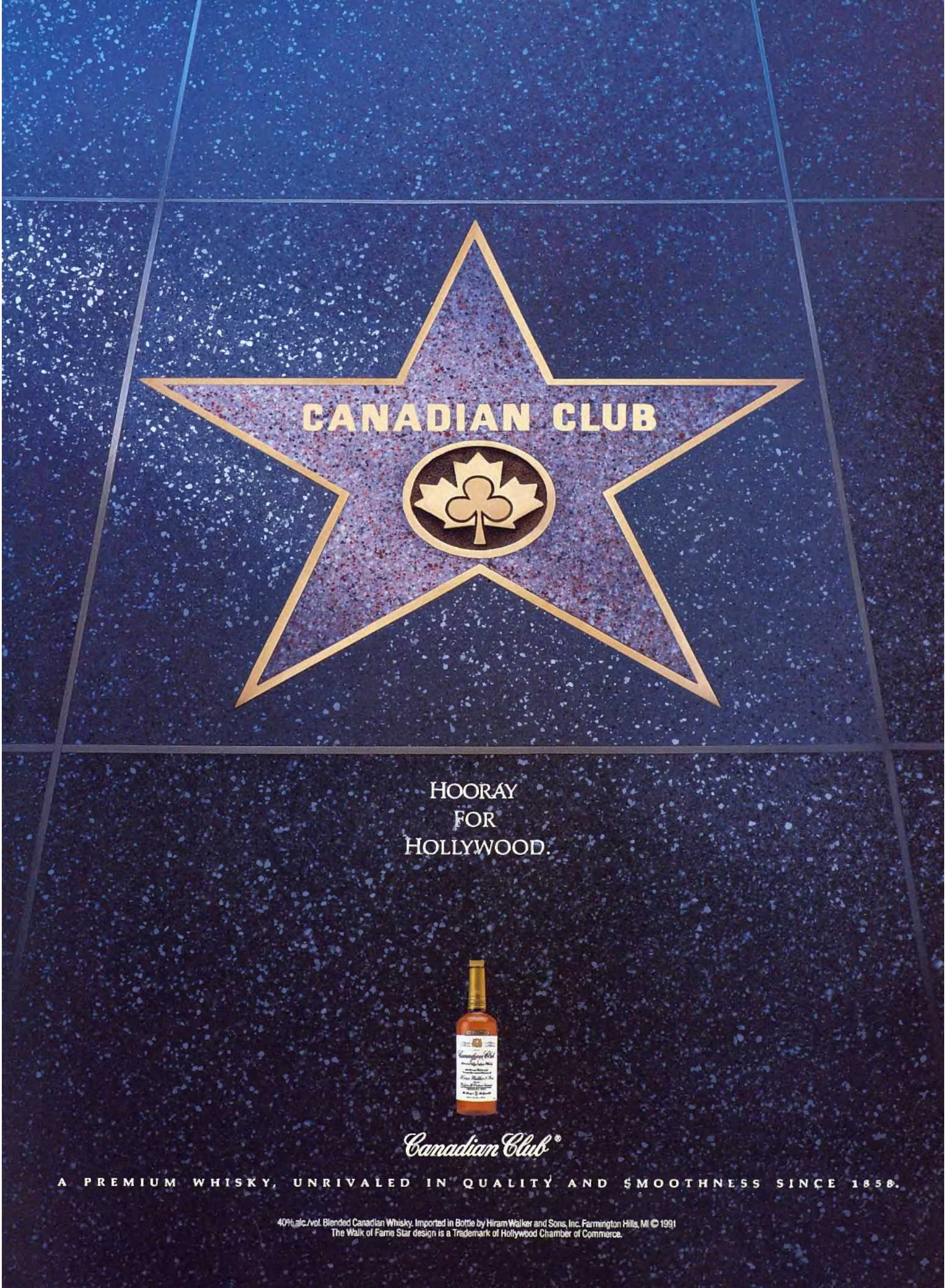
By censoring Hope at the request of the Saudis, the U.S. Government was also endorsing the Saudi view of women. Respect for another religion has nothing to do with accepting the rules of a state-run theocracy when it violates basic human rights.

And isn't it a basic human right to display the symbol of one's own religion—be it a cross or a Star of David? Evidently not, according to the Pentagon, which, in an official policy statement on worship, said, "As the guardians of Islam's holy places, the Saudis restrict the overt practice of proselytizing of any religion other than Islam. . . . Our personnel, whether Jewish, Christian or any other faith, are free to practice their religion as long as they do so in a discreet manner." Meaning that crosses and Stars of David were even more suppressed than they had been under Communist totalitarian regimes. And the Commies usually didn't hassle foreigners.

Following on this directive, GIs, according to *The New York Times*, were "warned not to discuss their religious beliefs with Saudis and not to take Bibles outside their compound. They are told that in public settings, their religious services should be described as 'fellowship meetings' and their chaplains identified only as 'morale officers.'" In short, they were instructed to lie to the Saudi locals about who they really were and what they believed, making them just terrific ambassadors of democracy.

Of course, the point is that the American troops were not ambassadors of democracy but, rather, mercenaries hired by the Saudis to protect their kingdom—hired directly through cash disbursements numbering in the billions and indirectly by the promise of low oil prices. The U.S. didn't want to do anything to challenge the Saudi way of life, because it was there to protect that life against any and all challenges—including that of singing *Silent Night*. Around Christmas, according to *The New York Times*, "soldiers meeting with the journalists have been urged by their commanders not to discuss the holiday's religious significance and, if Christmas carols are sung for reporters, to stick to nonreligious tunes like *Jingle Bells*."

Aside from the matter of offending the host Saudis, the military defended restricting media coverage on the ground that the Iraqi government would use it for propaganda *(concluded on page 155)*



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MARTIN SCORSESE

a candid conversation with the director of "raging bull" and "goodfellas" about violence in films, working with robert de niro and the oscar he's yet to win

As unlikely as it seems, Martin Scorsese has never made a picture that was a mega box-office hit. Of course, that's easy enough to understand: Scorsese's films don't take place in outer space or in Beverly Hills. They never feature precocious kids, ambitious secretaries, ghost chasers, fraternity high-jinks, the undead in hockey masks nor any kind of military equipment. Even when his subject matter parallels the stuff hits are made from, Scorsese's vision is unique: His Mafia lives and works in the streets, not in a posh family compound; when Scorsese went to the boxing ring, his pugilist was a self-destructive putz, *not a come-from-behind hero. As if that were not enough to court box-office disaster, Scorsese avoids two subjects that most moviegoers crave: sex and romance.*

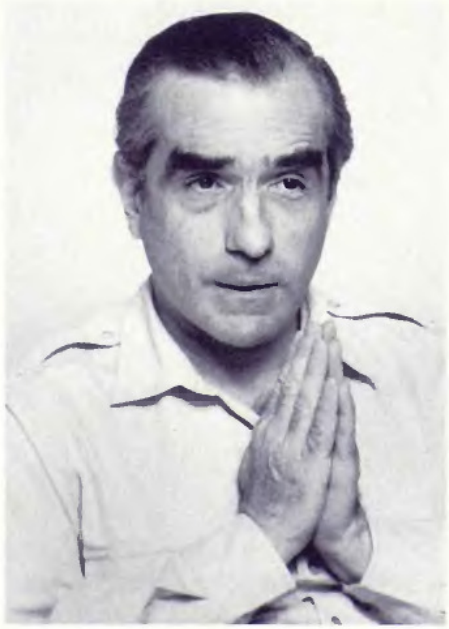
While the result will never be "Batman," "Rocky" nor even "Home Alone," Scorsese occupies a singular place in American cinema. "[He's] one of a handful of American movie directors whose movies really matter," says critic David Ansen. He has won the Golden Palm at Cannes and numerous film-critics' awards (the New York, the Los Angeles and the National Society associations named "GoodFellas" best picture of the year and Scorsese best director). He has been nominated for an Academy Award two times as Best Director but has yet to win. Some of his associates have been luckier: Paul ("The Color of Money") Newman, Robert ("Raging Bull") De Niro and Ellen ("Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore") Burstyn all won Oscars under his direction.

After making some student films, Scorsese worked as a teacher in New York University's cinema department from 1968 to 1971. Since then, he has made 13 major motion pictures, four documentaries (including "The Last Waltz"), two Giorgio Armani commercials, an episode of "Amazing Stories" and a music video, Michael Jackson's "Bad." He has also done film editing (notably, "Woodstock"), producing (Stephen Frears's "The Grifters") and acting (he has made 14 brief appearances in movies ranging from his own to Akira Kurosawa's "Dreams" and the upcoming "Guilty by Suspicion" [reviewed in this issue]). And then there are the hundreds of hours spent passionately hounding anyone who will listen about the necessity of film preservation and the evils of colorization.

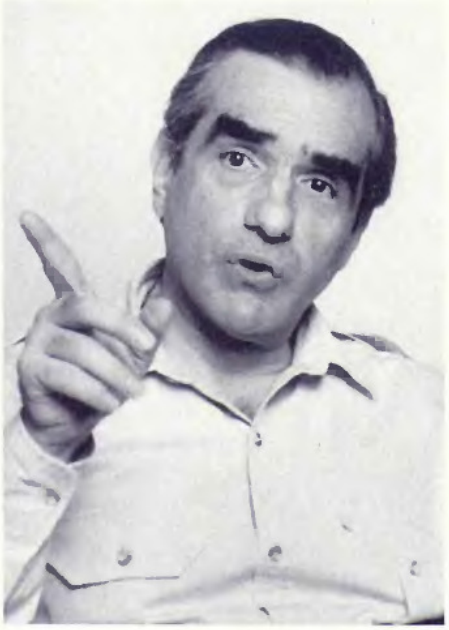
His 20-year career has been both illustrious and rocky. His first three major films—"Mean Streets," "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Taxi Driver"—instantly catapulted him into the top rank of directors. But he followed that trio with a well-intentioned but costly failure, "New York, New York," and found himself a Hollywood outcast. Both his private life and his films have been dogged by controversy. When an obsessed "Taxi Driver" fan shot Ronald Reagan, the film was blamed. "The Last Temptation of Christ" was picketed, vilified and boycotted—even Scorsese's parents were castigated. On the personal front, he nearly died from a bout with drugs. He has been married four times, divorced three, including once from actress Isabella Rossellini.

Whether he was in favor or out, Scorsese still managed to make memorable films. "Raging Bull" is widely considered to be one of the best movies—if not the best movie—of the Eighties. Few directors have even attempted to plumb the depths of urban despair evoked in movies such as "Mean Streets," "Taxi Driver" and "GoodFellas." His artistry has yielded dozens of classic scenes: De Niro shadowboxing under the opening credits of "Raging Bull"; De Niro asking his mirror image, "You talkin' to me?" in "Taxi Driver"; Willem Dafoe as Christ pulling his heart from his chest; De Niro, Joe Pesci and Ray Liotta segmenting a dead gangster's body for a hurried burial in "GoodFellas." Scorsese's camera slips, slides and pries into his characters' public and private lives—lives often without redeeming qualities.

Even when working closer to the mainstream ("The Color of Money," "After Hours," "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore," the eerie "The King of Comedy" or the upcoming genre thriller "Cape Fear"), Scorsese



"We had some good times, but eventually, I began to ask myself what this life ultimately was going to be like. Were we going to hit the ultimate party? Meet the ultimate young woman? The ultimate drug? What? No!"



"Random violence perplexes me. Violence in films today is so abstract. Horror films and the disemboweling of people. I don't know what's happened to our society. I don't know why we have to see our entrails being dragged out."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP V. CARUSO

"Most of the pictures I make deal with worlds in which the men predominate. Don't believe that nonsense that the man runs the house. No way. But it still says 'GoodFellas,' and the men chopped up the bodies, not the women."

routinely eschews the commercial approach in favor of personal subtext. When he directed "New York, New York," with De Niro and Liza Minnelli, he couldn't resist using the film as a dark mirror. Years later, "Life Lessons," Scorsese's segment of the "New York Stories" trilogy, was a discourse on an artist's dependence on borrowing creative inspiration from the pain of his deteriorating romantic relationships. His films resonate with echoes of his childhood in New York's Little Italy on the Lower East Side, where he grew up with the violence, the wise guys and the Italian-Catholic mystique that shape and color so much of his work.

Currently separated from his fourth wife, producer Barbara De Fina (despite their marital difficulties, they still work together), and living in New York, Scorsese is certainly no pariah in Hollywood. Now rehabilitated and redeemed, he has become an éminence grise in the entertainment industry, having demonstrated his ability to direct more traditional movies, such as "The Color of Money," as well as produce on-budget films for other directors. "The establishment joined Marty, not vice versa," maintains his friend Steven Spielberg, who is the executive producer of Scorsese's remake of "Cape Fear." With the success of "GoodFellas," the possibility of an Oscar for the maverick director seems less elusive.

Playboy *sent Contributing Editor* **David Rensin** *to meet with Scorsese in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, just four days before "Cape Fear" started filming. Rensin reports:*

"The interview took place in Scorsese's rented home. For each session, he appeared at the appointed hour wearing a pressed shirt, olive slacks and a wide belt with a formidable buckle—though for our final meeting, on the morning of his forty-eighth birthday, he was shoeless, unshaven, wearing jeans and a blue T-shirt. I'm still unsure if he was finally relaxing or just happy the interview would soon be over, allowing him to turn to the more pressing business of beginning a motion picture.

"Scorsese's wiry intensity offsets his obvious fragility. He speaks in brisk cadences, punctuated by deep breaths and routine use of his handy asthma inhaler and nose drops. In fact, he prefaced our opening talk with a history of his lifelong asthma problem and its various medications; and it was as detailed and impassioned as a later explanation of why he has become bored with questions about violence in his films.

"His focus and range required uncommon energy. To ask a question meant being prepared for a one-sentence answer, followed by a five-minute detour into film history or philosophic speculation.

"For a guy saddled with such a serious reputation, Scorsese laughed often and manically loud, his lips stretching into a wild, teeth-baring smile. Although we ended up meeting four times—twice as many as planned—and then talked more on the phone, that first morning, Scorsese seemed unsure of what to expect. He appeared agitated and somewhat preoccupied but nonetheless attacked the job at hand with ferocity. We made some initial chat about a possible forthcoming Oscar nomination for 'GoodFellas,' but the subject quickly turned to anxiety."

PLAYBOY: All three major film-critics' organizations have named *GoodFellas* as best picture and you as best director. Now it's Academy Award time. Do you want to go out on a limb and predict if this is finally your year for an Oscar?

SCORSESE: What does "This is your year" mean, ultimately? When you're an asthmatic kid from the Lower East Side and you're watching television and you're movie-obsessed because the movies and church are all your parents will let you go to, then I suppose it means a great deal. [*Pauses*] I get chills now thinking about the Academy Awards televised in black and white in the early Fifties. But as I grew up, I understood that when they give you an Oscar, it doesn't mean it's always for your best picture. Howard Hawks never got one. Alfred Hitchcock never got one. Orson Welles never got one. Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe. Everything has to be kept in perspective. If I win, it doesn't mean that *GoodFellas* is better directed than *Raging Bull* or *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*. I think a great deal of the Academy, but much of it has to do with timing. The only thing you *can* do is make more pictures. In other words, it's the old story: You keep proving yourself time after time after time. [*Smiles*] It's like this *Playboy Interview*: Where were *you* ten years ago?

"When they give you an Oscar, it doesn't mean it's always for your best picture. Alfred Hitchcock never got one."

PLAYBOY: Well, you've reached a certain level, and——

SCORSESE: Reached a certain level? I didn't reach that level with *Raging Bull* ten years ago? I certainly did; it's the same picture I've been making for fifteen years. I think people just began to understand and realize that. And maybe you've interviewed everyone else so there's *only* me around. And while you were doing all the other people, Scorsese's still chopping away and making these pictures.

PLAYBOY: Back to the Oscars. You *do* want one, don't you?

SCORSESE: I'd love to have a bunch of Oscars. It would be fun. But I'm at a point in my life where I'm just happy enough to make the pictures. But I feel good about any awards. I love the film-critics' awards from different cities; I'd love the grand prize again in Cannes if I could get it. *GoodFellas* got the Golden Pit Award [for insensitivity], along with the soap opera *Santa Barbara*. That was good, because I don't want *GoodFellas* to be *too* respectable.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the work. Why do you direct?

SCORSESE: I don't think I can do anything else.

PLAYBOY: You can give us a better answer than that.

SCORSESE: Well, despite all the pain of it, all the difficulty, a lot of times, I've made things happen that I really enjoy. Actors do something that I don't expect, or they interpret what's there perfectly. You hear me laugh on the tracks a great deal. The beauty of it is when I get into the editing room and combine what they did on the set with my pre-thought-up cuts and camera moves. I'm fascinated by the moving image. It's like a miracle to me. I'm obsessed with those sprocket holes. Sometimes, in editing, we stop on the little frame and go, "Look!" Perhaps it's half-flash-framed because it's the end of the tape. Or the expression on the actor's face is so beautiful we have the frame printed up and we put it on the wall. And *then* putting music on: the music in *GoodFellas* or *Taxi Driver*. I just want to listen to it over and over. Those are the joys, the rewards. That's it. That's a lot.

PLAYBOY: What are the problems?

SCORSESE: On certain films, every day was anxiety-producing, just wondering if I was going to get enough done for the day—let alone if it was going to be the shots that I had planned, the performances I had worked on. Let alone if it was going to be *any good*. Another problem, of course, is not having enough money to make the picture.

PLAYBOY: It's never enough, is it?

SCORSESE: Well, when you *really* know it's enough, *that* can be a problem, too.

PLAYBOY: In four days, you'll start shooting a new film, *Cape Fear*, with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange and other surprise stars. Are you excited?

SCORSESE: I'm nervous.

PLAYBOY: But you've made thirteen films.

SCORSESE: Yeah, but it's a matter of being afraid of becoming complacent about the ability to make films. If I'm not nervous, then there's something to be nervous about.

PLAYBOY: But you seem to be on something of a hot streak lately. *GoodFellas* is widely respected; *Life Lessons*, your section of *New York Stories*, was the best reviewed; and just last year, *Raging Bull* was selected as the best film of the Eighties by a consortium of "film-world notables" in *Premiere* magazine. Doesn't that inspire a certain amount of self-confidence?

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SCORSESE: The award made me feel really good, especially after five or six years in the Eighties when I had trouble with *The Last Temptation of Christ* and made *After Hours* and *The Color of Money*. Even the British, in *Time Out* magazine, had the hundred best films of all time, and *Raging Bull* was number eight. That was great. I had a dinner for my birthday last year at The Russian Tea Room. I remember we had a lot of champagne because *Raging Bull* had been called the best picture of the past ten years. So it was more than a birthday celebration, it was like having been vindicated. Remembered. That was nice.

PLAYBOY: So even though you told Paul Schrader in 1982 that you'd rather be fulfilled than remembered, you *do* like being remembered.

SCORSESE: Oh, don't believe anything I said back then. [*Laughs*] Being remembered is what it's all about. It's all a way of getting past the notion of death. Woody Allen always talks about it. Maybe at the time I felt that way. I thought the only thing going for me then was being fulfilled by knowing my work *had* been good.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

SCORSESE: I felt good about *Raging Bull*, but I thought while making it that people would be repulsed. Some were, and I don't blame them. It's not everybody's cup of tea. It was a very strong picture. But most of the pictures I make are not made with "the audience" in mind. I don't mean that badly; I mean that *I'm* the audience. *Raging Bull* is a special movie for me. It was made on a purely personal level and I knew a lot of people wouldn't go for it. It was kamikaze film making. I just poured everything I knew into the film—threw it all in without caring what anyone thought. It was done with such passion that I figured, If they don't like this, then I'll have no choice. I'll have to go away, do documentaries about saints in Rome. I suspected my career would be over.

Instead, we got some wonderful feedback right away. And all those Academy nominations. [De Niro won the Best Actor Oscar; Thelma Schoonmaker won for Best Editing.] I'm not complaining. And remember, nobody had a print of the film until three or four days before it opened. It wasn't like *GoodFellas*, where we had three months to work on publicizing it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that at one time, you *didn't* want to make the picture?

SCORSESE: Right. I didn't really want to do *Raging Bull*; Bob [De Niro] wanted to. And I didn't really understand it until a period of excess I was going through, which landed me in the hospital, was over. I didn't understand what the film was going to be about from my side. From Bob's point of view, it was something else. But then I found my hook. When I made it through and I was all right, and I survived, I understood what the movie was about.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

SCORSESE: Self-destruction. I understood the character I wanted Jake to be. That's why I made the ending as I did. Jake is able to reach some sort of peace with himself, and then subsequently with the people around him. He's able to look at himself in the mirror and talk to himself, reciting lines from *On the Waterfront*, flat. You want to put meanings into the lines? Fine. Those aren't the meanings that we're talking about. It's just flat. He takes it easy on himself and the people around him. That was a goal that *I* wanted to get to.

PLAYBOY: How did De Niro act as a catalyst?

SCORSESE: He kept pushing until finally I saw what I needed to see in it. I got out of the hospital and went to Italy for a week or two. When I came back, Bob and I went to an island and spent three weeks rewriting the script. That was the epitome of the collaboration.

PLAYBOY: Maybe De Niro pushed you to do that because he wanted you to see what *you*, personally, needed to see.

SCORSESE: No, I don't think so at all. [*Pauses*] Well, when he came to talk to me in the hospital, yes, to a certain extent. I think he really loved the project and wanted to get it made.

PLAYBOY: You mention a period of excess. That was when you were roommates with the Band's Robbie Robertson in the Hollywood Hills. What happened?

SCORSESE: It was pretty self-destructive. Lucky to get out of it alive. I nearly died. But I did it; it's over.

PLAYBOY: Did what?

SCORSESE: [*Uncomfortable*] Knock around, party after party.

PLAYBOY: Drugs?

SCORSESE: Whatever. Everything you could get your hands on. We had some good times, but eventually, I began to ask myself, What was this life ultimately going to be like? Were we going to hit *the ultimate party*? Meet *the ultimate young woman*? *The ultimate drug*? What? No!

PLAYBOY: When did you realize that?

SCORSESE: Toward the end. Of course, Robbie and I had extremely creative, interesting discussions. We'd have little soirees in our house on Mulholland, and we'd screen movies—Jean Cocteau, Sam Fuller, Luchino Visconti—all night. We'd close off all the windows so we didn't see any light coming up in the morning. We didn't want *any* light coming in. It really got to the point where I got so bewildered by it all that I couldn't function creatively. I realized that something had to be done about my having "checked out" this way of life.

PLAYBOY: Checked out? Come on. This wasn't a case of mere curiosity.

SCORSESE: Whatever you want to call it. It's a symptom of my having developed later in life than other people. You go out and say, Well, I'm going to have some fun. It's like watching some old cartoon where people do stupid things. It gets very boring after a while. I was just acting out like a child would.

All that stuff eventually found its way into *Raging Bull*. I also put some of it into *The Last Waltz*. In fact, when I finished *The Last Waltz*, I thought that it was the best work that I had done. That's what I felt. And I *still* wasn't happy. Even the *good* work wasn't making me happy. That's when I had to really start to find out what was going on.

PLAYBOY: We've heard a rumor that you had to alter the final print of *The Last Waltz* in order to excise some cocaine visible on Neil Young's nose. Is that true?

SCORSESE: We had to fix it because the song is so beautiful. The audience's eyes would have gone right to that in the middle of *Helpless*. Plus, it's such a beautiful, moving shot—simple and emotional. It cost ten thousand dollars or something. I think Neil has the contact framed.

PLAYBOY: How did those years end?

SCORSESE: I started to physically fall apart. Toward the end of the summer of '78, during the week, I'd spent maybe three days in bed, because I couldn't function. Maybe, *maybe* two and a half days of work. It got to the point where I couldn't work anymore, and then around Labor Day of 1978, I had to be hospitalized. I was bleeding internally. I realized, What am I doing? Well, I guess I did it all, so I'd better move on.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reason you haven't used the word cocaine in reference to your excesses, considering what we've just discussed?

SCORSESE: Using it reminds me of people telling all. I just don't like it. I *do* think it's important for people to understand that if you go through excess, whether you're using cocaine, speed, liquor or whatever you can get your hands on, you're going to reach the point of what excess is all about. That is, you realize that you have a choice: You can either go under—die in your sleep like Fassbinder—or stop it. That's *all* it's about, if there's any message for people reading this. [*Pauses*] I'm just embarrassed about too much breast-baring. Look at my movies, instead. The emotion: the violence, the anger, the rage, the childishness. It's all there.

PLAYBOY: You've said before that you use your films as personal therapy.

SCORSESE: Yeah, that was another stupid thing I've said—as if there's an inner rage in you when you make, say, *Taxi Driver*, and at the end of it, you think the rage has been expelled. It hasn't. No movie is going to do that for you.

PLAYBOY: Bearing in mind the very personal nature of the experiences that fed *Raging Bull*, how did you feel in 1981, at the Academy Awards, when *Ordinary*

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People, a film that is not on anybody's ten-best-of-the-decade list, won Best Picture and Robert Redford got the Oscar for Best Director?

SCORSESE: That's a good picture. I thought I had a good chance. But I realized I wasn't going to get it when the Directors Guild didn't give me its Best Director of the Year. Usually, Oscar-winning films are certain kinds of pictures. The year *Citizen Kane* was nominated, John Ford's *How Green Was My Valley* won. A wonderful picture. It's about family. It's a good, wholesome film, more in the mainstream and easier to take. So it's more understandable that a *Driving Miss Daisy* rather than a *Born on the Fourth of July* or an *Ordinary People* rather than a *Raging Bull* would win.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize you weren't mainstream?

SCORSESE: Actually, I thought I was until *New York, New York*. I thought it was going to be a blockbuster. The idea is a homage to the style of the musicals of the late Forties and early Fifties, with characters grafted onto it who are more out of *Scenes from a Marriage* or a John Cassavetes picture. It was a naturalistic documentary approach.

But the more we shot, the more money it cost and the more I got involved with the reality of the characters. I knew they weren't going to wind up together at the end, and I knew that the picture wasn't going to do anything at the box office. I had changed whatever was commercial about it to something more experimental and, again, personal.

PLAYBOY: How shocking was the reaction to *New York, New York*, considering your earlier successes?

SCORSESE: Three films people loved—or at least they got a strong reception: *Mean Streets*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* and *Taxi Driver*. The minute *New York, New York* came out, there was such ridicule. It made me think, What the hell am I doing here? Up to that point, I thought I'd belonged within the industry and the Hollywood tradition of classic directors. A real director is someone who can do a swashbuckler, then a *film noir*, then a gangster picture, then a love story. They had a great deal of range; they were pros who could probably have done anything. I always wanted to be that kind of director. But after *New York, New York*, I realized the studio system was over. There was no way I could get that back or re-create it. I didn't know what I was going to do with my life.

PLAYBOY: Why, when it's clear that you're so respected for your originality, did you even *want* to be mainstream?

SCORSESE: Well, I don't want to be considered an adjunct to the business, or some sort of strange punctuation that's on the margins. All my life, I've been on the outside. A good example: I lived in California more than ten years, but at every party I went to—and I went to *every* party—there was one person who would say, "Well, how long you out here for?" I'd say, "No, no, I *live* here." Or they'd come into my house and say, "You just renting this?" "No, I bought it." It's that kind of thing.

PLAYBOY: And you were an outsider as a kid, too?

SCORSESE: Right from the beginning, because of my asthma. I couldn't join in and play stickball. In the summertime, they'd open the fire hydrants. Water would go all over the street, and I was never allowed to go into that. That sounds like some poor little kid behind a window staring at kids playing, but that's *really* what it was. So my parents would take me to the movies a lot.

PLAYBOY: Was it fear of being an outsider that eventually made you direct more mainstream films, such as *After Hours* and *The Color of Money*?

SCORSESE: No. It was just a good way of getting back into shape after *The Last Temptation* fell through. I got a big dose of humility. I didn't bang any walls, though. I decided to get stronger and rehabilitate myself. I realized I just couldn't walk into a film anymore and say, "OK, it's going to take as long as it takes."

PLAYBOY: Or cost as much as it costs.

SCORSESE: There were three pictures where I didn't really worry about the money: *New York, New York*, *Raging Bull* and *The King of Comedy*. Those films *were* made in a period when it was a little easier. *King of Comedy* was maybe three hours a day shooting—but I was tired, had just had pneumonia and had to start the picture before I was ready because of an imminent directors' strike. Now I shoot ten hours. By the end of that film, I realized I wouldn't be able to sustain a career that way any longer. Also, a few days after *Raging Bull* came out, *Heaven's Gate* was released by the same studio. That was the end of complete autonomy budgetwise for most directors. And I realized that with less money, in most cases, you have more freedom to make the picture, and more of a chance of surviving in the theater.

PLAYBOY: Is that why *The Color of Money*, with Tom Cruise and Paul Newman, seems so traditional? It's not exactly a Scorsese picture.

PLAYBOY: Funny. Spielberg also said he felt that *The Color of Money* wasn't a Scorsese picture. And he's right, in the traditional sense. It *became* a mainstream film. I couldn't believe it. I didn't do it intentionally. We applied the same principles of production, which was very low budget, that we used on *After Hours* to a picture with a big star like Paul Newman. Those standards seemed to work very much in our favor. We came in a million and a half under budget.

PLAYBOY: Was working with Newman intimidating?

SCORSESE: Yes. In the beginning, my talks with him were a little difficult for me. It was the "under twenty-one syndrome" that Woody Allen spoke about in trying to direct Van Johnson in *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. When he was under twenty-one, Woody had seen Johnson in so many movies that he was like an idol. Newman was an idol to me and it was tough to be fully myself until I understood what he needed.

PLAYBOY: What did he need?

SCORSESE: A reason for making the film.

PLAYBOY: For *that* film, of all films?

SCORSESE: He never felt that there should have been a sequel to *The Hustler*.

PLAYBOY: But he came to you, didn't he?

SCORSESE: Yeah. In this business, you say, "Well, let's see if so-and-so can do something with it. Maybe if this guy comes up with something, I might really think about it seriously." He didn't believe at the time in the continuation of characters in different movies. So I told him, "I just don't believe that 'Fast Eddie' Felson would give up. He'd become something else. He'd become everything he hated. He'd become the character George C. Scott was." Newman was skeptical. Or cautious. But he thought what I'd said was interesting. I came up with the idea of doing sort of a road movie: take a young boy under his wing and teach the kid all these terrible things. Corrupt the kid and then be bitter with his own corruption, until he does what he was supposed to do all his life, anyway: play the game. Maybe not win but play the game.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe the ideal film you'd like to make?

SCORSESE: Pictures that interest me as much as possible *personally*, are experimental and stay within the system somehow so that they can be shown in theaters. I've *always* tried to blend "personal" movies with being inside the industry. A lot of my success has to do with sacrifice: being paid very little for certain types of pictures and learning to work on a very, very small budget.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that increasingly difficult in the era of the megahit?

SCORSESE: Yeah. I've got to be lucky just to make fifty or sixty million dollars on a picture. I have a great love for organized studios in Hollywood and the way the system works. I'll argue, I'll discuss, I'll complain and I'll say, "Yeah, but if you're making too many films that you expect to make two hundred million dollars on, where are the new people going to come from?" And, sure enough, there's a wonderful sturdiness about independent film making in America. For example, where was Tim Burton a few years ago? Doing smaller pictures. It isn't as if we got some guy who had worked ten, fifteen years in the business to direct *Batman* and that's why it became the four-hundred-million-dollar epic.

PLAYBOY: You once said that a crucial aspect of *Mean Streets* was that Charlie and Johnny Boy don't die, they go on. You've

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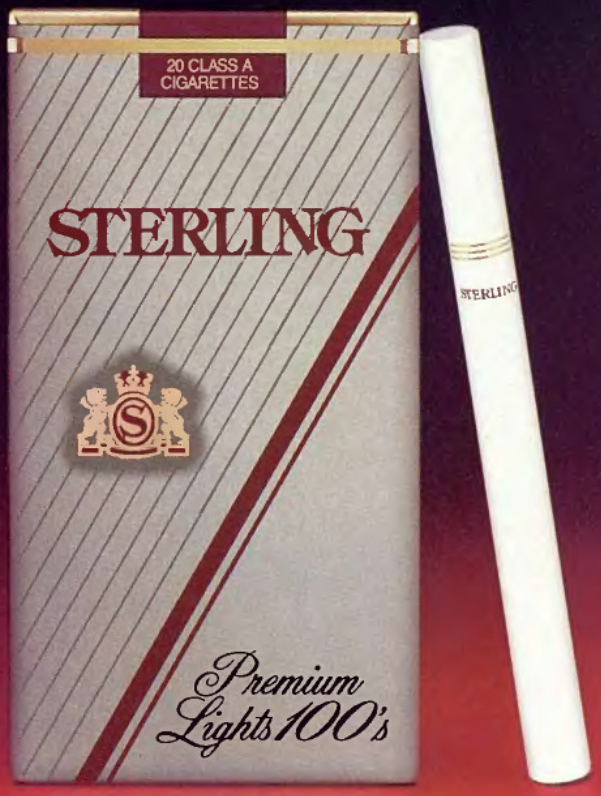

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NEW STERLING

had some hard personal times. Have you ever not wanted to keep living?

SCORSESE: Only when I was a kid. I read the book *The Heart of the Matter*, by Graham Greene. Scobie is the character's name. As I remember, his wife had been hurt in an accident, so they couldn't make love anymore. There's an airplane crash and he nurses one of the victims back to health. She's a young woman, and he falls in love with her. He can't leave his wife and he can't stop the adultery. By the end, he decides to commit suicide, because he can't go on offending God.

I had those thoughts when I was fifteen or sixteen, as I was encountering natural sexuality: impure thoughts, masturbation, the whole thing. I thought that if these impurities continued, then maybe I should do what Scobie did. But then I said it in confession to my parish priest, who's now dead, and he said, "No, no, no. You mustn't think *those* thoughts." [*Laughs*] I guess I took it *too* seriously.

PLAYBOY: When did you make your last confession?

SCORSESE: Oh, 1965, I think. I've been confessing most of the time since then on film, so it doesn't matter. My old friends who are priests, they look at my films and they *know*. Still, I can't help being religious. I'm looking for the connection between God and man, like everybody else. Some say there is no God, and that's the end of the connection. We exist and then we don't exist.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that?

SCORSESE: I believe the more you know, the less you know.

PLAYBOY: When do you feel the most Catholic?

SCORSESE: When I'm making pictures like *Cape Fear*. Bob De Niro's character, Max, is the avenging angel, in a way. Nick Nolte and Jessica Lange's characters, Sam and Leigh, are representative, for me, of humanity. They're basically good people who have had some hard times and are trying to go through them and piece their lives together. Now they're being tested, like Job, by Max.

PLAYBOY: Can't you help yourself from Catholicizing everything?

SCORSESE: [*Laughs*] No. It's an embarrassment. It just seems to fall into place that way. I have to ground everything in a bedrock of spiritual motivation.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever go back to the Church?

SCORSESE: A couple of friends of mine think I will. I don't think I've ever left, really.

PLAYBOY: At one time, you wanted to be a priest. What happened?

SCORSESE: I couldn't become a priest because I couldn't resolve how one could take the concepts of Christianity and make them apply to daily life. You hear how life's supposed to work from priests, then you watch how it really works on the streets. That shows in *Mean Streets*, where Charlie is trying to lead a life philosophically tied in with Roman Catholic teaching: offering up penances, suffering for atonement of his own sins, dealing with the sins of pride and selfishness *and* trying to take the concept of loving your enemy and fellow man and reconcile it with rules of living in a total jungle. I couldn't resolve that for myself, because the microcosm of Little Italy is just that: It's a microcosm of us today. It's a microcosm of troops in Saudi Arabia, it's a microcosm of everything. The same concepts apply in every form of society throughout the world, in different degrees of intensity.

Another reason, of course, was that I'd become aware of girls. There was no way to resolve the sexuality that I felt. I was very, very shy that way because of wanting to be a priest, and even more introverted because I had asthma. I was a late bloomer. I'd discovered girls but didn't act on it like some of the other guys who had healthier attitudes. And that, too, figured into *Mean Streets*. During the pool-playing scene, Charlie talks about his priest, who had told him a story about a young boy and girl who were nice kids but who went out and had sex—and paid for it. The kids have never made love. One night they decide to go all the way. They park the car, they're making love and a truck comes by and smashes into the car and they burn up in flames. And the priest said he knew these two kids. Charlie believed it.

I'd heard the same story on retreat and years later, a girl I knew told it to me, too. She said the priest she'd heard it from also *knew the kids personally*. Well, it couldn't have been the same priest. So I talked to a friend who had been on that retreat with me and he said, "Of course it was not true."

PLAYBOY: *You* believed it?

SCORSESE: Totally. I saw those bodies writhing in flames because they had dared to have sexual thoughts and act on them. Priests are great actors. [*Smiles*] I was a fool. I was very gullible and naïve. I felt that the priest had lied to me personally.

You've got to understand: I was still a baby in that way. I was living with my parents. A lot of these other guys around me, they were more on their own. I stayed very much a family boy until after I shot *Taxi Driver*.

PLAYBOY: But by the time you heard the story about the car's going up in flames, you'd already had sex?

SCORSESE: No.

PLAYBOY: When was the first time?

SCORSESE: Oh, very late. Very late.

PLAYBOY: In college?

SCORSESE: No, I was married. The idea was one person, and *that* was the one person.

PLAYBOY: Would you have had sex earlier if your religion had allowed it?

SCORSESE: No, absolutely not. I was going to be a priest—and I harbored a desire to go back to the seminary right up until I made my first short film in 1963.

PLAYBOY: Should priests get married?

SCORSESE: Oh, I go the party line on that. Maybe that's one reason I never became a priest. There's supposed to be a devotion, a selflessness; they cannot share their life with anybody else. There has to be a sense of sacrifice, discipline and asceticism. If somebody gets run over by a train, the priest is called in and he has to perform the last rites on what's left of the body. Then he goes back to his rectory. If he were married, what would his wife say? "What was it like today, dear?"

PLAYBOY: You got married at twenty and had a daughter, but the marriage didn't last very long.

SCORSESE: Right. My upbringing was *so* parochial. Kids from other cultures might have lived together first to try to see if their lifestyles meshed. If I'd had any inkling what this film business was like, I would have wanted to, as well. I was twenty or twenty-one, I was doing films at New York University. I had one foot in one world and one foot in the other. In order to continue the films, I think, I had to really concentrate on that and let the personal life slide. I was late in everything in my life, because I came from a very closed, parochial environment. I didn't let my hair grow until 1969. I went to Woodstock—to work, mind you—in a shirt with cuff links and didn't buy my first pair of jeans or start wearing cowboy shirts until afterward.

PLAYBOY: So you *do* think business and artistic pressures tend to make successful relationships between two creative people difficult, as in *New York, New York?*

SCORSESE: Actually, it took Jean-Luc Godard to tell me, when I finally met him, what that movie was about: the impossibility of two creative people sustaining a marriage. There *are* great married teams: Nicolas Roeg and Theresa Russell, Blake Edwards and Julie Andrews. They seem to be doing fine. You should ask them. I don't think I've ever really tried it that way. Over the years, you get involved with people and many of them are also creative, and you usually find that the drive for fulfillment of their own work starts to clash.

PLAYBOY: And once again, you put it on the screen?

SCORSESE: No matter what I do, [my personal experiences] seem to get up there. *Not* to betray the people who are with me; not to betray my wife or my close friends. It's not as if I think, I'm going to take that and put it up on the screen. I'm just trying to find a truthfulness, and I look into myself first.

It isn't easy to do, by the way. I don't know if you ever get into an argument with somebody you love and think, Oh, that would be *incredible* on film. Your emotions are in the way; you can't do

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that. And once you calm down, you forget every word. Later, maybe things come to you, so you try to put them into different characters.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that if you and your second wife, writer Julia Cameron, had stayed together, the *New York, New York* characters might have stayed together?

SCORSESE: [*Very uncomfortable*] I don't know. When you mention her name. . . . I can't talk about it that way. It would have been kind of schizophrenic if we hadn't stayed together to put them in the movie that way. In that particular instance, it seemed to be the most honorable way of ending the movie. Everything else would have been a lie if they had walked off together. But the movie is not just about my marriage at the time. It drew from all kinds of relationships.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean if you had focused more off screen on your relationships with women, your movies might have been different?

SCORSESE: [*Bristles*] I'm *always* focused on my relationships. It's just that at a certain point in my life, I realized I could focus only *up to a certain point*, and then you need glasses. The moment you realize you need glasses, and what kind of prescription it is, you tend to take it a little easier on yourself. You think, I can stay in for the long haul *if* I can. But you know that it will probably end.

PLAYBOY: At some point, you couldn't give as much as they demanded?

SCORSESE: Not necessarily what the *people* demanded but what the relationship needed. Up to a certain point, I probably give as much as possible. And I have reacted differently over the years, with depression or rage, at the realization that I couldn't continue.

PLAYBOY: You once told Roger Ebert that you couldn't look at ads or movies with Isabella Rossellini—or even Nastassja Kinski, who looks like her—after your marriage dissolved.

SCORSESE: Well, that was *right after* the breakup of our marriage. There was a great longing. But that was 1982, 1983, an interesting time. That was when *King of Comedy* finished. And within a week or two, I started preproduction on *The Last Temptation of Christ* and I was completely happy again. I was able to put our marriage into some sort of perspective, and now we're pretty good friends.

PLAYBOY: Did you like her in *Blue Velvet*?

SCORSESE: She's quite good, but that's a weird role for an ex-husband to look at. I cannot be totally objective. All I know is that it was a believable performance.

PLAYBOY: Did you get angry at Dennis Hopper when he was hitting her?

SCORSESE: No. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Are you, like Nick Nolte's character, Lionel Dobie, in *Life Lessons*, someone who needs emotional pain to create?

SCORSESE: Not anymore. [*Laughs*] But remember, you're talking to an Italian. I had to have drama off screen as well as on screen. Now the drama on screen is pretty much enough.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about another of your important relationships: Robert De Niro.

SCORSESE: Let's not. [*Laughs*] Just kidding.

PLAYBOY: Well, it's true you rarely discuss your relationship. Yet you've done six pictures together and other actors and directors regard your working relationship as a model. Now, after nearly ten years of not working together, he has been part of the ensemble in *GoodFellas* and plays the lead in *Cape Fear*. Why the long break?

SCORSESE: It was important, after *King of Comedy*, that I did less with Bob and concentrated on my own work again. We had explored so much together. We needed time to learn more about ourselves. I realized that a man lives his life alone. I don't believe in teams, ultimately. Eventually, it's you and the material. But now, after a whole series of pictures on my own, it will be interesting to see if Bob and I can do something that will further our experience in film making.

PLAYBOY: When you watch De Niro's work with other directors, do you ever get jealous? Feel proprietary?

SCORSESE: In the early days, when I was making films with him all the time, yes. When I saw him in *The Deer Hunter*, for example, I felt a bit nervous watching. It was like somebody who was extremely close to me having an affair with someone else. But I admired his work in that film and others.

PLAYBOY: Why does it work so well between you?

SCORSESE: Trust, creatively. He has instincts that just turn out right for me. And also personally. He and I can say the stupidest things to each other about anything, and it's not going to find its way past us. We identify with each other somewhat through the characters he acts out and I direct. We also seem to be growing older in the same way.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you wanted De Niro to play Christ originally?

SCORSESE: No. I flew to Paris for one night to talk to him about it. He felt he didn't know enough about religion to understand what was needed. I knew that before I asked him. It was more a discussion. At one point, he said, "Listen, if there's any problem, if you can't get the picture made without me, I'll do it." For a guy to hang on a cross for three days, you've really got to want to do that. But he meant it wholeheartedly, and I appreciated that.

PLAYBOY: Just before your deal was made for a second try at *The Last Temptation of Christ*, you both visited Marlon Brando on Tetiaroa. Why?

SCORSESE: Brando had an idea for a comedy he wanted me to do. He said he was a fan of *King of Comedy*. He said, "Would you like to come down? Tahiti's beautiful." Bob just happened to be around and said, "Why don't I come down, too?" I don't think he'd met Brando. Plus, he likes islands. I live in buildings; I don't understand islands. I see a palm tree, I get nervous. We went for seven days and spent about three and a half weeks.

PLAYBOY: Why the change in plans?

SCORSESE: Brando said, "I'll come around, just enjoy yourself." He put me in a small house. The island is very small; you can walk around it in less than forty minutes. There's nothing to do there. Then he waited until I got into the rhythm of Tahiti, and that took three or four days. He'd come by and say, "Did you walk around the island yet this morning?" I'd say, "Yeah." He'd say, "What are you going to do this afternoon, go the other way?" I'd say, "Yeah." Then I'd be reading a book. "Still reading that book?" Soon I began to understand that you don't do *anything*. You don't know what time it is, you don't know what day it is. You get up, you walk around, you go into the water.

It was the first and only time in my life when I was very sad to leave a place—despite having a hard time because I was being eaten by the mosquitoes.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk about?

SCORSESE: Brando is a raconteur and he has wonderful stories. You get a sense of what's important to him in his life. He would read poetry to me. I liked him. I really wish we could have worked together. But it's hard for me to do other people's dreams, other people's projects that *they're* burning to do. Over the years, with so many people I admire, we'd get together, we'd like to work together, but it was usually something that I had to do for *them*. Or something that came out of their soul. It's very, very hard, at this stage of the game, for me to become as excited as they are over that particular project. I've got only so much time left. I'm forty-eight years old. Each film has got to mean something to me. I don't care who it is—if it were my brother's project, I couldn't do it. I've got to do what is important to me.

PLAYBOY: Let us read you something.

SCORSESE: Are these my bad reviews? I don't read the bad reviews. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: It's a letter to the editor from the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*, in response to an article about you when *GoodFellas* was released. It reads, in part, "Like other hack directors, Scorsese uses mayhem to excite audiences, not reveal meaning."

SCORSESE: Oh, the violence question. It comes up.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, this is a criticism you're familiar with. Does it upset you?

SCORSESE: Only because, as I've said many times, the violence comes out of the things that I really know about. It would be very difficult for me to do a war

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Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects has been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?

Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some men receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than four months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?

If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?

ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least four months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?

If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?

You should apply a 1 mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (one month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?

If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?

No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than one mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?

Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 5% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?

The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the ROGAINE and placebo groups: *Respiratory* (bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis); *Dermatologic* (irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia); *Gastrointestinal* (diarrhea, nausea, vomiting); *Neurology* (headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness); *Musculoskeletal* (fractures, back pain, tendinitis); *Cardiovascular* (edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases); *Allergy* (nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling and sensitivity); *Special Senses* (conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity); *Metabolic-Nutritional* (edema, weight gain); *Urinary Tract* (urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis); *Genital Tract* (prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction); *Psychiatric* (anxiety, depression, fatigue); *Hematology* (lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia); *Endocrine*.

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?

Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate—some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute. Rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area. Difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart. Worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?

Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

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Can men with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?

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Should any precautions be followed?

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No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness has not been established under age 18.

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USJ-3623.00 November 1990

picture. Take Oliver Stone and *Platoon*. He saw war. You get that sense of absolute horror and panic. Maybe it's no justification that these things come from *my* experience. But that's why I make personal movies. I make them about what I think I understand.

I grew up in the tenements. I lived only half a block away from the Bowery. We saw the dregs, the poor vagrants and the alcoholics. I saw everything. Most mornings on the way to grammar school, I'd see two bums fighting each other with broken bottles. Blood all over the ground. I had to step around the blood and the bottles—and I'm just eight years old. Or I'd be sitting in the derelicts' bar across the way. We'd go in—we were only kids, nine years old—and sit there. We'd watch guys get up and struggle over to another table and start hallucinating and beating up someone.

The first sexual thing I ever saw was at night: two derelicts performing fellatio on each other and then vomiting it up. I was about thirteen then. But I'll never forget the images. Never forget them. The first aspect of life I remember seeing was the death of it. You don't even have to go to the Bowery now to see it. In Manhattan, it's all over the streets.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a disturbing childhood.

SCORSESE: It wasn't. This was just the environment I was in. It was like the wild West, the frontier. When it came to your apartment in the tenement where you lived, you were protected, usually. Though at night, coming back late, you found derelicts in the halls, or people robbing each other in the halls. After a while, in the early Sixties, they put locks on the street doors and two lights on each doorway.

PLAYBOY: And these are the experiences you've embraced on film. Why?

SCORSESE: Violence is just a form of how you express your feelings to someone. Take this situation: Let's say you're growing up in this area and you want to be a gangster. Well, you can get into somebody's crew, and you start working, but you've got to prove yourself. And what you have to do, you know, is very clear. For instance, an old friend who got into that lifestyle for a while told me this incredible story.

He had to go collect money—because it's always about money. He's told by the man running his crew, "You go to the guy in the store, take this bat and break it over his head. Get the money." The guy says, "Why?" And he says, "Well, because he's been late a few weeks and he owes me the vig. He should be hit. Get the money if you can." So he gets there. He also takes a younger guy with him. They get in the store and he sees there are a lot of people waiting to buy things. So he takes the owner in the back and threatens the guy for money.

The guy says, "Oh, I have it. I have it

here. Glad you came. Here's the money." So he takes it and leaves. On the way out, the young guy who was learning from him says, "You were supposed to hit him." "No, he had the money. We don't have to hit him; he gave us the money." So he went back to his boss and said, "Here's the money." The boss said, "Did you hit him? Did you break his head?" "No." "Why not?" "He *had* the money. And there were people there." "That's the point. He's late, isn't he? Take the bat and break his head. Even when he *gives* you the money, *especially* if there's people there. That's how you do it."

And not only do you have to do it, you have to learn to *enjoy* it. And that's what I think people started to get upset about again lately, with *GoodFellas*.

PLAYBOY: In stories about you, there's always the suggestion that although you were too sickly to join in, you *wanted* to be a wise guy—much like Henry Hill in *GoodFellas*.

SCORSESE: I *couldn't* do it personally, but as a boy of thirteen or fourteen, I had to harden my heart against the suffering. I had to take it. My friends go to beat up somebody, I went with them. I didn't jump in, but I watched or set it up.

PLAYBOY: Really?

SCORSESE: Oh, of course. Sure, you do all that. It's part of growing up there. So it's *my* experience. I don't expect this person who wrote the letter you read to have the same experience. Maybe he had experience with violence in another way. I don't know, but that's for him to make a film or write about; I have no argument.

PLAYBOY: As an adult, what were your violent experiences about?

SCORSESE: Years ago, oh, God, the tension of shooting, the frustration of trying to get everything. I had this constant thing of having incredible energy and then suddenly, if things weren't going right, I'd punch a wall. I would traumatize the knuckles on this right hand. When we had only twenty days to shoot and something went wrong, I'd go into the trailer, pound the wall and come out smiling as if nothing was wrong. Now I know what's going to happen if something goes wrong on the set, and I'll either try to make it right or move on. All the screaming and the yelling is not going to help. That doesn't mean I don't still have insecurities. And the anger is there; it simmers. I just don't necessarily act out violent rages anymore.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps the violence in your films *is* some wishful extension of your inability to participate earlier.

SCORSESE: No. It's so destructive, the violence. Look at Jake in *Raging Bull*.

PLAYBOY: When do you find violence in film exultant?

SCORSESE: *The Wild Bunch* has a choreographed excitement. Meaning like ballet. Plus, you also like the characters for

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some reason.

Bonnie and Clyde is another example of a very important film where you really like the people. The violence is overblown. The violence is just amazing. [*New York Times* critic Vincent] Canby said that it really was a watershed film. It opened the door to a new understanding of violence on screen during the time we were in Vietnam. It was a way to keep abreast of how things were changing.

PLAYBOY: Does violence in films cause violence in the streets?

SCORSESE: It depends on the person. I don't believe any one movie or any one book makes people *in their right mind*, whatever that is, go out and act some way because they saw it in a movie. [But I can't satisfy] America's need for quick, one-statement answers here. American readers seem to want to read a clear statement and say, "You know, they're right." As simple as that, like taking polls on CNN. It's crazy. That's not a one-statement answer, it's a very complicated question.

PLAYBOY: Roger Ebert said he didn't think you could make *Taxi Driver* today, because it had the wrong kind of violence. He said it was meaningful, well-thought-out violence, as opposed to random violence.

SCORSESE: I suppose the kind of random violence he's talking about is in films like *Total Recall*—which I haven't seen—which are really the action-adventure B films from the Thirties and Forties taken to another level. That violence confuses me and perplexes me. I really don't understand it. Violence in films today is so abstract. Horror films and the disemboweling of people. Maybe that satisfies a need in human beings that was satisfied by real blood lust two thousand years ago. I don't know what's happened to our society. I don't know why we have to see our entrails being dragged out. I don't get it.

PLAYBOY: What about *Taxi Driver*? The film is perhaps the pre-eminent example of how the public associates you with violence.

SCORSESE: Well, I didn't do the violence scenes in *Taxi Driver* for titillation, for instance, or for an audience to have *fun* with. It was just a natural progression of the character in the story. And the total tragedy of it.

PLAYBOY: Can you defend Travis Bickle?

SCORSESE: Travis Bickle, the character that Paul Schrader wrote, is the avenging angel. He comes in and he wants to clean up the streets. He wants to clean everybody out. He really means well. The problem is the old story of what constitutes madness. We have this fantasy sometimes, in the city, where you look at it and you say, "God, how could this exist? Look at the poor people in the streets. What's going on? What's happened in the past fifteen years to America? I wish I could do this; I wish I could do that." You even get a sense of violence walking in the streets.

PLAYBOY: Many of us don't walk in those places because——

SCORSESE: Exactly. You don't have to finish your sentence, because I know what you're saying. A lot of people may read this and they may not understand that, because they may live somewhere else. But in most urban centers, you get that sense of incredible violence.

The point is that Travis sees this, and although *we* have *fantasies* about it in our weakest moments, Travis acts out the fantasy.

PLAYBOY: You said you understood Travis' having gone about it the wrong way. Are you saying you tried to get the message across incorrectly about how horrible all this violence is?

SCORSESE: I don't know. There are lots of mistakes you make. What's the old cliché—The road to hell is paved with good intentions? Or the line that always brings tears to my eyes in *The Last Temptation*: "I'm so ashamed of all the wrong ways I looked for God." I did take that rather personally.

PLAYBOY: One person who got it wrong was John Hinckley. He used having seen *Taxi Driver*, and having become obsessed with Jodie Foster, as part of his defense.

SCORSESE: To use the film as a defense is such an oversimplification. A horror. But attempted assassinations are so horrible, and the country is so frightened by this phenomenon, that using the film as a defense kind of sedates the public. It makes them feel, "It's OK, we've got everything under control. It was the fault of these guys who made this picture, and it was the fault of *Catcher in the Rye*." Does this then mean it has really nothing to do with his *family*, it has nothing to do with *maybe* there's something wrong physically with his brain?

PLAYBOY: When did you hear the news linking the film and the assassination attempt?

SCORSESE: We were in Los Angeles for the Academy Awards. Afterward—Bob won the Academy Award for *Raging Bull*—at a party at Ma Maison, someone said, "Didn't you hear the news?"

PLAYBOY: How did you feel at that moment?

SCORSESE: I said it was absurd. Then they explained the details about Hinckley. Oddly enough, and I've never told this story before, when I was attending the Academy Awards years before, when *Taxi Driver* was nominated for Best Picture, I'd gotten a threatening letter from somebody. Jodie Foster had been nominated, and the letter read, "If Jodie Foster receives an Academy Award for what you made little Jodie do, you'll pay for it with your life. This is no joke."

I remember showing it to Marcia Lucas, George Lucas' wife at the time, who was my film editor. There were so many things going on. We were trying to finish *New York, New York* and we said, "That's all we need." So the FBI came by, I gave them the letter, they looked into it, and a few nights later, I had to go to the Academy Awards. Billy Friedkin was the producer of the show and he let me in first. It was great. They pointed out the FBI agents who were there at the door, some of them women in gowns, and said if anything happens. . . . They thought Jodie might win that night and—who knows?—maybe the person is in the audience. Of course, she didn't win and it was forgotten.

PLAYBOY: OK. Given the violent moments in your movies, how have you resisted what so many other film makers haven't—violence against women, especially the connection between violence and sex?

SCORSESE: There isn't that much sex in the films I make. Seriously, in *Taxi Driver*, the sex is all repressed. If you had any real sex in it, it would blow the entire picture.

You have to remember that most of the pictures I make deal with worlds in which the men predominate, and I've gotta be true to those particular worlds. All the Italian women are very strong. Don't believe that nonsense that the man runs the house. No way. Ultimately, it's the matriarch. So when I saw certain scripts in which the woman was just an appendage, I didn't do them. That's why, especially in *GoodFellas*, I chose to make sure that the woman's role was as strong as possible. But it still says *GoodFellas*, and the men chopped up the bodies, not the women.

PLAYBOY: And the women in your other films are also allowed to be strong. *Taxi Driver*, for instance.

SCORSESE: You're the first person in fifteen years to say that.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree?

SCORSESE: Oh, totally. Others have missed it, though I've really tried to make it clear. Even in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, I was trying to do something radical in terms of women. But ultimately, we all came to the conclusion that it was *OK* if she wanted to live with somebody. I felt bad about it and thought maybe it wasn't a radical enough statement for that time of feminism.

But I like women. A lot of the people who've worked with me for years are women: my editor, my producers, my production managers. I find that they have a whole other point of view. It's fascinating to me. I was the first instructor at New York University to allow women to direct. They didn't have any women directors.

PLAYBOY: The question, of course, is how women react to your films.

SCORSESE: I'll tell you one interesting anecdote about this. After the [American Film Institute] tribute to David Lean, there were some cocktails. I'd been working with a number of the archivists

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and one of them introduced me to another archivist, a young woman. We talked awhile, then she said, "I must say that I'm an admirer of your films. After all, I am a woman." I don't get it.

PLAYBOY: Could you make a movie from a woman's point of view?

SCORSESE: I think so. I could *try*.

PLAYBOY: What about one that deals more directly with sex?

SCORSESE: That's a very good question. I guess when I find the right angle for the interest I have in it. The subject matter that I seem to be attracted to—for example, Edith Wharton's *Age of Innocence*; Jay Cocks and I are doing a script—has the *yearning* for sex, which I believe at times can be more satisfying than the actual consummation. I'm exploring those areas—material that has to do more with the repression of sexuality than the actual sex itself. *Raging Bull* has tons of repressed sexuality. The love scene where she gets him to a point of desire, and then he pours ice water on himself. That's interesting sexually to me.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about on-screen nudity? Again, there's not much in your films.

SCORSESE: I like it. [*Laughs*] I don't have time to go to many movies, so I see most of it on cable or video tape. I'll always look, and then maybe change the channel anyway. Sometimes in a theater, I feel a little uncomfortable with it.

PLAYBOY: Sexuality, or the mere suggestion of it, seemed to play a significant role in your troubles making *The Last Temptation of Christ*. Paramount was going to make the picture in 1983 but pulled the plug in fear of potential protests. Then, four years later, Universal Studios became interested. What appealed to you so much about the Kazantzakis book that you never gave up?

SCORSESE: There are many reasons. Because it's about humanity. It deals with everybody's struggle. You don't have to be Catholic. I had hoped it would be the kind of film that would engender very healthy discussions on the nature of God and how the Church should change to meet today's needs.

PLAYBOY: The Catholic Church wasn't nearly as vocal about the film as the fundamentalist groups. Their outrage focused not on the issues you'd hoped but on whether or not the film should even be *shown*. When you saw footage of the protesters on *Nightline*, you said, "The film was gone." What did you mean?

SCORSESE: Well, I meant that selfishly. I knew there would be problems. I knew that the fundamentalist movement was difficult in 1983, and that's why the film was canceled, but I didn't think they would be as vociferous the second time around. There were a number of people from Protestant groups who were *for* the film. *They* kept pointing out on television that the fundamentalists—that Reverend Donald Wildmon and the other man, Reverend Hymers, who was doing all the demonstrations in Los Angeles—were only a very small minority. But the fundamentalists got the coverage. So, after *Nightline*, I figured, Well, that's enough; I guess they don't have to release the film if they don't want to. The hell with it; just let it go.

PLAYBOY: That was it? That easily?

SCORSESE: Of course not. But, as I said, I was being selfish. My thought was of the film; I should have been thinking about the *people* for whom the film was made—people like me who are not necessarily involved with the daily ritual of the Church but still believe to a certain extent, who have questions they want to discuss and who want to feel that there is a Jesus for *them*. Remember, Jesus was on Eighth Avenue with the prostitutes. He wasn't uptown or in Washington, D.C.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents suffer in any way from this?

SCORSESE: I think so, yes. They weren't harassed, but I think they were very hurt by the circus on TV. My mother was very upset about it. One religious leader said that she was a whore. I said, "He was using it to make a point, Mom. He's saying that people are hurt that I may be saying things about Jesus that are the equivalent of my saying their mother is a whore. That's what the priest was saying."

PLAYBOY: What was Christ's last temptation?

SCORSESE: In the film, the last temptation was to live the life of an ordinary man and die in old age.

PLAYBOY: Since you identify with your characters, can we assume you harbor the desire to live an ordinary life at some point, to get off the directorial cross?

SCORSESE: No, no. I accept who I am. In the film, giving in to the last temptation was kind of like a copping out, even though life as an ordinary man looked very attractive. Eventually, Christ rejected the last temptation. [*Smiles*] So what else am I going to do but direct? And whatever happens, I'll always have something to do with film.

PLAYBOY: Let's start wrapping this up, with one of your favorite subjects. Why did you once say you hated the phrase Italian-American sensibility?

SCORSESE: Did I say that? [*Laughs*] I get upset about the happy, dancing, singing peasants, organ-grinder's monkey, everybody eating pasta cliché of the Italian-American. Any ethnic group would be a little annoyed by the stereotypes.

PLAYBOY: Italian-Americans seem to be annoyed at you for stereotyping them as wise guys and Mobsters.

SCORSESE: OK. But I want to be clear about this: It's not the experience for *all* Italian-Americans. Not everybody in my neighborhood was a wise guy. This is a very annoying area to talk about without the Italian-Americans' getting upset. I point out, and Nick Pileggi [author of the book *Wiseguy* and co-author of the screenplay *GoodFellas*] points out, that out of twenty million Italian-Americans, there are only four thousand known organized-crime members. Yet there is a reality to how those organized-crime figures are interlaced into the Italian-American lifestyle. To best understand the importance and the unimportance of it is to come from that lifestyle. It's very difficult to describe.

PLAYBOY: Why does Hollywood love Mob movies?

SCORSESE: Actually, what's more interesting is that it was *easier* for me to make *Mean Streets* because of *The Godfather*. I had tried to get *Mean Streets* made earlier, and I couldn't get any money. My film school professor Haig Manoogian said, "Nobody cares about these people." At the time, he was right. It was the late Sixties, you know, free love.

PLAYBOY: Did you know Francis Ford Coppola at the time?

SCORSESE: We met at the Sorrento Film Encounter in Italy. I was there with *Who's That Knocking?*, working every angle, working every room, getting to every cocktail party I could get to, to get money to make another picture. We had a great time. We ate lots of pasta, told stories. Francis was working on the script for *The Godfather* right there in Sorrento. I said, "When you come back to New York, eat at my parents' house."

PLAYBOY: Did he?

SCORSESE: Yeah. My parents would tell him stories. My father's voice was recorded to listen to the accent. My mother was constantly giving him casting suggestions.

PLAYBOY: Did he take any?

SCORSESE: Yeah, sure. One night at dinner, she told him she wanted Richard Conte in the picture and he put him in. Another time, she asked him how many days he had to shoot and he said, "A hundred days." She said, "That's not enough." This is 1970. I said, "Mom, don't get him terrified!" As it was, he went over budget somewhat. He was fighting every day. I remember one story where he had one day to shoot the funeral of the Godfather. And he just sat down on one of the tombstones in the graveyard and started crying. But out of that torture came a wonderful film.

PLAYBOY: Did you contribute?

SCORSESE: I took [set designer] Dean Tavoularis around for set ideas. I remember finding the olive-oil factory. He also used the interior of my church, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the old cathedral. They shot the baptism scene there.

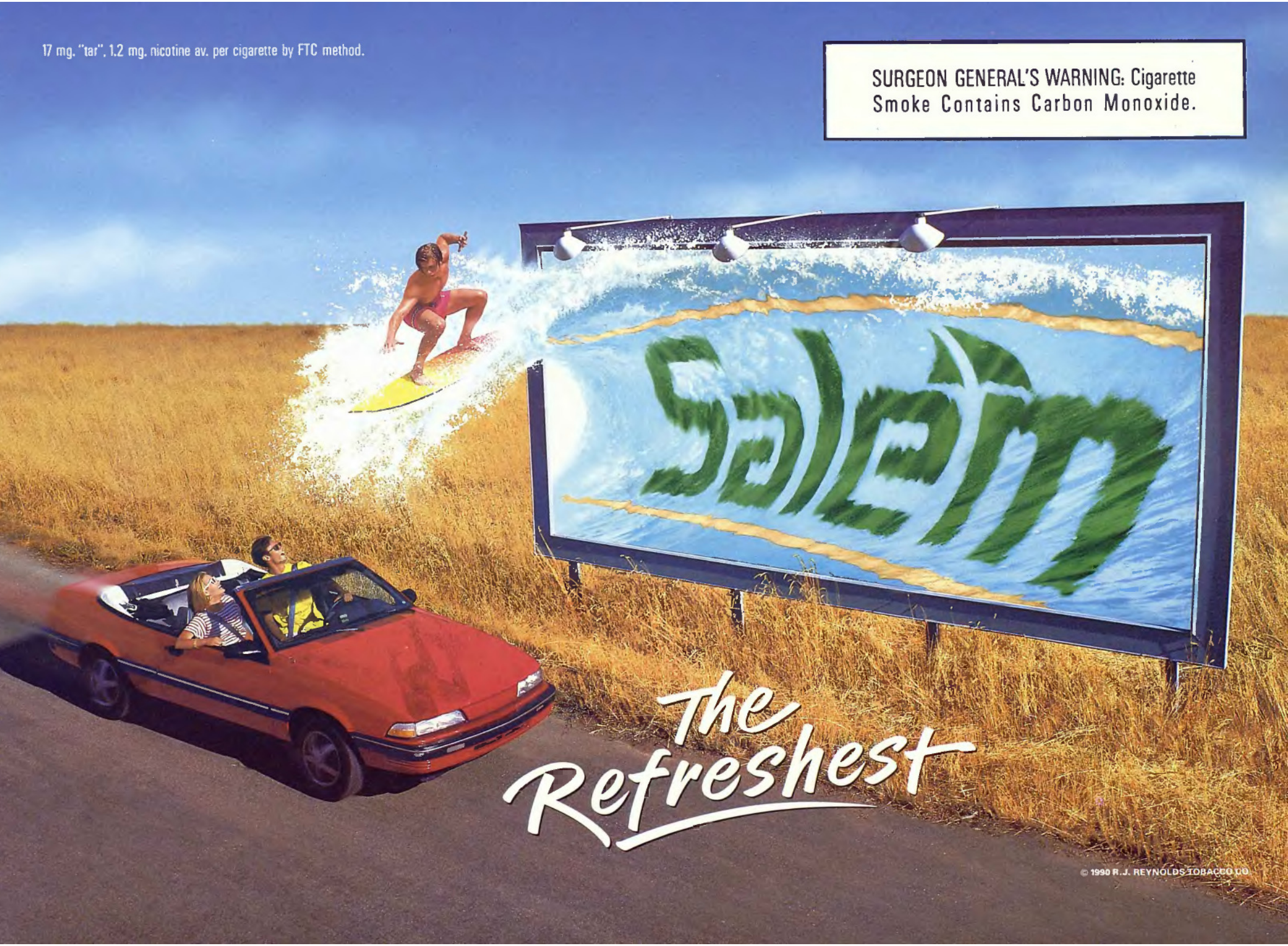
PLAYBOY: So you were more involved than is generally known.

SCORSESE: Yeah, for a lot of the locations, and my parents helped out a lot. We got a lot of people they knew to be in it, too.

PLAYBOY: Are you and Coppola still close?

SCORSESE: It has always been kind of a

(concluded on page 161)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THE WISEGUY NEXT DOOR

THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM HAS A REMARKABLE PURPOSE: TO HIDE HARDENED CRIMINALS AMONG THE GENERAL PUBLIC. WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?

IT WAS NEARLY 21 years ago that Michael Raymond, a beefy, Brooklyn-bred con man and stock swindler, got into a tight spot with the law. After a lengthy trial in Illinois state court, he received a four-year prison term for trying to use stolen Treasury notes to buy two small Midwestern banks. A silver-tongued grifter with a robust appetite for the good life, Raymond had no intention of serving his sentence. Instead, he cut a deal with the Feds.

What Raymond received, however, was far from your average, run-of-the-mill Government deal. In exchange for testifying before a Senate subcommittee on stolen securities and the Mob, he was placed in what was then a new, top-secret Federal program called WITSEC, short for Witness Security Program, now commonly referred to as the Witness Protection Program.

At the time, fewer than a hundred people had entered this experimental program, thought to be the Government's most potent new tool against organized crime. Despite its controversial nature, the program had never actually been debated, or even proposed, on Capitol Hill. The U.S. Justice Department simply requested funds for "witness relocation," and the various appropriations committees gave it the rubber stamp. Over the next 21 years, the program would attract a vast following, not the least of which were the more than 13,000 criminals and their family members coerced into its ranks. Back in 1970, though, WITSEC was a theory to be tested. And like any new theory, it had bugs to be worked out—bugs like Michael Raymond.

As part of his agreement with the overseers of WITSEC, Raymond was given a new identity and relocated to sunny southern Florida. The Government also immediately began paying him $1500 a month, plus $50,000 for "job assistance." Over the next several years, Michael "Burnett," as Raymond officially became known, would learn to use WITSEC to underwrite one scam after another. During one deadly three-year period, three business associates of his disappeared under nefarious circumstances. One of them was a 67-year-old socialite and widow whom Raymond had been romancing. The woman was last seen getting into a car with him just hours after she cleared out her bank accounts. Raymond later became a prime suspect in her disappearance when an informant told local cops that he had bragged of killing her. "They're never going to find the stone she's under," he reportedly told the informant.

When Florida authorities began looking into the past of Michael Burnett, they were amazed to find that he

article By T. J. ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN THOMPSON

had no personal history whatsoever. His life of crime as Michael Raymond had been effectively expunged, courtesy of WITSEC. Furthermore, the Federal Government helped Raymond disappear while the investigation was under way. He had intentionally violated his security, so the Justice Department—unaware that its prize witness was also a primary suspect—relocated him to another region of the country and covered his tracks after he left.

In the years that followed, Raymond often caught the attention of Federal crime fighters. Although the U.S. Marshals Service—the branch of the Justice Department that administers the Witness Security Program—believed that his life was in danger, he moved around like a man without worries. He drove Cadillacs and wore mink coats, and his fingers sparkled with diamond rings. A gourmet chef with a taste for fine wines, he allowed his waistline to grow in proportion to his criminal deeds, until he topped the scales near 300 pounds.

Now 61 years old, Raymond/Burnett is no longer in WITSEC. His long, notorious life of crime finally caught up with him when, after he resurfaced in Chicago a few years ago as an informant in an FBI sting operation, the Feds caught on to his act. In 1987, he went off to prison on weapons possession; there were no deals left to be struck. For more than 20 years, Raymond had feasted on the Federal Government's naïveté and largess, turning the Witness Security Program into a criminal hide-out.

The stupefying result of all this is that little has changed since the days when Raymond first made chumps out of the U.S. Justice Department. Although few inductees have abused WITSEC with the same panache as Michael Raymond, the 21-year history of the program reveals a virtual catalog of failures, from recidivism through bureaucratic ineptitude to Government callousness and neglect.

Throughout it all, WITSEC continues to grow, amassing a rogues' gallery of inductees. "Almost everything that could go wrong [with WITSEC] has, at one time or another," says Donald Bierman, a former Justice Department official who is now a criminal defense attorney in Miami. Bierman has had several clients enter WITSEC, often against his recommendation. "If you absorb enough scandal, eventually you become immune," he says. "Ironically, because of the program's long history of failure, it has now become virtually scandalproof."

•

When 47-year-old Max Mermelstein entered the Witness Security Program in 1986, it must have seemed like the last possible option. As the man who had run U.S. trafficking operations for the Colombian cocaine cartel for seven years, he had a criminal career that had escalated to a point beyond his wildest dreams. From 1978 to the time of his arrest, Mermelstein is believed to have smuggled some 56 tons of cocaine into Florida. In a five-year period, he ran $300,000,000 in laundered currency through Colombia and Panama.

Mermelstein never planned on a career in crime. After marrying a Colombian woman he had met in Puerto Rico, he was introduced to Rafael "Rafa" Cardona Salazar, a major underboss for the Ochoa family, leaders of the Medellín cartel. On Christmas Day 1978, Rafa inexplicably murdered one of his fellow drugrunners after a long afternoon of free-basing cocaine. He and another smuggler then called on Mermelstein, whom he knew only casually at the time. They wanted Max to drive them around until they came down from their high. During their drive, Rafa, eyes ablaze, emptied five bullets into his roommate, who had been taunting him from the back seat of their rented van. "Just keep driving, Max. Don't say a fucking word," Mermelstein remembers Rafa saying.

Having witnessed, but not reported, a brutal murder, Mermelstein was an accessory to the crime, which effectively put him under the thumb of the cartel. His criminal associations with Rafa, Pablo Escobar and others flourished until June 1985, when he was jumped by a bevy of agents from the FBI, DEA, Customs and assorted other branches of American law enforcement. After searching Mermelstein's home, the Feds had enough on his drug operations to put him away for many lifetimes.

Faced with a life behind bars, Mermelstein remembered the words he'd heard many times from the murderous Rafa: "There are only two ways you get out of trafficking coke, in a box or in a cell." Mermelstein proved him wrong; he agreed to cooperate with the Government and go into the Witness Security Program.

"The day I got arrested was the best day of my life," says Mermelstein, now living under an assumed name somewhere in the United States. "If it hadn't happened, I'd be dead right now."

To initiate Mermelstein into WITSEC required extraordinary measures. Sixteen members of his family, mostly relatives of his Colombian wife, had to be relocated into the U.S. It presented the Marshals Service with a problem it has been forced to deal with more and more, as the so-called drug war escalates. According to the Justice Department's own statistics, nearly 80 percent of those now in the program are there because they or a family member testified in a drug-related case. More than one quarter of those are foreign nationals.

One might guess that with all the Colombians, Mexicans and Asians now entering the Witness Security Program, the Marshals Service would have devised a strategy for handling foreign refugees from our criminal-justice system.

Guess again.

Take the case of Arturo Jaramillo, Mermelstein's brother-in-law. Born and raised in Cali, Colombia, Jaramillo is described by his brother-in-law as "a quiet man who never wanted to be involved in drugs or violence." Still, he had been forced by Rafa to help dispose of his dead associate back in 1978, and he lived in fear of the Colombian drug merchants. When news of Mermelstein's "flip" reached him, he had no choice but to accept Uncle Sam's offer of a new identity in the United States. Although Jaramillo, his wife and young son spoke no English, they were inexplicably relocated to Memphis, Tennessee, a city not known for its racial tolerance.

The last time Mermelstein talked with his brother-in-law was November 13, 1986. "He was in a thoroughly morose mood," he says. "We tried to get an official assigned to his case to get him a Spanish-speaking psychiatrist—fast. What did the official do? He went on vacation."

One day later—on the day before his 49th birthday—Arturo Jaramillo was found hanged in a closet of the small apartment WITSEC had provided for him and his family. He had looped a rope over the hanger rod, tied it around his neck, then pulled on the rope with both hands until he strangled himself.

"I'll always blame myself, in a way, for what happened," says Mermelstein. "But I blame the program, too. Nobody involved [with WITSEC] understands the Latin mentality or the Latin people. They take my brother-in-law, his wife and kid, and stick them in a place like Memphis. Aside from the fact that it is one of the most bigoted places in the United States, nobody there speaks Spanish. They couldn't get a driver's license, because the tests weren't given in Spanish. They were just dumped in an apartment and left to fend for themselves." Echoing the sentiments of many currently in the program, Mermelstein adds, "Nobody

(continued on page 156)

"As a housewife, I missed out on sex in the workplace, but I pretty well covered my immediate neighborhood."

GIVE US A BREAK!

playboy visits the sites of spring in florida, texas and california

IT'S MARCH, you've just finished your mid-terms and now have two choices: spend a week at home with the parental units, boning up on your calculus, or caravan with friends for a week of hedonistic high-jinks in the land of sun, surf, suds and well-toned women. Tough decision? Hardly. More than 1,000,000 collegians each year set aside their books in favor of a week-long education they can't get in a classroom. Call it Spring Break 101, for which the only prerequisite is a "Let's get totally wild" attitude. *Playboy* photographers followed the masses to three of the top spring-break hot spots—Daytona Beach, Florida; South Padre Island, Texas; and Palm Springs, California. Here are their visual notes. Start memorizing, dudes.

A real crowd pleaser, Duncanville, Texas, native Carolyn O'Briant (opposite, porticipating in a tan-line competition) has taken home more than $3000 in prize money in the past year for sharing her personal assets in bikini, hot-legs and skirt-flirt contests throughout the Lone-Star State. This was her first spring break, she says, adding: "I knew it would be crazy, but never this wild." In Palm Springs (top), banners spell out the California celebrants' motto while the guys in the background guzzle a few cold ones from a beer bong. Across the continent (above), well-oiled beauties in Daytona Beach, Florida, strike a more sobering pose.

Lick-it!
Suck-it!
Slam-it!

Tired of the same old faces around campus? Spring break attracts students from hundreds of U.S. colleges. Meet Kari Beth La Croix (left). Hotter than the Palm Springs desert sun, Kari is a Palm Desert resident and college sophomore who's searching far a mysterious, intelligent man who wants to take control. He had better nat expect her to sit around watching *Manday Night Football*, though. Kari likes anly sports involving water. She's not alone in her desire to get wet. A thirsty spring breaker on South Padre gets a lift to the tap (above), while in Daytona (oppasite, top left and right), romance blossoms on the beach and ice water puts things inta perspective. Gina Boggie, from Shoreline Community College in narth Seattle, and her pal Michelle Mullica, af suburban Denver (opposite, bottom), catch a Sauth Padre wave. And the sun may be shining, but there's a full maon at a body-painting contest nearby (below). In Palm Springs (bottom), you'll need same transpartation for the cruise down Palm Canyan Drive (there's no beach in the desert, so this is where everyone hangs). We suggest a bullet bike and a passenger in thong bikini. Perhaps someone like Wendy Christine (bottom left), a University af Georgia senior who'll go along for the ride, if yau're "tall, dark, handsome and don't have too much hair on your chest."

Dewey Weber
TEXAS
410 MGK

SUZUKI

People watching is a favorite spring-break pastime. In Daytona, you can drive your car right up onto the beach to check out the sights (opposite, top and bottom left). You'll need a blanket on South Padre—we suggest you plant it alongside someone special, such as Christine Hedrick (opposite, center left) or Brittney Roché (opposite, top right). Brittney is a fitness instructor in north Texas, as well as an aspiring actress. But family comes before fame in her book. "My parents have the strongest marriage I've ever seen," she says. "I can only hope I'll be that lucky." Christine, another Hollywood hopeful, is a Kansas City resident who doesn't expect to get by on looks alone. She's studying theater and broadcast performance and says, "The most attractive attribute one can have is an outgoing, friendly personality." Our photographer tells us she has much more. So does Joan Donato (opposite, bottom right), a New York City native and aerobics instructor who moonlights as a model. Not all female spring breakers are looking for the limelight. Andi Corey (top right) is studying biological research at Indiana University in Bloomington. Maybe the crowds in Palm Springs (above) and Daytona Beach (right and below) will give her insight into animal behavior.

SUN YOUR BUNS

"I'm going to be a star," says Ramah Tabory (top left) during her photo session in Palm Springs. This 5'4", 113-pound model and dancer says she's a happy person and loves to make other people feel the same way. Men who are pushy, overly aggressive or hung up on money will never benefit from Ramah's generosity, though. She likes guys who are low key and "secure enough to be themselves." Another Palm Springs vacationer, Cherish Cass (top right), is a self-described tomboy who can often be found tooling under the hood of a car or racing down the California highways on her motorcycle. While Cherish is on the road, Daytona spring breaker Soula Theo (opposite page) is likely to be at home preparing her favorite Greek meal. A Wisconsin restaurant manager and part-time model, Soula takes pride in her heritage. She studies folk dancing in her spare time and hopes to own a Greek restaurant someday. This entrepreneurial spirit runs in the family, she says: "Both of my parents own their own business." Soula got a kick out of posing for *Playboy*; another spring breaker on South Padre (below) flips over the opportunity. And while Palm Springs traffic (bottom) left no room for acrobatics, folks seem to have all the right moves poolside in South Padre (bottom left) as well as on the sidewalks of Palm Springs (center left).

THE FINE ART *of* POACHING

article
By DAVID SEELEY

in today's romantic market place, young guys are being aced out by thirty-something sharks with new money and some very old moves

THE GIRL was blonde, sexy, beautiful, and the way she fondled her Heineken seemed to beckon, *Take me home*. But when Michael met her at a college party ten years ago, he wasn't sold. After half an hour of dancing, he abandoned her by the bean dip because of one unforgivable flaw: She was only 19 years old.

"I was twenty-two, a month away from graduation, and I didn't like to date younger girls," says Michael, now a 32-year-old video producer in New York. "Back then, I thought there was this huge gulf between nineteen and twenty-two—she was only a year out of high school, but I was about to go out into the world. Why waste my time with some kid?"

So it came as a shock last year when Michael's friends met his new lover. He'd found her on the set of a commercial shoot and had wined and dined her for weeks before introducing her to his gang. Julie shocked his friends not because she looked so perfect—she was blonde, sexy and beautiful—but because she was only 19 years old.

When Julie left the room, Michael's friends closed in for the grill.

"I don't know—I just like her," he said helplessly. "I can't help it if she's nineteen." Since college, he'd had three long-term relationships with women his age; he lived with two of them, almost married the other. He'd never been interested in younger women. So why was he suddenly dating a girl just this side of jailbait, a pouty-lipped plaything who was *five years old* when he was a freshman in college? Julie ate Cocoa Krispies, watched endless MTV, had homework to do and waged constant fights with her mom and dad. It was like—like dating a *teenager*. What was Michael doing?

Whatever it was, he wasn't alone. His best friend, a 30-year-old photographer, had dated a 21-year-old for nearly a year. Three of Julie's girlfriends also dated older men. Sometimes Michael and the guys got together at the corner bar, toasting the wonders of coeds. But while he outwardly joked, inwardly he wondered if he were going screwy. Some of his friends called him "cradle robber" and said he needed years of therapy. Now even he wondered what the hell he was doing.

It took an article in *The New York Times* to clear things up. Michael and his friend weren't cradle robbing—they were "poaching," a sociological phenomenon that's sweeping America and may be the dating trend of the Nineties.

Men have dated younger women since cave-man days, but poaching has a modern twist. The *Times* says it's caused by a variety of sociological factors:

- There's a shortage of single women in America. For every six single men between 20 and 29, there are only five single women. In a kind of sexual musical chairs, many men are forced to "date down" in age to find desirable partners.
- Women are having babies at a younger age. Since the Sixties, many women have put off childbirth until their mid-30s, focusing first on careers. But late childbirth has medical and psychological risks; in a post-feminist backlash, more women are now having children in their late 20s or even earlier. Many men are forced to date younger and younger women if they merely want sex and fun or relationships with low levels of commitment.
- The single-women shortage causes stiff competition among single men 18 to 24, but their problem is compounded by yet another threat: older, more

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN REINGOLD

affluent men like Michael who swoop down to poach young girls away from them. These poachers have formidable advantages: They're more confident, successful, sophisticated and worldly. Some even drive Porsches.

Finally, the Nineties may be so high-tech and speedy that the mid-life crisis strikes men earlier than ever. Instead of going on a tear when they're 42 and divorced, American men today feel frighteningly old at 30. They see 21-year-old screenwriters cutting million-dollar deals, Brat Pack sex symbols who barely need to shave, novelists and software czars who've made it big at 22. Poachers breeze through their 20s, sure they'll be young forever. When their 30th birthday hits like a brick wall, they do the only reasonable thing: They have affairs with sexy young girls.

You'd think this would solve all their problems. Michael has a cool job, an expense account, a loft in downtown Manhattan. He's constantly jetting from New York to L.A. and, on top of that, he's dating a wrinkle-free babe who could have leapt from the pages of this magazine. So why is he anxious? Because poaching has perils as well as pleasures. Sleeping with vibrant, beautiful young girls can be *dangerous*, *embarrassing*, *humiliating*. Michael has endured torment, practical jokes and what may be an ulcer since he set his sights on a college girl. And compared with some guys, he has gotten off easy.

WHY MEN POACH

What's so great about college girls? Patrick, a 34-year-old Dallas architect, has a simple answer.

"Fresher minds and fresher bodies," he says rapturously. "When you've dated women for fifteen years or so, you start getting stale romantically. With younger girls, everything's fresh again. Women my age get narrow about what they can or can't do, everything from sex and drugs to just going to a movie on a moment's notice. But you can call younger girls at the last minute on a Saturday night or drag them to hear some band at midnight on a Monday, and they'll think it's great. They're almost like a tonic—when I'm with them, I feel more stimulated, alive."

Dan, a 32-year-old Los Angeles copy writer, likes having the freedom to romance younger girls without worrying that he's leading them on. "With women my age, you have to be careful how close you get. If you give a thirty-year-old woman flowers, it's almost like a proposal of marriage. But with a younger girl, you can make all kinds of gestures. You can let yourself go, indulge in the kind of whirlwind romance you used to have all the time in your younger twenties."

Poaching can be like moving to Paris or Berlin—there's a whole new culture to be absorbed. College girls speak a different language; their CD players pump out bands from another galaxy, with names like the Buck Pets, An Emotional Fish, Chickasaw Mudd Puppies and the Goo Goo Dolls. Their look may change radically in 24 hours, from a Deadhead tie-dyed shirt and rose-tinted glasses to bicycle pants and a push-up bra. Their lives tend to be frantic, jammed with dates, classes and curious jobs. A poacher may arrive for a date to find one of her roommates gulping pills while clutching *The Bell Jar*, another doing yoga nude on a fold-out couch, while the poachee herself slips a diamond stud in her nose and says, "Won't be a second."

Coeds may ask a poacher to lick acid from a blotter sheet of Bart Simpson heads, climb a water tower at three A.M. or eat Ethiopian food out of a can. These things just don't happen with 30-year-old women, who'd rather phone out for Chinese and watch *Ghost* on the VCR.

Michael felt as electrified as Patrick when he started dating a younger girl. Julie had an alarming level of energy and an appetite for food, drink and sex that kept him reeling. Racing the streets of Manhattan only an hour before dawn, he'd gather Julie in his arms, clutch her slender, almost anorexic rib cage and kiss her just to catch his breath. The years seemed to fall away from him; he bought cooler clothes, went out every night. Other young women began to flirt with him, and soon he wasn't going out with just Julie. After 15 years of being someone's longtime, dependable boyfriend, and to the astonishment of his friends, Michael became a sex god.

WHO'S POACHING WHOM?

When coeds get entangled with 30-year-old men, it's not always clear who's poaching whom. Many college girls aren't content with schoolgirl romances—they see frat boys chugging beer and mooning passers-by and shake their heads at such juvenile nonsense. What these coeds want is a man, someone with a level of politesse few college boys can attain. And they aren't shy about going out and finding him.

"I haven't dated guys my age since I was fourteen," says Laurie, a 21-year-old University of Texas junior. "I watch my friends with their boyfriends, and I'm glad I don't. It's a drag when a guy is still living with his parents or still in school or broke all the time. I'd much rather date a guy who's more established, who makes a living and knows what he's doing. Older men have been around more and done more. They have more to offer. They're more respectful and more polite—they aren't just concerned with getting drunk and getting laid."

Kate, a 22-year-old graduate of Columbia, couldn't agree more.

"A girl has to be crazy these days to go out with guys under thirty," she says. "Guys in their twenties just don't know whether they're coming or going—it's a kind of confusion that fades away later on. Guys my age are like, 'Maybe I should do this, maybe I should do that,' and these are all questions I answered long ago. They just have very little to offer at that age."

Kate finds it perfectly normal to date men ten years older. "It's no big deal. Relating-wise, it just works better. It's also what I call the work issue: Who's doing the work? With younger men, I get so tired of suggesting things, pointing out things, saying, 'Perhaps we should do this.' It's just a vast and incredible relief to date older guys, because they know what to do."

SEX AND THE SINGLE POACHER

Nabokov's Lolita was blessed with a curious mixture of innocence and eerie vulgarity. The same can be said for many college girls, who may have blind spots in the most basic areas—such as groping or undressing in a provocative way—but be marvelously skilled in the most advanced, unlikely perversions. Poachers may not encounter any coed virgins (70 percent of women have had intercourse by the age of 18, and girls who date older men are probably even more likely to be sexually active), but they're certain to find some surprises. One girl told Dan that she lost her virginity at 16—while wearing handcuffs. And that was just for starters.

"Women my age aren't into recreational sex," Michael says. "But college girls are at that experimental stage where they want to try *everything*. It's almost like they're more like guys when it comes to sex. They can have an affair just for the excitement, without its becoming a big deal."

Patrick has had many carnal coed adventures. One girl shared him with her roommate on a cold winter night, after the heater broke in her apartment. Their *ménage à trois* progressed to the music of chattering teeth, and everything Patrick touched had goose pimples. Another time, he spent the weekend with a girl who, in an apotheosis of poaching, took out her retainer before performing oral sex.

But not all coeds are wild and kinky—some approach sex with a shyness and eagerness to learn that make poachers grow faint with longing.

"Sometimes I feel like an explorer,"

(continued on page 145)

"You're not really gonna stick that treaty up your ass, are you, sir?"

chill out in
the hottest styles
of the season

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

MEN'S FASHION designers took the "Think green" message to heart this year. No, recyclable fabrics and biodegradable buttons aren't in the line-up for spring and summer. But green, the color, definitely is. With shades ranging from grayish green to olive, and with styles that are just as diverse, green is *the* hue to choose this season in suits and sports coats. Check out a traditional six-button double-breasted suit made of lightweight wool or an unconventional one-button single-breasted model in a loose-fitting crepe or linen fabric. In keeping with the toned-down colors, dress shirts have gone from bold and striped to solid white. All-cotton is still your best bet, as are shirts with long, soft-pointed collars and French cuffs. Smarten the outfit with a pair of cuff links and a silk tie. While there are still plenty of retro-style ties around, new trends in neckwear point to deep-toned brocades and pastels with abstract floral patterns. Pocket squares are another great way to add a splash of color. (A white linen square will accent that white dress shirt.) Even sports coats have gone soft this season. Colors are muted and fabrics are smooth to the touch. Select a two- or three-button model in a shade such as taupe or sage and wear it with a denim, chambray or washed-silk work shirt and a colorful tie. This dressy yet sporty style can also be had by combining a sweater and T-shirt with an unconstructed three-button jacket in soft washed linen. Finally, if you're in the market for weekend outerwear that's colorfully distinctive, look slick and stay dry in a bright-colored jacket made of a functional, water-resistant fabric.

Left: This cool, crisp combination pairs a wool/microfiber–blend six-button double-breasted suit, $800, with a white cotton shirt, $110, both by Hugo Boss; silk brocade tie, by AKM, about $70; white linen pocket square, by Ferrell Reed, about $13; snuff-colored suede wing-tip shoes, by Cole Haan, $225; and cotton socks with floral clocking pattern, by Crookhorn Davis, about $18. Need some more sage fashion advice for the coming spring and summer season? Check out this sage-colored, wool-ribbed crepe one-button single-breasted suit (right) with notched lapels and double-pleated pants, $750, white cotton dress shirt with straight-point collar, $45, and pastel abstract-print silk-crepe tie, $62, all by Bill Robinson.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS SANDERS

Great looks for collor and cuff. Ties, focing poge, right to left: Budding-cherubs-design silk-crepe Jacquord tie, by Audrey Buckner, obout $80. Grecian-motif silk tie, by Valentino, obout $63. Abstract-potterned silk-twill tie, by Ungoro, obout $63. Comeo-motif silk tie, by Paul Smith, obout $90. Fontosy florol-print silk-crepe tie, by Verri, obout $85. Tapestry-patterned silk Jocquord tie, by AKM, obout $65. Cuff links, right to left: Lonvin sterling-silver-and-enomel vintoge ort-deco cuff links, from Bizorre Bazoor, New York, obout $375. Striped sterling-silver cuff links, by Liso Jenks, obout $175. Hommered-18-kt.-gold shield-shoped cuff links, by Elizobeth Locke, obout $990. Triongulor-shoped sterling-silver cuff links, by Laurence DeVries for the LS Collection, obout $70. Right: This happy man is no fashion hot dog in his mustard-colored cotton-oil-cloth *blouson* jocket, $360, worn with o linen multicolored florol-print shirt, $295, both by Alexonder Julion. Spreod the word.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Left: Update yaur classic style with a plaid linen-and-cotton cardigan three-button jacket, about $730, a cotton knit short-sleeved crew-neck sweater, about $100, and khaki-colored cotton double-pleated trousers, about $250, all by Ronaldus Shamask; plus sunglasses with tortoise-colored frames and dark-brown lenses, by Persol, $195. Right: Socks and suspenders that deliver a smart fashion punch below and above the beltline include (left to right): Fish-bubble-patterned cotton/nylon–blend sacks with multicolored dots on an olive-green backgraund, by Laura Pearsan, $21. Mercerized cotton/nylon–blend socks with symbols of Manhattan as an integrated pattern, by E. G. Smith Socks from The Sir Real Collection, $10. Silk watercalor floral-patterned braces, by Ermenegildo Zegna, abaut $99. Woven-silk braces, by AKM, about $75. Summer-art-patterned cottan/nylon–blend socks, by Studio Tokyo, $12. Watch-patterned cotton/nylon socks, by Gordon Walker, $11.

JAMES IMBRIOGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 168.

Left: Beat the summer heat in this no-swelter hand-knit sweater in a tropical-fruit print, $165, worn with navy catton/linen dauble-pleated trousers, about $75, bath by Roger Forsythe for Perry Ellis. Right: Why choose between a cosual and a dressy look when the season's hottest styles combine a bit of both? This fellow combines o neutral-colored glen-plaid silk/linen/wool–blend single-breosted notched-lopel jacket with open patch pockets, $625, with khaki soft washed-linen/cotton double-reverse-pleated trousers with off-seam besom pockets, $225, a midnight-blue sond-washed-silk buttondown shirt, $205, silk faded-tapestry floral-print tie, $75, and paisley pocket square, $40, all by Joseph Abboud.

as men grapple with their blocked maturity, a figure of primal strength has emerged from the ooze

CALL OF THE WILD

article **By Asa Baber** This is about a revolution in male self-perception. Women have had their opportunity to create their cultural revolution. Now it is our turn. After too many years of allowing other people to define us, we are going to define ourselves.

Just for openers, do you remember when you first realized that men had their own problems in this culture? Was there a moment when you saw that sexism was as frequently targeted against men as against women?

When did you recognize that the formation of a solid male identity was not always easy to achieve in this society, that there were as many obstacles to growth and maturity *and equality* for men as there were for women?

And, finally, how long have you yearned to turn this feminized and prejudiced culture on its ear and assert your own identity and worth as a man?

Stick around; the next revolution is happening. Men—the average guy, not the *GQ* dandy, not the teacher's pet—are taking back the culture. It is a great time to be alive.

The seeds of my own revolution were planted early. The year was 1973. The place was Honolulu. At the time, I was losing custody of my two sons, Jim and Brendan, ages eight and five.

The sexism against men that I found in divorce court and its attendant

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

provinces was overwhelming. In law offices, in courtrooms, in counseling sessions with the so-called experts who staffed the system, in classroom meetings with teachers and administrators, I was learning that the sexist bias against men in child-custody matters was intense and all-encompassing. The male in the divorce process was considered an irrelevant appendage to the nuclear family.

I fought hard for it, but I knew in my heart that I didn't have much of a chance of winning custody of Jim and Brendan. In those days, something like 95 percent of contested child custody cases were resolved in favor of the mother. (The figures are a little better today, but the system is still stacked against the father's rights.)

I had been a good father, a very involved father, a man who had spent at least as much time with his children as their mother had. But I lost custody of my sons, and the weight of that decision shattered me. I was losing the two most important people in my life, young sons who had taught me how to love, how to nurture, how to pare down my aggressive ego and place other human beings ahead of myself.

After the divorce, I went through several years of feeling unmanly and useless. Cut off from my sons—communications between us often obstructed, visitation frequently under threat of change and postponement—I had no pride in myself as a male.

All of these difficulties and failures were important things for me to experience, however. Without any preconceived plan, I started writing about the subject of men and the sexist prejudices they endure. At first, I wrote for myself, to explain things to myself. And then I got lucky. *Playboy* published an article of mine in December 1978 titled *Who Gets Screwed in a Divorce? I Do!* In that article, I talked about the difficult problems that men face in divorce and child-custody cases. I discussed the need for divorce reform. I also considered a larger subject (and one that is central to the next revolution): "How can we find identity and pride and self-worth *as men*?"

It was a simple but important question, and not many people were asking it publicly in those days. "Men must begin making a case for themselves," I wrote. "Manhood is an honorable condition. . . . It seems clear that men need help today perceiving themselves as men, and such help can come only from themselves." I outlined certain qualities that American males have in abundance but do not always advertise, including qualities such as courage, generosity, sensitivity, intellect, wit and humor. "Men have a job to do redefining our roles and reaching out for health and identity," I wrote.

My 1978 prediction about male resourcefulness turned out to be accurate. It took us a while, but here at the beginning of the Nineties, we are redefining our roles as men. That is what the next revolution is about: the establishment of a tough *and* loving male identity that cannot be obliterated by the sexism and prejudice under which we live.

We are aiming for the very best qualities of manhood. In pursuit of this goal, groups of men across the country are starting to meet on evenings and weekends to attend workshops, to think and explore and write and examine their roles as men. True, their efforts are occasionally awkward and improvisational and, yes, there are times when their methods could easily be mocked and misunderstood. But that does not discourage them. "For this is the journey that men make," wrote James Michener in *The Fires of Spring*. "To find themselves. If they fail in this, it doesn't matter what else they find."

•

In April 1982, I published my first *Men* column, "Role Models." In it, I talked about the way men learn and work and grow: "Men are by nature collegiate. We are convivial scavengers, patching our personalities together with chewing gum and baling wire. We collect traits from a million different sources."

The sources we are using to patch together our male revolution are likewise numerous and eclectic. They include the writings of Carl Jung, the poems, stories and interviews of Robert Bly, Bruno Bettelheim's theories about the uses of enchantment, fragments of fairy tales from the brothers Grimm, the work of Joseph Campbell, medieval legends about King Arthur's court, the perceptions and storytelling of the contemporary mythologist Michael Meade, the novels of D. H. Lawrence, the writings of William James, American Indian practices and rituals, segments of classical Greek myths, the writings and lectures of John Bradshaw on the origins and functions of shame in our culture, the insights of Jungian psychoanalyst Robert Moore and a host of other influences and properties.

Let's take a quick look at two men from the roster just listed: Joseph Campbell and Robert Bly.

A fundamental source for our next revolution is the work of the late scholar Joseph Campbell. His writings, including such books as *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* and *Myths to Live By*, and his interviews with Bill Moyers on PBS (published under the title *The Power of Myth*), have shown men how to take myths and stories from different ages and different cultures and make them useful in their own lives.

Myths are "*models* for understanding your own life," Campbell says. "Anybody going on a journey, inward or outward, to find values, will be on a journey that has been described many times in the myths of mankind."

It is this idea of the journey inward, every man an explorer and hero as he faces his inner self, that suits us as men today. Our fathers and their fathers before them faced great hazards and overcame them with courage and persistence. And although their journeys were generally outward bound, not inner directed, the heroes of those ancient myths serve as examples as we confront our own difficulties and scrutinize the dynamics of our own male identity. Granted, it takes some grandiosity for the contemporary American male to see himself as an explorer embarking on a difficult expedition, but he is just that.

Under the fire of contemporary feminist scolding and sexism, the average man has been forced to question his identity and sexuality, and he has usually done so in isolation. But if he examines the myths of the past, he will learn that he is not as sequestered as he thought, that other men have traveled into treacherous territory before, experienced certain risks and come out of the labyrinth alive and well.

Take the tale of Aeneas. Wandering the world after the fall of Troy, Aeneas ventures into the underworld in search of his father, Anchises. Aeneas fords the dreadful river Styx, braves his way past Cerberus, the monstrous three-headed watchdog of Hades and finally manages to converse with the ghost of Anchises, who teaches Aeneas things he needs to know to continue his journey. Like most sons encountering a long-absent father, Aeneas tries to embrace his father, but his efforts are in vain; his father is a spirit and physically unavailable. However, Aeneas leaves Hades with his father's advice clear in his mind, bolstered by this visit into the unknown.

Most men can identify with the journey of Aeneas (which is recounted in Virgil's *Aeneid*). First, we understand the demands of the physical risks that Aeneas ran. Our lives, too, begin with boyhood quarrels and athletic competition that continue into vigorous adulthood (yes, boys are raised differently from girls). Second, we identify with Aeneas' loneliness, because our lives are frequently unsupported and isolated, in our homes as well as in the

(continued on page 142)

"What's wrong? Didn't you ever wake up in a strange bed before?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

U.S.-SAUDI SWEETHEART

playmate christina leardini combines the best of both worlds

CHRISTINA LEARDINI was a natural candidate for Operation Playmate—a letter-writing campaign to cheer soldiers stationed in Saudi Arabia. For one thing, a career in modeling (including a stint with our lingerie specials) has turned her into a compulsive correspondent. "I have pen pals—photographers, models—everywhere. I write to keep in touch. Just little notes. Maybe quotes from the Bible or a book I've enjoyed. It keeps me real." But there are other reasons. For one thing, Christina's exotic beauty is the result of a Saudi/American alliance that occurred some 22 years ago between her U.S.-born mom and a Saudi doctor. The union was short-lived, and her father moved on. "I have stepbrothers and stepsisters I have never seen, who may not be aware that I exist. I wonder how they'd feel about me, what they look like." Although she has Arab blood, the letter-writing campaign is her first real contact with the strict world of Saudi culture: "We can't be sexy or we could get censored. Obviously, we can't send copies of *Playboy*. I hope

"I'm one of the strongest people I know, but it would score the daylights out of me to be overseas. Our soldiers are younger than I am, and they are facing combat. How could I not support them? This is a family affair. I write at home. My five-year-old son is writing letters at school."

by the time this issue comes out, the boys I've written will be home to see it." (Not that her letters would have been all *that* sexy—she is a happily married mom.) Letter writing suits her in another way. "I'd love to be a comedian," Christina says. "I would like to play the funny, stupid characters on *Saturday Night Live*—the bag lady—anyone not required to wear a push-up bra. But I don't have the guts. I couldn't stand in front of an audience." When we got a chance to watch Christina in action, we saw what she meant. She is more at home with Willy the hotel doorman than she is with crowds of admirers. She is not interested in celebrity or popularity but in one-on-one impact. She wants to be remembered as special, one person at a time. Indeed, she will be.

Christina is a survivor. She looks back on her years as a single mom (she is now married) with some pride. She struggled to make ends meet, working in fast-food chains and fancy restaurants. Lou Maggio, a Tampa agent, encouraged her to try modeling. It's a bit more fun than sweeping up French fries. The happy end to this contemporary Cinderella story is right before your eyes. From adversity, beauty.

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Christina Scalzini

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Christina Marie Leardini

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 109

BIRTH DATE: 1·22·69 BIRTHPLACE: St. Petersburg, Florida

AMBITIONS: Good health, true love, stability and financial security. In other words...a perfect life.

TURN-ONS: Simple kindness, heart-to-heart talks, soft, slow kisses and laughing until I cry.

TURN-OFFS: People who don't smile, men who can't be trusted and those girls who have their eyes on your guy.

FAVORITE FOODS: Messy, meaty, cheesy, saucy ... anything but vegetables!

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Comedians. I love comedians!

FAVORITE COMPLIMENTS: "You're too pretty to be this nice" and "You don't look like you've had a child."

MY OPINION: My personality doesn't match my looks... I'm a nerd trapped in a model's body.

MY LIFE STORY: Don't Ask! (Strictly soap-opera material)

1988 HALLOWEEN WITH MY BEST BUDDY, AUSTIN

JUST ANOTHER DAY ON THE JOB

PRACTICING TO BE A COMEDIAN!

Christina looks like the kind of woman you find in an Obsession ad, but, she says, "I'm a nerd trapped in a model's body. Around the house, I wear a Mickey Mouse sweat shirt, high taps, a pony tail. My idea of a good time is watching cartoons with my son or eating pizza with my husband [of one year]. We're just nice people."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Waking up late one morning, President Gorbachev shuffled to the window and looked out at the streets of Moscow below. To his amazement, they were deserted. He picked up his phone and called several ministers, but no one answered.

Finally, Gorbachev's phone rang. "What's going on?" he asked his foreign minister. "Where is everyone? Why doesn't anyone answer his phone?"

"Don't you remember? Last night, you got drunk and told the evening-news interviewer that anyone who wasn't happy in Russia could leave."

"Oh, this is terrible. I don't remember a thing," Gorbachev moaned. "Does it mean just the two of us are left?"

"No, just you, sir," the minister replied. "I'm calling from New York."

In observance of their 20th wedding anniversary, Carol and Tom returned to the hotel where they had spent their honeymoon. As they got ready for bed, Carol turned to him and coyly cooed, "Honey, what were you thinking twenty years ago tonight?"

"I was thinking I'd screw your brains out," Tom replied.

"Well," Carol purred, "what are you thinking now?"

"I guess," Tom answered after a moment's thought, "that it worked."

Diogenes set about to search for an honest lawyer. After some time, a passer-by asked, "How is your quest going?"

"Not too bad," he replied. "I still have my lantern."

Two elderly gentlemen were sitting on a park bench, watching the girls go by. "You know," one said with a sigh, "until just a few years ago, I only had to *see* a pretty girl and I'd get an erection."

"And now?" the other asked.

"Now . . ." replied the first, "now I don't see so good."

Please, Tracy," the photographer implored his model, "give me some *life*. What's troubling you?"

"My boyfriend lost all his money in the stock market," she explained.

"Oh, too bad," the photographer sympathized. "I'm sure you're feeling sorry for him."

"Yeah, I am," she said. "He'll miss me."

During an exclusive interview with a national-news-magazine reporter, Richard Nixon offered his expansive views on domestic policy and foreign relations. Finally, the discussion turned to his political career and the ex-President admitted that he would consider running again for the nation's highest office.

"Honestly?" the stunned reporter asked.

"No," Nixon replied. "Same as last time."

Come on, Frank," one friend said to another, "your wife's not as bad as you say. What would you do if you found another man in bed with her?"

"I'd break his white cane and shoot his dog."

While looking up to admire their work, two window washers were distressed to see one dirty window they had overlooked on the top floor of the 30-story skyscraper. "What do we do now?" Sam asked.

"Hmmm," Frank said. "I have an idea. Follow me."

After taking the elevator to the roof, Frank told Sam to hold him by the suspenders as he hung over the side of the building to clean the window. While dangling, Frank suddenly burst out in a fit of laughter.

"What's so damn funny?" Sam asked.

"Just imagine," Frank replied, chortling, "if my suspenders broke, the smack you'd get in the face."

What is a *Cosmo* woman's favorite sexual position? Facing Bloomingdale's.

The 70-year-old man sat down in the orthopedic surgeon's office. "You know, Doc," he said, "I've made love in more exotic cars than anyone I know. Must be at least a thousand."

"And now, I suppose, you want me to treat you for the arthritis you got from scrunching up in all those cramped positions," the medic said.

"Hell, no," the old fellow replied. "I want to borrow your Lamborghini."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

"He's terribly sensitive—art gives him an erection."

UNCLE ANDY GEE'S FAREWELL SHOW

unlike stan's other white lies, this one was made to a dying man before 67 witnesses

OF THE THREE logical routes Stan could take from his home to the television station where he worked, he chose the one with the most trees. He seldom varied that part of his routine, avoiding the faster, more efficient freeway and the only slightly less efficient thoroughfare in favor of a leisurely drive past homes he would never be able to afford, past the high school where the students had better cars than he would ever own, past the shopping center where he often took his wife and two young daughters to while away a Saturday afternoon. He wore a polo shirt and clean, pressed chinos—the standard uniform of a 35-year-old executive stopping by his office for a few hours on a Saturday to catch up on work or attend an urgent meeting.

He drove an older Volvo, one that ran well but otherwise showed its age. His wife had given him personalized license plates three years before—KBXT-25, they read—and at first, they made him cringe. Later, he came to like them. Since they were the call letters of the small UHF TV station that he managed, people could assume that the battered Volvo was a company car rather than simply the best he could afford.

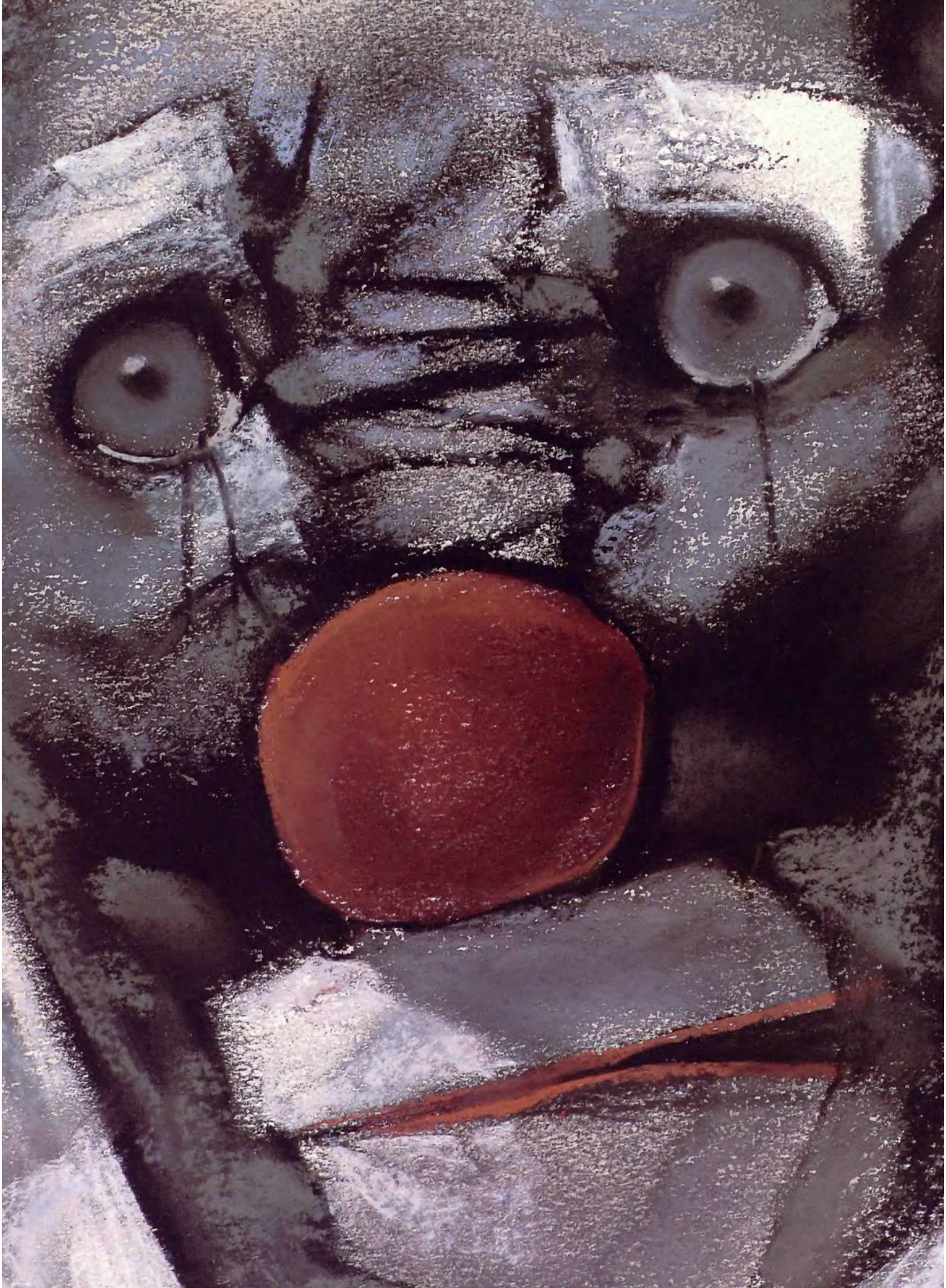
Stan pulled the Volvo into an empty slot near the far sound stage. A few cars were already parked nearby—cars even older and more decrepit than his. They belonged to the crew. And there, of course, in all its purple garishness, was Uncle Andy Gee's Fun Van. Andy Gee had vanity plates, too. They read FUN4KIDZ.

He entered the garagelike studio. Tiny cameras—looking more like the ones used for home movies than for a real television show—were being wheeled into position around the *Fun House* set.

"Stanley, I'm so glad you're here. This will be a very special show. *(continued on page 150)*

 By STEPHEN RANDALL

ILLUSTRATION BY STASYS EIDRIGEVICIUS



GEORGE FOREMAN

On April 19, George Foreman, a terror during the early Seventies, will challenge Evander Holyfield for the heavyweight championship of the world in a bout that some ring observers believe will more closely resemble burlesque than boxing. Maybe they're right. By boxing standards, Foreman is a geezer. Big George turned 43 on January 22 and no longer has the sculpted physique he sported when he won the title with a savage two-round knockout of Joe Frazier in 1973. The cruelest of his critics claim that Foreman has ballooned up to proportions enjoyed by such eminent nonathletes as weatherman Willard Scott and actor Charles Durning. Lawrence Linderman, who interviewed Foreman at his gym in Houston, dismisses such talk. "George is heavy, but he isn't obese, and he can still hit like a mule," Linderman says. "Angelo Dundee, who trained Muhammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard, thinks Foreman won't be a pushover, and so does the betting public: Foreman is only a five-to-one underdog. The price on Buster Douglas was forty-three to one when he beat Mike Tyson in Japan, so an upset isn't all that improbable. But it is unlikely: Holyfield, a proud warrior, isn't taking Foreman lightly—which would be impossible to do, no matter how he felt about the fight."

the ring's senior statesman weighs in on getting old, beating evander holyfield and the joys of a seafood diet

1.

PLAYBOY: You may be big and strong, George, but you're old—the oldest ex-champ ever to try to regain the heavyweight crown. Don't you think you're a little long in the tooth to be fighting for the title?

FOREMAN: What *I* think is that you didn't say, "George, you're big and strong *and* you're old." You should leave the "but" out. I'm going to make *everybody* leave out those B-U-Ts.

2.

PLAYBOY: Why? At forty-three, how can you be the fighter you were when you were the champ at twenty-five?

FOREMAN: First of all, I'm forty-two, not forty-three, like everybody thinks. And I *like* being forty-two. As a matter of fact, I'm more suited to the age I am now than I was when I was in my twenties. I'm a better boxer, a better salesman and a better human being. I'm glad I didn't try to come back at an earlier age, like twenty-nine or thirty. Now I'm much more stable, and I can still do everything I did in my previous career. In fact, I've added things to my repertoire. For instance, I think I'm a faster puncher than when I was younger. In order to get a knockout, you have to hit a guy with a shot he doesn't see. I've knocked out twenty-three of the twenty-four guys I've fought since coming back, so you've gotta consider my speed much more advanced now, because they *don't* see the punch that I hit them with.

3.

PLAYBOY: That may have less to do with speed than with the caliber of opponents you've faced. Boxing writers are unanimous in claiming that you've ducked bouts against good fighters and, instead, have fought what they call "tomato cans." Why are they saying that, George?

FOREMAN: [*Laughs*] They're saying that because it's true. Boxing is a nice, wonderful sport, but after a while, most people who participate in it sound crazy, and I don't want that to happen to me. Going around fighting the toughest guys in the world could have left me in pitiful shape, to the point where when we'd have company at home, my kids would whisper, "Daddy, go back in your room." Some people say, "Hey, George, you haven't done anything. You haven't been bleeding and you haven't really fought anybody." Well, that's the way I like it, and shame on them. If there are guys out there who are tomato cans, I'm gonna fight 'em; if they shouldn't be fighting, take them out of the sport. Look, they called Muhammad Ali The Greatest because he fought everybody and never ducked *anybody*. Fair enough—but I don't want that reputation. Let him be the greatest and have that reputation. I became a contender by following one rule: I don't fight guys unless I'm certain I can whip them. Now you know why I'm fighting Holyfield.

4.

PLAYBOY: We're glad you're so confident about beating him, but let's not overlook the fact that Holyfield, who's undefeated, knocked out Buster Douglas with one punch. Do you doubt that he has the power to do the same to you?

FOREMAN: Look, any time you get two-hundred-pounders, you've got power. Believe me, you can *slap* a man too hard and put him in the hospital. Holyfield's a great fighter and a great champion who's earned his title. And, yes, he has the power to knock anybody out, nobody excluded. He can knock *me* out if I do something foolish—like running into his right hand, which is what Douglas did. Buster said, "Where's your right hand? May I have it, please?" And he got it.

5.

PLAYBOY: According to Holyfield, he studied films of Douglas and planned on countering a Douglas right uppercut with a straight right-hand jab. Have you been studying films of Holyfield?

FOREMAN: I don't get involved in watching films, and I don't have to. All these guys fight pretty much the same: They shoot an arrow and if their opponent paints circles around it, they shout, "Bull's-eye!" They don't plan anything; it just happens. Holyfield hit Buster Douglas, and all of a sudden, they studied films? They're a bunch of liars. No way did it happen like that. One of my sisters told me that her girlfriend bet on the fight. My sister said, "I would never bet on *luck* fighters." That's what Holyfield and Douglas are—luck fighters. They throw punches and they might connect—they don't know. If it happens, they get a knockout.

6.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you don't care for Holyfield. Is that the case?

FOREMAN: Oh, no, I like him. I never hear Holyfield give me any trouble; he's a good guy. You know, my sons are named George, Jr., George III, George IV and George V. I've about run out of Georges, so if we ever have another boy, we may name him Evander.

7.

PLAYBOY: Have you made *any* special plans for battling Holyfield?

FOREMAN: No, I *(continued on page 162)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE CRUM

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

hot tips and predictions on the saturn, the state of luxury, industry mergers and wheels to watch

***article* By KEN GROSS**

IF YOU'RE AN INFORMED and gutsy shopper, now is a great time to buy a new car. Spring inventories have arrived, and despite an impressive selection of new models, a certain anxiety has stalled sales. As we went to press, the fuel crisis continued to escalate and consumer confidence was strained by fears of a recession. A punitive new tax on luxury cars priced over $30,000 also took effect in 1991. Consequently, it's a buyers' market. As dealers sit nervously atop huge, slow-moving inventories, bargains are yours for the making.

If its Hondalike features and Japanese-style factory prove successful, the Saturn could spark a turnaround for G.M. and the American auto industry.

SATURN: LEADING A DETROIT RENAISSANCE

For General Motors, the Saturn was a big, bold step. The company built an entirely new plant in Tennessee and included Japanese-inspired production techniques. It also worked out a precedent-setting agreement with the tough United Auto Workers union, under which auto workers agreed to accept lower salaries, along with an incentive plan that provides bonuses if several quality and production criteria are met.

Priced at about $10,000, the new Saturn is aimed point-blank at existing-model Hondas. Powered by an all-new 1.9-liter, twin-cam, 124-hp four-cylinder engine, it comes in both a sports sedan and a touring sedan—equipped with rack-and-pinion steering and optional four-wheel disc brakes and ABS (antilock brake system).

Luckily, despite its six-year gestation, Saturn has stumbled into a propitious moment in history. Rapidly rising fuel prices and a growing demand among American buyers for home-grown products may mean that Saturn will hit the mark. G.M. has recruited top-notch dealers in excellent sales locations who are as motivated as Saturn's newly minted Tennessee work force.

So far, it has been slow going for the Saturn, because G.M. is not releasing any cars that are less than perfect. Saturn has only one chance to make a good first impression. Once production is up to speed, the new cars had still better be perfect. If they are, they could spark G.M.'s comeback despite internal competition from GEO. But if they are riddled with defects, G.M. (and the entire U.S. auto industry) will have blown a major opportunity.

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

America's love affair with big cars has waxed and waned along with fluctuating gas prices. When the Middle East crisis erupted last August, it seemed the worst possible

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

time for American car makers to claim, "Bigger is better." They did, anyway.

Was this bad marketing or simply bad timing? We think it was a little of both. Remember, it takes three to five years (sometimes longer) from the time a new model is conceived to the moment it rolls off an assembly line. Detroit couldn't have anticipated Saddam Hussein's power grab, but savvy planners should have figured on unstable oil supplies and recognized the world trend toward energy conservation.

Either way, it was a tough call. Americans still pay less for fuel than drivers in any other country. When Detroit auto makers anticipated a fuel squeeze several years ago, they down-sized their cars—and sales shrunk proportionately. As fuel prices stabilized, research indicated that "Yank tanks" could make a comeback. Sure enough, in 1988, when Cadillac stretched its pinched cars back to proportions befitting Caddies of yore, sales picked right up.

Following Cadillac's lead, Chevrolet rolled out a broad-beamed Caprice make-over two years later. One driver joked, "It's the new Hudson." Another called it a "lemon sitting on four dimes." Buick then unveiled its massive Park Avenue Ultra and Oldsmobile recently joined the fray with a return of the old 98 name plate. Buick also has a puffed-up Roadmaster in the works, and car-show appearances of a colossal 1992 Cadillac Seville, slated to arrive late this year, have excited auto enthusiasts. Ford recently launched its newest biggie, the born-again Crown Victoria, a neatly aerodynamic full-sized sedan that shares the Lincoln Town Car's powerful 4.6-liter V8.

Will Detroit's big-car gamble pay off? The buxom Caprice got a cold shoulder at first, then sales picked up as buyers got accustomed to its zaftig shape. On a long highway trip, the Caprice is a comfortable ride.

Our prediction: If gas prices stay below $2.50 per gallon, Americans will buy all the heavy cruisers. It's in our blood.

LUXURY LINERS

Toyota's new Lexus division ended its 1990 model year selling three times as many cars as rival Infiniti and four times as many as Audi. Some months, it even outsold BMW and Mercedes-Benz. It's clear why Lexus triumphed: The $38,000 LS 400 offered "the German car Americans really wanted," a smoother, quieter, friendlier and much less expensive sedan modeled after the top European makes—the same clever marketing trick that helped Japanese companies dominate the stereo, camera and VCR industries.

The similarly priced Infiniti Q45 was more sports car than luxury sedan. It also remained nearly invisible for too long, thanks to its infamous "rocks and trees" ad campaign. But Infiniti recently announced a fresh solution to support beleaguered dealers—the pert little G20 sports sedan, a crisp handler packing a spunky twin-cam, 140-hp four-cylinder engine and ABS. (Close your eyes in a G20 and you'd think you were in a Bavarian sports model.)

The G20 represents good value at $18,000, though to be really competitive, it should have an air bag. But the littlest Infiniti's biggest rival remains parent company Nissan's own Maxima, a somewhat larger and sleeker six-cylinder sedan that costs about the same as a G20.

Upping the ante, Lexus will roll out its SC 400 later this year. This smoothly aerodynamic V8-engined sports coupe has all the stance and power of a BMW 850i at one half the Beemer flagship's $75,000 price. With such a superior new entry to come, we expect Lexus to continue to outsell Infiniti.

Another luxury contender, Acura's Legend, has been restyled, re-engineered and marginally upsized for 1991. Both the sedan and the coupe are more powerful, with 200-hp, 3.2-liter V6 engines mounted lengthwise (instead of transversely like the old models') for improved weight distribution and handling (and perhaps for a future all-wheel-drive conversion).

The new Legend coupe's styling is more aggressive than the sedan's and it has stiffer suspension, befitting a sportier model. To ensure that its long doors seal correctly, the coupe boasts motorized door closers, similar to the power-operated trunk lids on many luxury sedans. Both models offer plenty of luxury in packages starting at about $27,000.

Saab recently turbocharged its super-smooth, balance-shaft-equipped, 16-valve, 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine. We test-drove this 200-hp 9000 Turbo on German autobahns. It's a very quick, fuel-efficient alternative for luxury-car buyers who don't want to see themselves coming and going. For 1991, Saab sells both the 9000 Turbo, a $33,000 racy five-door hatchback, and the more luxurious, softer-riding 9000CD Turbo four-door. Both cars offer the longest warranty of any foreign make: six years or 80,000 miles.

Volvo's steady sales volume slipped a little in 1990 because of the impact of the Japanese luxury name plates. But the Swedes are set in 1991 to roll out their own Lexus/Infiniti fighter, the 960, an even bigger sedan boasting a 201-hp, three-liter, twin-cam V6 engine. Until then, the $33,000 940 offers everything its future sibling will except the six-cylinder engine.

Unfortunately, Volvo's award-winning advertising campaign promoting safety was seriously undermined by a deceptive TV commercial in which the roof of a seemingly indestructible Volvo sedan was reinforced in order to withstand repeated crushing runs by a monster truck. Said a rival German car maker, "We're sorry for Volvo, but this incident hurts every car maker's reputation. It may be a while before the public believes any demonstration in an automobile advertisement."

Each of these car makers is anticipating lower volume in 1991, thanks to the new luxury-tax ruling (buyers pay a ten percent premium on the amount any car's price exceeds $30,000). Japanese entries, especially the Legend, hold the high cards because of lower luxury taxes and, in most cases, no gas-guzzler tax penalties.

VANS *VS.* WAGONS

For years, the big station wagon was America's family hauler of choice. Due to an anticipated oil crisis in 1983, Chrysler's fuel-efficient, smaller but still spacious minivans became an overnight sensation. Competitors rushed to copy them. Early imitations from Ford (Aerostar), Toyota (Van) and Nissan (Axxess) were small, trucklike and lacked the family amenities and passenger-car feel that Chrysler had built in from the beginning.

As a result, the minivan became Chrysler's volume and profit leader. At last count, it had sold more than 2,500,000 units. Recent styling changes have improved the vehicle's looks and appointments even more. And ABS and optional all-wheel drive are welcome additions.

A second-generation effort from Toyota, the revolutionary Previa (with its pancake-shaped engine to maximize space), and Mazda's sleek MPV are contenders. But Chrysler's minivans are still demonstrably better in power, drivability, spaciousness and ease of access than their competition—particularly the three G.M. spaceship clones from Chevrolet (Lumina APV), Pontiac (Trans Sport) and Oldsmobile (Silhouette).

Chrysler will likely retain its minivan-sales crown, but it will be under increasing pressure. Ford and Nissan have teamed up on a minivan project; Mitsubishi is planning an entry.

As family needs change, station wagons are staging a comeback. Honda recently introduced an Accord wagon, capitalizing on that model's popularity as America's largest-selling single name

(continued on page 165)

"But that was the chef's special, madam."

PLAYBOY

COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

There's still time to test the latest cross-country ski gear. Left to right: SNS901 boots, by Salomon, $65; Lynx skis, by Karhu, $124; 47 LTS skis, by Rossignol, $150; Titan Sport Tour skis, by Karhu, $119; CS100 boots, by Trak, $78; Stellar skis, by Peltonen, $145; all from MC Mages, Chicago.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

It weighs less than two pounds, but Panasonic's PV-40 Palmcorder is heavy on high-tech features, including Electronic Image Stabilization, auto focus and zoom, about $1300.

Schuco created these metal classic-car replicas. Silver 1936 Mercedes, $55, blue 1936 BMW 328 Examico, $115, and red Ferrari, $65, from Kinder-Zimmer, San Francisco.

Proton's programmable UVA-2000 Universal Remote Control runs infrared-controllable audio and video equipment, plus lighting and security systems, about $140.

Radical! is the name of Aiwa's Super Bass AM/FM/cassette personal stereo that has a case housing a sensor that changes color when exposed to ultraviolet rays, $110.

Perfect for gracious entertaining, this mahogany port-and-stilton tray comes with a staghorn-handled cheese knife and a crystal decanter, from Asprey, New York, $850.

Heading to the North or South Pole? Strap on Yema's Bipole Watch timepiece/navigational tool made of titanium and carbon for arctic temperatures, about $1500. Hot!

Where & How to Buy on page 16B.

NEC's TurboExpress color game system, $250, is compatible with TurboGrafx-16 software and doubles as a TV, complete with VCR jack, when plugged into the optional tuner, $100.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

LET'S HEAR IT FOR A GUY WHO DOES WHAT HE DOES WITHOUT FLINGING HIS GOOD LOOKS IN YOUR FACE

STEVE MARTIN, NATIONAL TREASURE

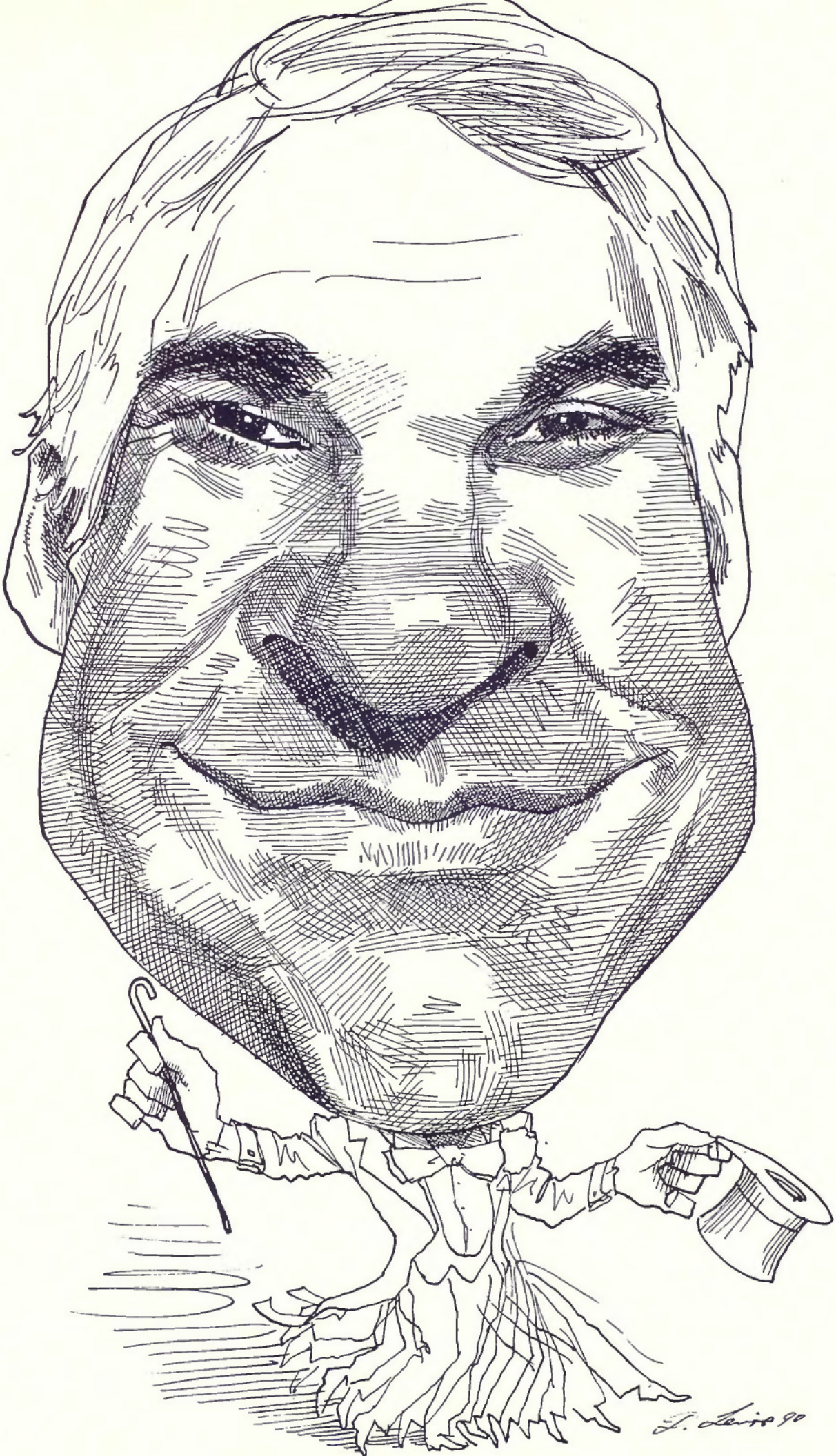
IS STEVE Martin a national treasure? Let's take a look at the record. For one thing, he is certainly our cleanest actor. It's no accident that the Defense Department picked him to be the first celebrity to visit our troops in Saudi Arabia, as an example, among other things, of cleanliness in the American acting profession. Once there, he was not allowed to actually *entertain* anyone—for fear of offending our Saudi hosts—and was restricted to a little tense walking around in the sand. But that wasn't Martin's fault. He was asked to go and he went, a quality you look for in your national treasures.

Not only is Martin our cleanest actor, he is also one of our friendliest and most cooperative. The Defense Department asked him not to discuss Barbra Streisand movies in the desert—for fear of *really* offending our Saudi hosts—and from all reports, he did not discuss any, even though it's common knowledge that one of his favorite things to do is to analyze *Yentl*. Apart from some spirited give-and-take with a nomad in which he made a single veiled reference to *Nuts*, Martin went along with the Defense Department's wishes. It wasn't until he got back to the safety of Beverly Hills that he let it all out of his system, pigging out on repeated showings of *Up the Sandbox* and sounding out the Israelis on the possibility of planing Jackie Mason into Riyadh for a forced concert. Can you blame him? Wouldn't all of us have done the same if we'd had the clout?

Steve Martin is also one of our handsomest actors, bearing an eerie resemblance to Evander Holyfield, something that neither luminary has chosen to exploit. Martin doesn't fling his good looks in your face, like that Harmon guy a few years ago. He's sneaky about it. He *dares* you to find him handsome. You say, All right, I'll give it a shot. You start with the great chin, work your way up, and then, all of a sudden, you say, Wait a minute, this fucker is really handsome. On top of everything else. And thanks for daring me to discover this. If he could just sit still and not feel a need to do something goofy every two minutes, he could go the full handsome route. Maybe even pick up some change as a male model if he wanted to take a break from his film commitments.

Which brings us to the question of Martin's acting. Reams have been written on the subject and the last thing we need is another ream. So can we just say this much—and leave it at that? The man is an actor. He can act, he has acted and he'll act again. He's probably off somewhere acting as we speak. What exactly do people think he's doing up there, crossword puzzles? That quick thing that he does in *Planes, Trains*, etc. where he sees that John Candy is more than a slob and is a human being with hopes and fears, etc. What was that, spit? That was acting. The only reason the

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



question ever comes up is that he doesn't say, "Look at me, guys, I'm acting. Want to see a little thespian stuff? Check this out."

In other words, Martin doesn't *act* act, and there is no reason to drag John Malkovich into this discussion. Martin does what he does, and Malkovich does that thing that he does. Isn't there plenty of room for Malkovich *and* Martin in an industry that's supposed to be expanding globally? It's not as if they were competing for the same roles. People aren't saying, We can't get Martin, we'll get Malkovich, he'll work for 40 cents. Nor is it written that they ever have to be seen on the screen together. It isn't as if there were some movement afoot at Carolco to team them up in some weird kind of Louis Quinze buddy movie. Although Martin would probably think it was just goofy enough to work. It's hard to predict what Malkovich would think.

Does Martin wink at his material while he's acting? Reams have been written about this, too, though not as many reams. It's an absurd theory, but before we put it to rest, let's just say, for argument's sake, that he did a little winking and acting at the same time—at some early point, when he was trying to get his career under way. In Vancouver. Someplace like that. Edmonton. So let's just say that. What is it supposed to be, easy all of a sudden? Try it sometime, winking and acting at the same time. Who else in the industry can do it, Kiefer Sutherland? One person can, that's for sure. That same little legend in the making who turned in a little classic performance doing *two things at once* in a little award winner *and* top grosser called *All of Me*. So can we just close the case on the winking thing?

Martin takes chances, just the way we do as a nation, in the Persian Gulf, for example. What if he had been wrong about *Roxanne*, and there were no market for a picture like that? What if they weren't willing to sit and watch a guy with that kind of nose for two hours, no matter how much they longed for escapist fare? What if it was a mistake? Where would Martin be? Forget Martin, where would *Columbia* be, with the millions committed in prints and advertising and he's running around with a nose that nobody wants to look at? A nose they could stand for maybe ten minutes tops and they're out of there?

But Martin said, Fuck it. I want to wear the nose. It's something I've always wanted to do. Jose Ferrer did it, Depardieu's got a nose script, I'm going with the nose. If they come, they come. If not, I'll find something else to do. The exact attitude we took in the Persian Gulf.

And did they ever come. And was he ever right. They came, they watched the nose, they didn't freak, they had their hearts broken, they saw some sexy stuff, Columbia got its money out and the rest? The rest, for all we know, could be *Roxanne Two: The Married Years*. Martin was right, just as we may turn out to be right in the Gulf. We'll find out soon enough. But that's not the point. The point is that Martin *tried* something, just as we did as a nation. He didn't sit around and let events take their natural course, like Eisenhower.

Steve Martin dresses beautifully and is never involved in public spats. No matter how much the *Enquirer* pays the waiters at Spago, it hasn't been able to come up with anything on the man. There's nothing to come up with. Even if Martin *wanted* them to come up with something, he'd be out of luck. He couldn't fight his way into the *Enquirer*. The most a waiter will say about him is that he came in, he ate a nice dinner, he didn't berate anyone—and he left. I don't care how much you pay me, that's all I've got. What do you want me to say, that he knocked over a salt shaker? Fine, you got it:

"STEVE MARTIN KNOCKS OVER SALT SHAKER AT SPAGO,"
"Friends Hint It's Not the First Time."

Martin doesn't age. If you look at him in *The Jerk* and you look at him now, you'll see that the most he has aged is a couple of weeks. In that way, too, he's a lot like our nation, which doesn't age, either, at least in its principles, holding firm to its democratic ideals while every kind of strange type from God knows where comes swarming into our cities, fanning out into our once-quiet suburbs. . . . Is there really a need to go on? In spite of everything, we've stood firm and remained a young pup of a nation, ready and eager to be peaceful, go to war, whatever. Is that the Steve Martin story in a nutshell or what?

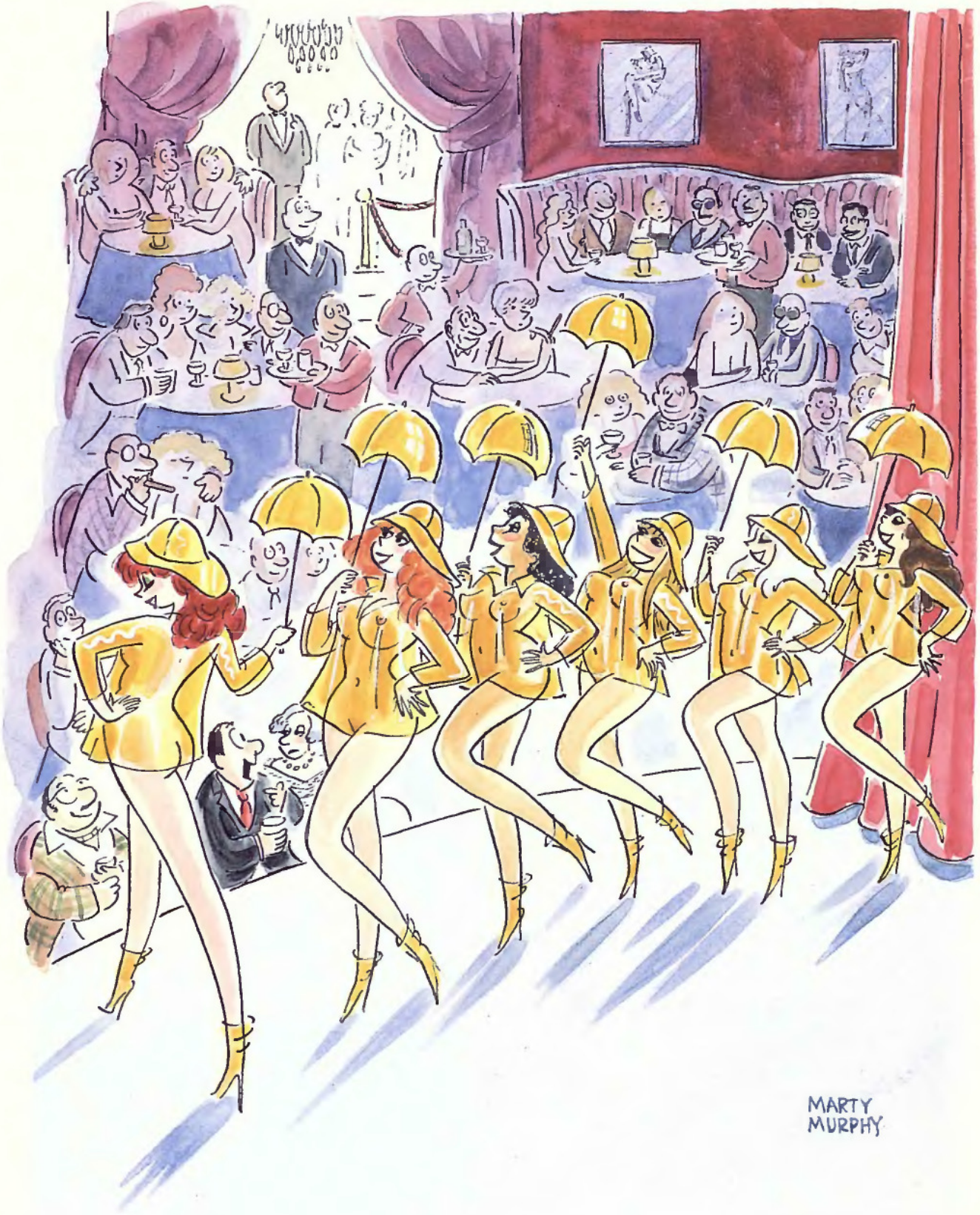
In many ways, Martin physically resembles America, with that empty, trusting thing that he does. And there are Steve Martin look-alikes everywhere, particularly on buses. There's practically a special seat reserved for the Martin type on every bus, a big trusting guy with an open collar and a scrubbed neck who can hardly wait to get to town and get fleeced. Lot of sales representatives look like Steve Martin, particularly ones who've lost their jobs but are gamely sending out résumés and would prefer not to go into service industries. And for every individual who looks like Martin, there's another who thinks he looks like Martin. Big, hairy agents, for example, white guys with big black Afros think they look like him. You'll approach one at a party, and he'll wave you off, saying, "I know, I know . . . I look like Steve Martin. . . ." On the other hand, very few Orientals look like Martin, though there are many Chinese waiters who resemble the late Ed Sullivan.

Finally, there's the strong sense of humanity. All the great ones have it, in literature, in painting, even in carpentry. Martin's got it, not only on screen but in his workaday life. I saw it personally, at a restaurant, where he displayed humanity to the people at the next table, the waiters, the salad chef, everybody. He even brought out the humanity in his dinner partner, Charles Grodin, which has always been *there* but, as the people close to Grodin will testify, tends to be a little on the dormant side.

Once again, the entire point of this analysis would be lost if it were taken as a backhanded slap at John Malkovich. Or even at Judd Hirsch, for that matter, and all that *he* stands for. If we wanted to go after Malkovich or Hirsch, we would do it directly. We're not afraid of Malkovich and we're certainly not afraid of Hirsch. Both of them have pockets of support and a case can certainly be made for either of them, if not quite as a national treasure, then at least as a local or, perhaps, industry treasure. But we're not talking about Hirsch and Malkovich. We're talking about The Goofy One. Because isn't it Martin who has the style we want to project in the difficult Nineties? The side of us we'd like to present to our friends and allies around the world, with the possible exception of Israel? That of a clean-cut nation that doesn't throw its looks in your face, takes chances and bears an eerie resemblance to Evander Holyfield?

There are those who'll say, Hey, guys, what's the rush? The man has barely gotten out of the gate. If you're talking Gene Hackman, Jason Robards, you step on the gas a little. But Martin? He hasn't done Lear, he hasn't done Beethoven. He did a little Beckett, a little indirect Rostand, but, again, why the rush to acting sainthood? Well, the answer to that is that, first of all, do we really need to *see* him do Lear? Don't we know what kind of wacky Lear he'll come up with? With John Candy as Goneril? Aren't we howling already? And besides, maybe there is a rush. What if—in the interest of adding authenticity to a shaky comedy moment—Martin got carried away and just hurled himself into an active chimney? Where would he be then? Never mind Martin, where would *we* be? Here's where we'd be: in the position of never having told the man he was a national treasure. So let's get it on right

(concluded on page 150)



"I don't mind tellin' ya, Edna, when they sing 'When you walk through a storm, keep your head up high,' I get goose bumps!"

WOMEN OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGES

after a brief identity crisis, the schools of the tender gender are alive and kicking in the u.s.

THE TEMPEST STRUCK last spring on a quiet, wooded campus in Oakland, California. Mills College—a prestigious 139-year-old liberal-arts school best known for its exclusively skirted student body—decided to permit men to enroll. The announcement was one in a long line of defections by all-female institutions. According to *The Boston Globe*, the national roster of women's schools had taken a beating over the past several decades, its number atrophying from 298 in 1960 to 93 in 1990. Ensuing protests—and there were plenty, from thoughtful editorials to strident demonstrations—made the intended waves: Mills's head honchos reversed their decision. Since then, women's colleges have been blazing a comeback, most notably last May, when two students from Regis College in Weston, Massachusetts, chartered the Students' Alliance for Women's Colleges, an organization bent on restoring pride and popularity to single-sex education.

Naturally, we were interested. "Throughout our fourteen-year history of featuring pictorials on college women," says *Playboy*'s Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen, "we've leaned toward schools from athletic conferences dominated by male sports. It was only fair, then, that we take our search to the women's colleges." Last October, Cohen dispatched Contributing Photographers David Chan and Arny Freytag and, as always, controversy brewed as the camera clicked—students picketed, *USA Today* tracked the story, Donahue hosted a TV debate. But Chan and Freytag returned triumphant, their portfolio spotlighting 14 schools in five states—four each in Georgia, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; one each in New Jersey and Missouri. "Truth be told," says Cohen, "the women weren't so different from those featured in our other college pictorials. Yes, they were all intelligent and conscientious about sisterhood and women's issues. But they were also very friendly and *very* sexy."

So enjoy. And while you're at it, you can pick *your* favorite woman of the women's schools—help her win $5000 to further her education and possibly win yourself a trip to Playboy Mansion West—by calling 900-740-3636 (in the United States only), listening to the women and casting your vote. See page 143 for further details.

Opposite: Strutting their stuff on the lawns of Brenau Women's College in Gainesville, Georgia, and ready for business are (from left) Lisa Pellegrini, Illicia Lori Goodman and Raquel Fisher. Lisa's originally from Redondo Beach, California, and hopes one day to manage a civic center; Illicia—also born in California—is one of seven children, likes riding horses and loves a man in uniform; and Raquel is a Georgia native who's working toward a career in education. Her preferences in companions: "nonconformists who like to have a good time." Lest you believe *all* is work on the Brenau campus, the trio occasionally swaps shop talk for pillow talk (top).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND ARNY FREYTAG

WHEATON
COLLEGE

Moving clockwise around the facing page, from top left: Jody Fraser attended William Woods College in Fulton, Missouri, where she received a degree in equestrian science and sociology. The daughter of a fireman and an R.N., Jody's set on somedoy owning her own farm. From Wheaton College in Norton, Massachusetts, is Shauna McCarty, an actress and model who once grabbed runner-up honors in the Miss America prelims. These days, she's a regular finalist on Wheaton's dean's list. Debra Lafaye left Springfield, Vermont, to attend Moore College of Art in Philadelphia, where she's studying to be a fashion illustrator. Her passion: short visits to the country; her peeve: long visits to the country. Formerly from Spelman College in Atlanta is Alicia Rosado, now attending "U Mass." Determined to "give something back to the community," Alicio—who has served in the Army reserve—is trying out far the police force in her native Boston. Below, meet Jennifer Chandler, a recent grad of Pine Manor College in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. Born in New York City, Jennifer is eying a career in—and on—television. Suzanne Redmon (right) hails from Asheville, North Carolina, where she developed a love for "animals and good restaurants." Now she's attending Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, where she spends much of her down time at Tom Hanks movies. Don't be surprised if you find Suzonne spellbinding: She dabbles in hypnotherapy.

SMITH
CEDAR CREST COLLEGE
BRENAU
ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Opposite: "The supernatural intrigues me," says Laura Galdbaum (top left), a philosophy major currently daing the premed grind at Smith College in Narthamptan, Massachusetts. "I'm studying metaphysical mental pawers and life as a creative wark af art," she says. Na argument fram us. This May, Jeanne Fendler (tap right) will get her nursing degree fram Cedar Crest College in her hame town af Allentawn, Pennsylvania. A bird watcher and callectar af Teddy bears, Jeanne is a pushaver far someane wha gives gaad back-scratch. Formerly from Rasemont College in Pennsylvania is Jean Gassan (battam), a marketing consultant, gymnast and diehard Madonna fan. "She's a true woman," says Jean af the rack superstar, "wha's nat afraid af her feelings and acts on them." Jean's lang-range gaal: "to have my awn longevity center." Abave, taking a break from classes at Brenau is Andria Lee Waugh, a cat laver and native of Greenville, Illinais. A lady wha likes her men "smart and mature," Andria is aiming for a career as an elementary school principal.

Although Karey Axell (above left) was born in Philly, she's now a genuine Jersey girl, attending Centenary College in the Garden State hamlet of Hackettstown. A draftsman who shoots a mean game of pool, Karey confesses she's "shy, easily embarrassed and easy to walk on." Below Karey is Kathleen O'Neil Voss, a saphamore at Agnes Scott. A writer who likes hot Latin dancing, Kathleen boasts that her 17-year-old brother is her best friend and that "all my girlfriends fall in love with him." Aurora Stuski (belaw) graduated fram Beaver College in Glenside, Pennsylvania, in 1988. (Beaver went caed in 1973 but kept its pravocative name.) Consistent with her sparkle, Aurora now practices gemology. But suitors, beware: "I don't like standard pick-up lines," says Aurara, "especially, 'Haven't we met before?'" Domino Sweete (oppasite, tap left), a native of Geissen, West Germany, attends Simmons College in Baston, where she dreams of becoming a doctor. Her favorite indulgences take place autdaars. Kicking it up for Pine Manar is future entrepreneur Deidre Mitchell (opposite, tap right). The daughter of an ex-pro-football player, Deidre laves ald-fashioned men, "but I *hate* snooty Harvard guys." Anne Mullahy (apposite, bottom) divides her time between psych studies at Simmons and classes at Baston's Nartheastern U. "Meanwhile, I want ta experience all I can," she says, "and to make peaple happy." Caunt us in.

Nineteen-year-old Tara Mack (above left) is about as Southern as you can get: She was born in Memphis, calls New Orleans home and attends Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia, where her chief complaint is typically collegiate: "I don't get enough sleep." Being given a lift by an eager trio of fans (top right) is Simmons' Tori Leslie, a future pediatric nurse with a yen for "romantic, ambitious, spontaneous, intelligent, worldly men." But don't try to *sell* yourself to Tori in those terms: She avoids guys with "big egos." Below Tori is Moore College's Susan Sullivan, an aerobics enthusiast who's banking on a career as an advertising designer. Besides being a lover of art, Susan promotes free choice, environmental awareness and peace. Finally, say hi and bye to Deborah Reel (opposite), who will graduate this May from Agnes Scott—and not a minute too soon. "I love to travel and hope for a career that will allow me to do just that," says the Chicago native. "I especially like exploring places I've never been before." Bon voyage, Deb. Need a traveling companion?

CALL OF THE WILD *(continued from page 100)*

"The Cro-Magnon man lives deep inside us; if this rudimentary part of us dies, male identity dies."

culture. Third, we understand the story of a man's going on a hazardous search for his father's spirit. We have all been there. Our fathers baffle us, intrigue us, haunt us. We never get away from them, and yet we are often fearful of confronting them, even after they have left us. The quest of Aeneas is our quest.

This search for our fathers is at the heart of male identity, and you will find no more emotional or difficult subject on the male agenda. We know we will travel where Aeneas has traveled. He is our brother, our contemporary, and he reminds us of how direct our link is to our forefathers.

No discussion of men and the next revolution can take place without consideration of Robert Bly, a major resource for men today. A highly respected poet, writer and lecturer, Bly is the foremost popularizer of the mythic approach to the male journey. In a recent issue of *New Age* magazine, he is saying much the same thing that he said there nine years ago in a pioneering interview with Keith Thompson. The subject centers on contemporary men and their struggles toward masculinity.

In that 1982 interview, Bly begins by citing the men of the past three decades who mark some kind of break in historical traditions of masculinity: "The waste and anguish of the Vietnam war made men [of the Sixties and Seventies] question what an adult male really is. . . . As men began to look at women and at their concerns, some men began to see their own feminine side and pay attention to it. That process continues to this day, and I would say that most young males are now involved in it to some extent."

Bly then sounds a note of caution. "The step of the male bringing forth his feminine consciousness is an important one—and yet I have the sense that there is something wrong. The male in the past twenty years has become more thoughtful, more gentle. But by this process, he has *not* become more free. He's a nice boy who now pleases not only his mother but also the young woman he is living with.

"I see the phenomenon," Bly continues, "of what I would call the 'soft male' all over the country today. . . . But something's wrong. Many of these men are unhappy. There's not much energy in them. They are life-preserving but not exactly *life-giving*."

For me, Bly presents a precise summation of what has happened to many men over the past three decades—when the feminist revolution has taken over the culture and told us how terrible we were as men and how much we needed to change. To be *macho* in any manner has been unfashionable. And yet, every man has an element of the *macho* in his genetic structure. To deny it and suppress it can be deadly to men (and to the culture). Such denial can leave us depressed, without energy or passion or identity.

As men, we have special gifts. One of those is the ability to be in touch with the Cro-Magnon man who lives somewhere deep inside our hearts and minds and calls to us. It is vital to remember that this man is not a savage. In no way is he an uncontrolled killer or evil oppressor. He is primordial but not barbaric, aboriginal but not vicious. He represents what is *best* in the spirit of manhood. Indomitable and invincible and wild, ready to protect and defend and compete, his instinct and perceptions necessary to ensure the survival of the human race, this primitive man at the center of our psyches must be allowed room to live and breathe and express himself. If this rudimentary part of us dies, male identity dies.

Bly, borrowing a term from *Iron John*, a tale written by the Grimm brothers in 1820, calls this primitive man "the wildman." It is not a bad name for him.

In *Iron John*, a young man on a difficult journey sees a large, hairy creature—the wildman—at the bottom of a pond that the young man is emptying, bucket by bucket. This discovery is frightening and intriguing. "What I'm proposing," says Bly, "is that every modern male has, lying at the bottom of his psyche, a large, primitive man covered with hair down to his feet. Making contact with this wildman . . . is the process that still hasn't taken place in contemporary culture. . . . Freud, Jung and Wilhelm Reich are three men who had the courage to go down into the pond and accept what's there. . . . The job of modern males is to follow them down."

Accepting what is dark down there—what he calls "the shadow"—is another task that Bly assigns to any man who would discover his true male self and become an initiated male. Under Bly's urging, men are beginning to explore this shadow side of their personalities. Anger, aggression, grief, feelings of abandonment and rejection, rage, confusion—all the varied dark and shadowy forces that whirl around like demons in the male psyche—these are things that we have tried to deny or ignore in order to be acceptable and admired.

But we have tried much too hard to be nice and we have essentially handed over the job of self-definition to others. This turns out to have been self-destructive. We emasculate and feminize ourselves to gain female approval—and then we hope against all available evidence that our powerful masculine energies will leave us alone. But is that likely?

Face it: For most men, the hope that our energy will fade away is vain. Witness the fact that our sexuality emerges at a very early age—usually much earlier than the emergence of female sexuality—and carries with it a beautiful immediacy, from spontaneous erections to wet dreams to vivid fantasies. This immediacy of male sexuality lasts well into our adulthood, even into old age for many men. Are we really going to be able to suppress all of that energy? And why *should* we repudiate such a unique and wonderful drive?

To use a Bly analogy, "The Widow Douglas wanted Huck Finn to be nice. And after he has floated down the river with a black man, Aunt Sally wants to adopt him and 'civilize' him. Huck says, 'I can't stand it. I been there before.'"

Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

The wildman lives in every man. He is beautiful and divine. He has enormous, fundamental energy and a great love for the world. He is just as much a nurturer and protector and creator as any female figure, but he will do that nurturing and protecting in his own masculine way. It is time for the wildman in us to be celebrated without shame. That celebration is part of what our revolution is about. It is our job as men to know ourselves better so that we can contribute more to this world and be more honest with ourselves. We have a right to our revolution, in other words. An absolute right.

•

Cut to a damp and cold weekend in November 1988 at a lodge somewhere in Wisconsin. I am attending The New Warrior Training Adventure, one of the only programs in the country that emphasize male initiation as a necessary rite of passage. It is late at night, I have been here for a day and a half already and I am surrounded by a group of men who are asking me with focused energy to look deeply into my life. Who am I? What is my mission in life as a man? What is it that holds me back from completing my mission? What is my shadow, and how does it haunt me?

Understand that a number of things have occurred at this seminar before this moment, things that have pushed me and scared me and enlightened me and softened me up for the interrogation at hand. There have been some games, some questioning, there has been a rendition of *Iron John*, a discussion of the shadow and what it means to men. I feel on the edge of a breakthrough. I am not sure that I like that feeling. I see myself

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10 AXELL, KAREY (Centenary), p. 138
11 CHANDLER, JENNIFER (Pine Manor), p. 135
12 FENDLER, JEANNE (Cedar Crest), p. 136
13 FISHER, RAQUEL (Brenau), p. 133
14 FRASER, JDDY (William Woods), p. 134
15 GASSON, JEAN (Rosemont), p. 136
16 GOLDBAUM, LAURA (Smith), p. 136
17 GOODMAN, ILICIA LORI (Brenau), p. 133
18 LAFAYE, DEBRA (Moore), p. 134
19 LESLIE, TORI (Simmons), p. 140
20 MCCARTY, SHAUNA (Wheaton), p. 134
21 MITCHELL, DEIDRE (Pine Manor), p. 139
22 MDCK, TARA (Wesleyan), p. 140
23 MULLAHY, ANNE (Simmons), p. 139
24 PELLEGRINI, LISA (Brenau), p. 133
25 REDMON, SUZANNE (Agnes Scott), p. 135
26 REEL, DEBORAH (Agnes Scott), p. 141
27 ROSADO, ALICIA (Spelman), p. 134
28 STUSKI, AURORA (Beaver), p. 138
29 SULLIVAN, SUSAN (Moore), p. 140
30 SWEETE, DOMINO (Simmons), p. 139
31 VOSS, KATHLEEN O'NEIL (Agnes Scott), p. 138
32 WAUGH, ANDRIA LEE (Brenau), p. 137

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as a man of containment and self-control, and yet here I am in emotional limbo. I feel like an astronaut on the moon.

I tell the men around me about what I perceive to be my shadow, my tendency toward aggression, my crazy childhood and difficult family life, how tough and defensive I became after early years of violence that seemed endemic in both my home and my neighborhood on Chicago's South Side, how combat-ready I always am, how I think that my turbulent mind-set interferes with my mission in life.

Rich Tosi, a former Marine and one of the founders of the New Warrior Training Adventure program, challenges me on my description of my shadow as that of the ferocious man. "Bullshit, Baber," he says. "I'm not worried about you and your violence. You've explored that. That's not your shadow, because you've faced it. You know the kind of guy who scares me? The man who has never confronted his violence, the passive-aggressive bastard who might freak out and lose control and get violent without any warning at all.

"Take a look. When are you going to admit to the grief you have for the men you've lost in your life? What about your father, for example, or your sons, when you lost custody of them, or the guys from your old neighborhood who never got out of there alive, or the Marines you knew who were killed? You've lost a lot of men, haven't you, Lieutenant? Pick one of the dead ones, any one, and talk to him now. Go on, do it!"

I felt all my defenses crumble and I faced my grief openly for the first time. I mourned, I raged, I pounded the floor, I went down into the dark pond of my psyche and dredged up the forces I had been containing for too many years, I bucketed out my rage and my grief under the guidance of good men.

Tosi and Dr. Ron Hering, another founder of The New Warrior Training Adventure, led me down into the grave of the man I happened to grieve for the most that evening, a Marine named Mike with whom I served and who was killed in a chopper crash in Laos in the mid-Sixties. Mike had been like a younger brother to me. His father had been like a father to me after my own father passed away in 1960. The secret war in Laos would kill Mike first, and Mike's death would kill his father a few years later. Losses? Mine were incalculable, and they had occurred in a very short time. *Two* fathers and many brothers dead in the space of a few years, and the additional specter of a full-scale war that had never been declared a war? I had not been able to handle the heartache of all that, so I had suppressed it, buried it. The heartache, you see, was my shadow.

Ron Hering and Rich Tosi and the other men working with me gave me room to grieve, let me explore my shadow, did not judge me or exploit me for my sadness, understood the losses that most men endure in self-imposed isolation, the denials we elaborately construct to hide from our grief.

Until then, I had always assumed that my physical survival was living proof of my cowardice and unmanliness. It was a certain kind of twisted male syllogism that is not uncommon: Men had died, I had not; therefore, I was undeserving of life; I should have died before them, possibly thereby saving them. That is a classic case of survivor's guilt, of course, and I had it full-blown.

Hering and Tosi and my peers helped me see that the men who had died wanted me to carry on the best traditions of manhood for them. They—all my fathers and brothers and sons from the beginning of time—were handing me the golden ball of masculinity with all its energy and beauty, and they were asking me to preserve it, protect it and pass it on to the next generation of men. *That* was my mission in life.

With that realization, the shadow of guilt and grief that had dominated me faded in the light of my self-examination. I faced my shadow, battled it, tapped into my wildman energy and overcame it. Like Aeneas, I visited Hades and came away from the underworld with a little more wisdom.

In a very real sense, I was now an initiated male, a man ready to accept the joys and obligations of maturity.

"We are living at an important and fruitful moment now," Bly writes in his new book, *Iron John*, "for it is clear to men that the images of adult manhood given by the popular culture are worn out; a man can no longer depend on them. . . . [Men are] open to new visions of what a man is or could be."

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POACHING

(continued from page 88)

Dan says. "Women my age have tried everything. You can't find an inch of skin on their bodies that some guy hasn't drooled over. But college girls have usually had only a few inept lovers." He gets a far-off look, dreaming about all those untouched ankles and unnibbled buttocks.

Coeds seem to appreciate the poachers' interest; the admiration is decidedly mutual. "Men over thirty are better lovers, hands down," says Kate. "I had a boyfriend once who was my age, and mysteriously enough—what's a nice way to say this?—he'd never, um, *administered* oral sex before. It was just his thing. He just didn't.

"If we're going to be technical—and sometimes that makes all the difference—the men I've been with who are older really know what they're doing. It's not younger men's fault that it's this way. Women's bodies are complicated."

Kate described how one man, while kissing her good night, made a sudden deft movement underneath her skirt and stole a furtive caress. "I have to say, whatever he was doing, it felt thoroughly incredible. It's just amazing to be with somebody who knows what you need better than you do. And that's happened to me only with older men."

Kate's naïveté reflects the poacher's only sexual complaint: A coed's inexperience can lead to mishaps in the sack—lethal teeth and fingernails, elbows in the eyes, tumbles off the mattress. Michael and Dan even admitted that they missed the comfort and ease of sex with women their age.

A HOWL FROM THE GALLERY

What happens to a poacher's old life once he descends into the frantic world of coed romance? Well, it's still there—the only difference is, everyone in it is laughing at him. When a 32-year-old man starts sleeping with a 19-year-old girl, his friends, family and co-workers gang up on him like so many shrinks, priests and stand-up comics. Their comments range from disbelief ("You can't be serious—she's *nineteen*?") to jocularity ("Is her mommy paying you to babysit?") to outright hostility—especially from women the poacher's age.

"I think they tend to be a little threatened by the whole thing," Patrick says. "They react especially harshly if you've gone out with them in the past. Several women have accused me of dating young girls because I'm afraid to grow up. They want me to accept something predictable instead of what I really want. . . . They want me to buy a Buick when I'd rather have a Lamborghini."

Some poachers simply drop out of sight, unable to bear the endless taunts and ribbing. This can be disorienting, since it means immersion in a world of

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college kids. Since the poacher no longer sees his friends, he's constantly surrounded by hers. Not all of them will be as poised and sophisticated as his girlfriend—in fact, some will be certifiably teenaged, unconscionably young. On a date at a pizza parlor, he may be the only one not wearing Oxy 5. Every teenager in the place will stare at him, wondering, Is he somebody's uncle? Is he chaperoning a church youth group, or what? His lover's friends will giggle, stealing rolled-eyed looks at their friend's "father of the month." Sleeping with younger girls may once have made him feel 19, but nights like these make a poacher feel closer to 60.

DISILLUSIONMENT SETS IN

No matter how grown up a coed may seem, sooner or later she's bound to slip up. New Kids on the Block will blast accidentally from her tape deck; Twinkies will tumble from her Anne Klein bag. But these are just tremors compared with the true horror to come. Sooner or later, every poacher of coeds 18 to 20 hears the Dreaded Five Words: "May I see your I.D.?"

In a dark Manhattan night club, Michael looked up to see a man grilling Julie. They were with a crowd of his friends, celebrating the wrap of a video shoot; he'd already been nervous about their reaction to her. Now, as they watched Julie fumble through her Batman purse, he felt a growing wave of panic. No, not panic—*humiliation*.

"It's here somewhere," she stalled, finally producing a battered college I.D. from Iowa or maybe Idaho—an I.D. so badly faked her picture drifted around inside the plastic, like one of those moving pictures at the top of a ballpoint pen.

The manager aimed a flashlight at the I.D. for interminable seconds, while Michael tried to shrink inside his leather jacket. God, to be *carded* in front of all his friends. How could he ever live it down? He soon got a chance to find out, when the manager escorted Julie and him to the door.

"I told my friends we'd meet them later," Michael says, "but I told Julie I was beat and took her home. I knew she couldn't help being nineteen, and I knew it was stupid, but I was mad at her. I mean, the last time I was carded on a date with a girl, Jimmy Carter was President. That night, I wondered, Who needs this? Give me a *grown* woman, a *legal* woman!"

Dan had his own bottom-out moment with a college girl. One night, he took a 20-year-old home from a date and pulled a bottle of Moët from the fridge. (He'd learned months before that coeds weren't always big on liquor.) But this one wasn't much on bubbly, either. She told him that all she really liked was Boone's Original Strawberry Hill wine.

"I'd just met her," Dan says, "and filling this girl with strawberry wine seemed like a good idea. So we went to a liquor store, but when we got to the door, she stopped kind of nervously and said, 'Should I wait out here?' It was cold and rainy, and she was going to wait out on the sidewalk. I felt like an old drunk buying liquor for a teenager. And I was!"

When they aren't buying fake I.D.s or slurping bright-red wine, many coeds are displaying their generation's astonishing ignorance of geography and history. They think Nicaragua is in Africa someplace; they place Canada smack in the middle of the Indian Ocean. Dan likes to trip coeds up on the simplest historical points.

"I tell them that when I was born, there were only forty-eight states. Their eyes get all wide, like I used to live in covered-wagon days. They don't know that Alaska and Hawaii became states just thirty-two years ago. Another time, I asked a girl whose side we were on in the Vietnam war. She said, 'Well . . . *Vietnam's*, right? Is this a trick question?'"

Patrick is one poacher who has yet to be disillusioned. As he sees it, coeds are much brighter than women his age. "They're being exposed to learning in a structured way," he says. "Things are still percolating around in their brains. If I want to talk about Hegel and Proust with a woman my age, she'll be straining to remember some lecture from 1977, whereas a college girl may have just read them this morning."

POACHING'S GRAVEST DANGER

For ivory poachers on the plains of Africa, it's government troops who blast AK-47s randomly into the bush. For a poacher of coeds, it's something even more terrifying: her parents.

When a poacher clashes with a young girl's parents, perhaps for the first time since his senior prom in 1978, he'll discover a striking contrast in the way his girl and her parents view her maturity. His girlfriend sees herself as a woman, wise and proud and 19, old enough to vote and die on desert battlefields. Her parents see her as a little girl just a year out of high school who has "fallen in with a bad element"—namely, her 30-something boyfriend.

One night last summer, Patrick was in bed with an 18-year-old he'd been seeing for months. They were still awake at five A.M., half-drunk, still caressing and talking, when a jangling phone made them jump out of their skins.

"It was her mother," Patrick recalls, his face still aghast months later. "Sarah had just started college and still lived with her parents, but that night, she hadn't wanted to go home. She was always having tussles with her parents about curfews; they were trying to retain their influence over her and she was trying to deny it to them."

Sarah wouldn't get on the phone, so Patrick talked with her mother himself.

"It seemed like ages," he groans. "It might have been just two and a half minutes. She said something like, 'Sarah's father and I are concerned about her because she spends so much time away from home and she's supposed to come home early and we don't know what she's doing. . . .' I tried to take the tone of another person talking about Sarah from a perspective similar to theirs, pretending to be circumspect and responsible and not the kind of guy who would have their daughter in his bed at five A.M." He laughs nervously at the memory. "I talked as if I had nothing to do with Sarah's being there, but since I happened to be there and observed it, I would report on it."

Sarah just sat in bed with the sheet pulled up to her naked breasts, the gray light of dawn on her face.

"And of course it looked lovely on her," Patrick says, sighing.

Did the ordeal make him wonder whether young girls were really worth the trouble?

"No! I wouldn't have missed it for the world! How could I possibly have such a scene with an older woman? I live for things like that. It's a drama, an incident, which is my life goal—to live a life of incidents."

THE COEDS GET RESTLESS

Men aren't the only ones who have second thoughts about poaching—coeds are just as likely to feel, well, *creepy* and *gross* about dating someone a decade older. Their illusions are just as fragile. For a while, an older boyfriend makes them feel worldly, sophisticated, grown up. But inevitably, he makes a fatal slip. He'll treat her like a kid, laugh at something she meant to be serious or say, "Boy, when I was your age. . . ."

"I've heard that so many times, I'm like, 'Fuck you!'" Laurie says. "Some older guys act like everything I'm going through is a phase. They have this condescending attitude that they're wiser and older and know everything. It gets on my nerves."

Pointing out their girlfriends' youth is a mistake many poachers make. Another is expecting them to be impressed by a fat wallet, a sleek car or a high-powered business card.

"Some men think I'm supposed to be impressed by their jobs or by how much money they have, all kinds of dumb things that don't impress me at all," Kate says. She mentioned one rather wealthy man she'd had a date with. "He seemed to think I was supposed to just naturally fall on my face for him because he was rich and older. But he was unattractive, not very bright and, frankly, balding. There were just so many assumptions going on there."

Many poachers make the mistake of acting interested in their girlfriends'

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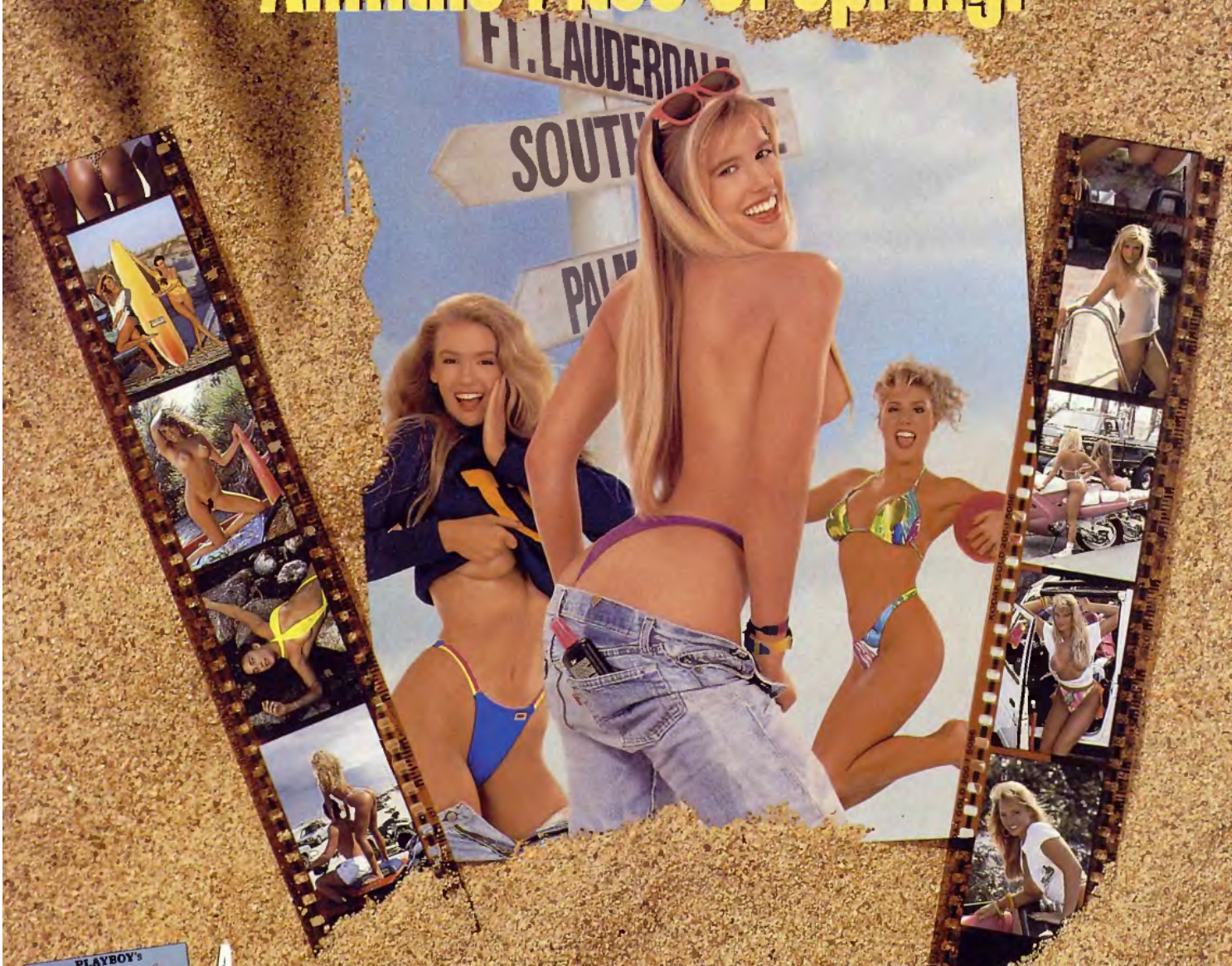

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youthfulness instead of in who they really are. Laurie and Kate bristle at the thought of being merely fresh young faces.

"I'm suspicious of men who can't deal with people their own age," Kate says. "If they get too much of a kick out of this youthful stuff, it grosses me out. You should like people for who they are. I like older men because relating-wise, it works better. And that's how they should feel. The problem is when you start to feel like a trophy. If they're like, 'She's cute and younger, wowee!'—*ugh*, that's just gross!"

Perhaps the worst poaching mistake is expecting young girls to act like grownups. Some poachers win young girlfriends and immediately set about turning them into 30-year-olds. Laurie abhors men who tell her things like, "Everyone's gone through what you're going through, so get over it."

Kate bolts when men try to change her behavior. "The idea that, like, I couldn't sit around listening to rock and roll, for instance—that would be it for me."

THE LONG ROAD BACK

Poaching, like all vices, is handled better by some than by others. Men such as Patrick know how to handle it—they steer calmly through the uproars and escapades of coed life, accepting their young girls' naïveté and shortcomings with good humor. They never panic, like Michael, or complain when their young lovers misplace continents, like Dan. But it may be men such as Patrick who'll ultimately find it hard to let poaching go—especially if they see it as a way to escape their 30s. On many levels, that's just what poaching is—an escape, whether it's from women who want to settle down and marry, from the ever-increasing responsibilities of adult life or from even darker worries, such as a fear of death.

Michael, for one, admits that turning 30 filled him with terror. For the first time, he realized he wouldn't be young forever, that he'd hit his 40s, 50s, 60s and eventually *die*. Poaching provided a way to blow off steam for a while, to hold back the rushing tide of time.

"I mean, I work in a young business, I dress like a young person, I wear my hair long, I do everything I can to reject the idea that I'm *thirty-two* years old," says Michael. But there are signs that he's coming to terms with his *Zeitgeist*. After almost a year of poaching NYU girls, Columbia girls, girls who rode trains in from Wellesley and Smith, he recently started dating a 29-year-old woman. "We just clicked immediately," he says. "She really may be the one."

At last word, Dan was in the midst of a frantic weekend hosting a visiting coed who'd brought two girlfriends along unannounced. "It's a madhouse," he yelled into the phone, over the blasting chords of the Chickasaw Mudd Puppies or the Goo Goo Dolls, he wasn't sure which. He sounded harried but still hooked on the thrill of poaching, though he says he realizes it can't go on forever.

Only Patrick swears he'll be a poacher for life. He can even see himself marrying one of his young coeds one day, if the timing is right and he's overwhelmed by romance. He says this knowing full well the fickleness and changeability of the girls he loves. "After being married for three months, she might decide she loves someone else, and I'd be crushed and never show myself again. But it would be more dramatic and adventurous than marrying a thirty-year-old."

Why does Patrick cling so tight to the poaching ropes? He's heading into his fourth year of it, plummeting into his mid-30s, leaving behind many of the friends his age he once had. Is he running away from something, or is he just having a good time?

"I may be trying to conquer my age," he admits, "but is that such a bad thing? Maybe overlooking the fact that I'm getting older isn't sensible, but trying to retain a bit of freshness and a spontaneous attitude seems good to me."

In the end, poaching may offer more than it seems to. It's not just about sleeping with sexy young coeds—it's about rediscovering the young man inside yourself, reclaiming things you wish you'd never lost and discovering aspects of your self you never want to give up. As a poacher, you may gain a renewed longing and admiration for women your age and find enough vigor and enthusiasm to revitalize your grown-up life.

"One more thing," Dan says. "You get to sleep with sexy young coeds."

"I tried for the house and I got custody of the mortgage."

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STEVE MARTIN

(continued from page 130)

now. You *are* one, fella. Get used to it and go with it.

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2. Everything he did in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*.

3. Everything he did in *The Man with Two Brains*.

4. His quiet support for young comedians, any one of whom may challenge him for a role at some future date.

5. Everything he did courageously in *Pennies from Heaven*.

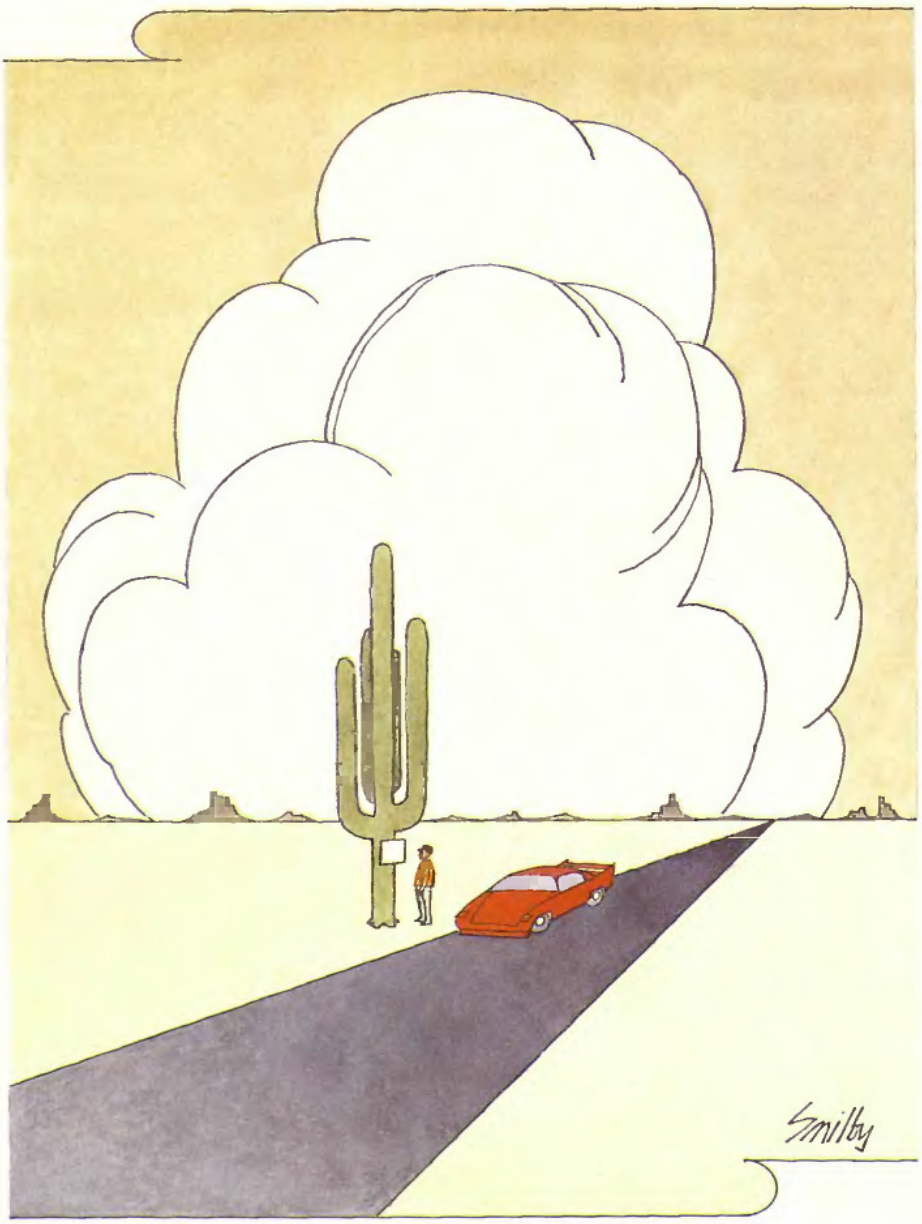
6. His refusal to compete with Stallone for the rights to the Beethoven story and his insouciant attitude about the project. ("He wants it, fine. Let him have it. Let's see what he does with it. [*Pause*] I'll do Liszt and kill his ass.")

7. Everything he did in *Planes, Trains*, etc., but especially his reaction to waking up and finding John Candy kissing his ear.

8. His rock-dentist cameo in *Little Shop of Horrors*, the very mention of which makes you want to check out the cassette and watch it again.

9. Everything he did in *The Lonely Guy*, *Parenthood*, *All of Me*, *My Blue Heaven* and *Three Amigos*.

10. His feelings about Sununu.



"'Notice—Please do not urinate on this cactus—State Conservation Department.'"

UNCLE ANDY GEE

(continued from page 116)

I can feel it." Uncle Andy made a sweeping gesture toward the crew. "They can all feel it, too."

"I'm sure they do," replied Stan softly.

Andy bounced away to a lighted mirror near the side of the set to finish putting on his clown make-up. He had enormous energy in his step, more than Stan had seen since he found out about Andy's illness.

"Andy looks good," said Gene, who had directed all of *Uncle Andy Gee's Fun House* episodes for the past four years. "It's therapeutic for him, don't you think?"

Stan nodded, but his lack of enthusiasm was obvious.

"Really," Gene added earnestly. "It's helped him. He looks better, he even seems to have put some weight back on. I wouldn't be surprised if you could hold this show for months, maybe even a year."

"We can hope so," Stan answered.

The overhead lights came on, bathing the *Fun House* set in bright, artificial sunshine. A few more crew members showed up, taking their position at the coffee urn, slowly gearing up for what they knew would be a very strange day. Saul, the station's dim-witted, portly announcer and weekend weatherman, walked in, the only person dressed in a coat and tie. He motioned for Stan to join him outside.

"Read this, Mr. B.," he said, handing Stan the day's script, personally written and typed by Uncle Andy himself. "Do you really want me to say this?"

"Read it to me," said Stan. "I want to hear what it sounds like."

Saul cocked his head and switched to his announcer's voice: "Hello, boys and girls, and welcome to a very special visit to *Uncle Andy Gee's Fun House*. Some of you may already know that Uncle Andy has been sick. As a matter of fact, Uncle Andy has been *very* sick with a disease that boys and girls can't get. It's a disease that you don't get better from. And when you don't get better, you die. And that's what's happened to Uncle Andy."

Saul checked Stan's face for some form of reaction, but Stan only motioned for him to continue reading. "But before he died, Uncle Andy wanted so very much to say goodbye to all the boys and girls who love the *Fun House*. So he taped this special show so that you and he could have one last visit together, one last chance to sing your favorite songs and play your favorite games." Saul paused and shrugged. "Then we cue the music and I introduce him, just like always."

"Have you seen the rest of the script?" Stan asked.

"No," admitted Saul. "Just my part. He said no one could see the script."

Stan had expected as much, ever since Andy grabbed the microphone at the

company picnic six weeks ago, announced that he was dying of leukemia and made an impassioned speech about his farewell show, his last chance to say goodbye to the only family he had ever had, the only *people* he had ever loved—his kids. Kids have to learn about death, and how to mourn, he said. "I can't leave them without saying goodbye." He then made Stan promise, in front of all his employees and their families, that he could tape a show to be broadcast immediately after his death. Stan had looked out at the sea of moist eyes and, feeling a little emotional himself, had given his word. He didn't mean it, but under the circumstances, there was no choice. Even an evasive answer would have made an uncomfortable situation untenable, and the truth would have been disastrous. But unlike Stan's other white lies and half truths, this one was made to a dying man before 67 witnesses.

It seemed odd—to Stan, at least—how everyone believed the lie. In the days that followed, nearly every employee at the station had taken time to compliment Stan, to tell him he was doing the right thing, the brave thing, that he was helping both Uncle Andy and the children. Stan had never felt much warmth from the staff before, but now they were proud of him. He had agreed to let them be part of something historic.

"You should talk to Andy and get him to tone down his intro," suggested Saul. "We'll scare the shit out of kids every time their mom or dad gets a cold."

Saul was dumb but not significantly dumber than the rest of the staff. If we're going to do the show, they seemed to think, then we should do it right. For Uncle Andy. For the kids. It had become a station-wide passion, welding them all together, as if Stan had ever really considered running the show on the air, as if the kids who watched KBXT needed to be dragged into Uncle Andy's misery. Stan saw no choice but to let Andy tape his farewell show and put it in his office safe until Andy died, but he would never, under any circumstances, let anyone outside of the staff see one minute of it.

"Read it the way it is," he told Saul. "Andy's given this a lot of thought. We'll let him do it his way."

•

There were two sets of Andy's kids—the ones who watched the show and the crew that worked it. Most of the cameramen, grips, sound engineers and the like were fresh out of high school and not bright enough or ambitious enough to go to college. For them, running the equipment at a TV station—even a tiny 1500-watt station in a minor market—was the best blue-collar job imaginable. Stan fantasized that they bragged about their jobs when they picked up girls, that working at KBXT was a glamour job.

Once, Stan had worked at a network affiliate in Philadelphia, on his way, he thought, to New York or L.A. and the big time. Looking back, he could never be sure what had gone wrong. Maybe he wasn't good enough. Perhaps he lacked drive. Sometimes he felt unlucky or blamed his fate on his family—without a wife and two girls, he could have taken some more chances, ridden out the dry spells without resorting to lesser jobs at lesser stations, tarnishing his résumé so that work at a network, or even at a major station, was unlikely. Somehow, on his way to becoming Lee Iacocca, Stan had ended up selling used cars.

"Excuse me, Mr. B.," said one of the crew kids as he pushed a barrel of prop toys past Stan. The set was alive now, the equipment was in position and the lights adjusted. Despite the situation and his own dashed career hopes, there was still something exciting about taping a TV show. Sometimes Stan had to remind himself that he really liked TV, and that it was better to run KBXT than to own a dry cleaner's or sell frozen yogurt.

Andy was still dabbing on make-up and putting the finishing touches on his costume when Stan walked up behind him. Stan noticed that three light bulbs in the row of lights surrounding the mirror were burned out.

"I'll get those lights fixed for you," he said.

"That's OK. I've been putting on this make-up for thirty-seven years at fourteen stations. I could do it in the dark," answered Andy. "I assume Saul had trouble with the script."

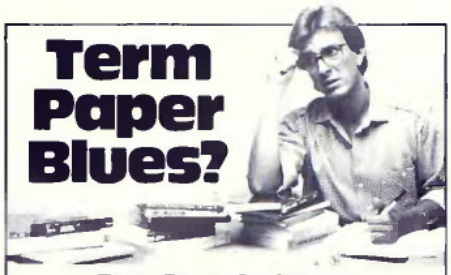
Maybe terminal illness makes you omniscient, thought Stan. But then he thought of his grandmother. Terminal cancer had made her bullheaded, demanding and wrong. He remembered that after one torturous visit—during which his grandmother had petulantly insisted he take away the new color TV he had brought her so she could watch her shows in black and white, the way she was *used* to—the private nurse took him aside and said, "Just because someone is dying doesn't mean they're suddenly noble and wise. They're still just human and sometimes a little less."

"Why don't we take a walk?" Stan suggested, and Andy stood and followed him outside to the parking lot. Stan in his polo shirt, chinos and deck shoes; Andy in his wide polka-dot tie, striped suspenders with flashing red diodes and a plastic carnation that sprayed water.

"Saul had a problem, yes, but I told him to leave the script as is," said Stan, choosing honesty as a relatively new management technique. "He meant no harm. He was simply worried about scaring the kids."

Andy seemed impatient. "What does Saul know about *my* children? Have you ever met his kids? They're terrors, every one of them, and they're even dumber than he is."

Stan smiled. "I don't think they're



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such bad kids. Saul and Marijane have done a good job. It's not easy raising five children."

"Obviously not," snapped Andy. They leaned against the wall in silence. Finally, Andy spoke. "I think you're lying to me, Stan," he said. "I don't think you're going to run this show."

"I understand why you think that, but I wouldn't lie to you," lied Stan. "Besides, you have a lot of friends here at the station. They heard me promise that the show would air. What would I say to them?"

"It's not for me, you know," Andy said. "It's for my kids. The show is part of their lives, and if it suddenly disappeared, it would be hard on them. I think they deserve the truth, don't you?"

"I may have had my doubts, but I've given you my word."

"I feel so much love coming from those kids when I do the show. It's real—I can feel it all around me. And when I do personal appearances . . ."—for the first time, Stan was watching Andy choke up while discussing his death—"I'll miss that, I really will."

"The kids will miss you, too," said Stan. "We all will." They'd discussed Andy and *his* kids numerous times before. Often, Andy's egocentricity seemed charming. Other times, it was vaguely pathological. Stan was never convinced that Andy occupied a place in the hearts and minds of his young viewers that was so special it warranted this bizarre *bon voyage* episode, a funereal kiddie show in which Uncle Andy Gee would explain death to children, between cartoons and commercials, while wearing a clown's costume. And not just any death, either. His own.

"We have a lot in common, Stan," said Andy. It seemed to Stan to be a ludicrous statement. Stan was young and healthy, Andy was old and dying. Stan wore a khaki belt, Andy wore flashing suspenders. Stan was married and had a family, while Andy lived alone in a small apartment. If he had family or friends, it was a well-kept secret. "I didn't want to end my life at KBXT. I thought I could have been Captain Kangaroo or one of the regulars on *Sesame Street*, but it didn't happen. I just kept moving to smaller and smaller markets, to worse and worse TV stations. Did you know this is my first and only UHF station? I'd always been on VHF before."

"This is my first UHF station," said Stan. "It sounds as if you had a longer run in the big time than I did."

"But I didn't appreciate it. All that time, I kept wondering, What will become of me? Will I go network? It wasn't until the doctor told me I was dying that I realized *this* is it. This is what became of me. My life built to *Uncle Andy Gee's Fun House*, and then it stopped.

"Do you know why I'm glad I'm dying? Because this was my last stop. The day would come for you to fire me and cancel the *Fun House*, and that would be it. I'd never get another show. There'd be no more kids and no more money. There were days that I hated being on this two-bit station, and now I feel guilty about that. It's not where you do the work, it's only that you get the chance to do it. Do you understand?"

"I think so," answered Stan. "I was marveling earlier today on how I'm always excited when we tape a show, even though I've been responsible for literally hundreds of shows."

Andy smiled, having proved their similarities. "My death could be a big break for you," he added. "My farewell show will get lots of publicity. People will think it's a bold move. You'll be noticed. Maybe Brandon Tartikoff will call."

"I'd rather have you healthy," said Stan.

"It's too late for that," said Andy matter-of-factly. "Did I tell you I've prepared a special gift for my kids? It's a song. I wrote it a few months ago, when I found out, and I've been polishing it."

"That's nice," said Stan. "What's it about?"

"Death, of course. It's called *I'll Be Your Friend When I'm Gone*."

Stan tensed but said nothing.

"I think it's important for my kids to know I still care, no matter what. Maybe it will become a standard, like *Happy Birthday*, but they'll play it at funerals."

Stan looked closely at Andy. He could tell that even under a thick layer of grease paint, Andy was pale and sweating. "Do you want to rest before the show?" he asked.

"Yes," said Andy. "I think I'll go into the Fun Van for a while. Tell the others I'll be a little late."

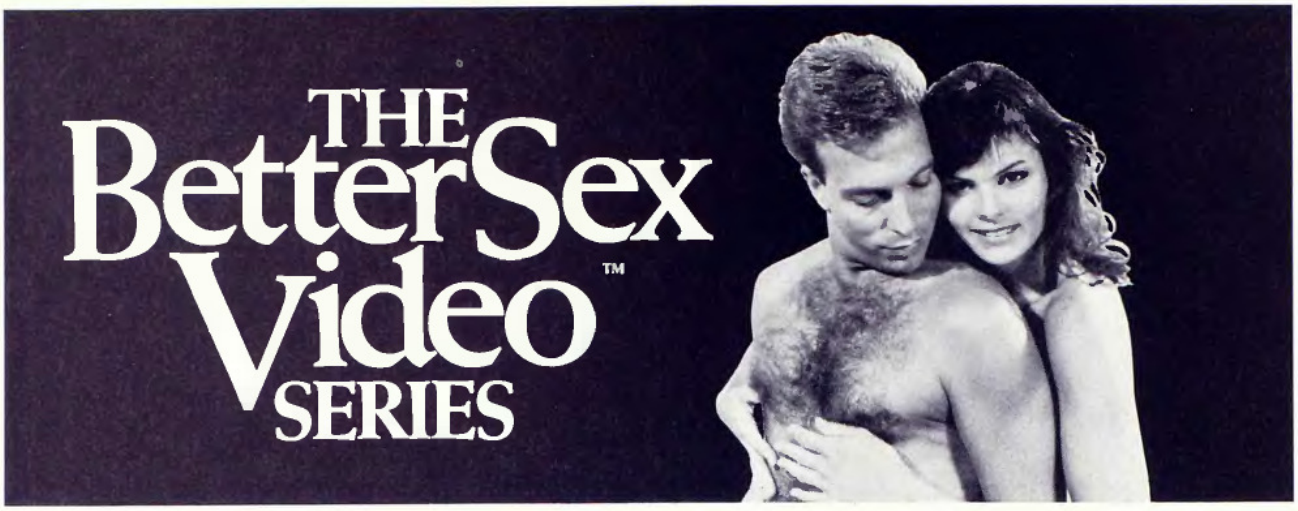
Stan watched as Andy's big floppy shoes disappeared into the purple van, quietly hoping that Andy would die peacefully during his nap, before the show could even be taped.

•

Stan returned to the studio. "Andy's taking a nap," he announced. "We'll take a break until he's ready."

Gene, the director, had dug up a tape of Uncle Andy's first *Fun House* at KBXT, and a small group gathered in the control room to watch it. It was like every other *Fun House*, with the possible exception of the one they were about to tape, with Andy sliding down the pole of his imaginary tree house, introducing cartoons, making dumb jokes, doing a

"He's one of a kind—music by Andrew Lloyd Webber and words by Andrew Dice Clay."



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pratfall or two, interviewing the guest *du jour*—a fireman, a 4-H club winner.

"What are Andy's ratings?" asked someone.

"Not great," answered Stan. "To be perfectly honest, he doesn't even win his time slot with kids. More of them watch the *Gimme a Break* reruns on channel eleven."

It went unsaid, but Stan guessed that everyone thought he had kept Andy on out of the goodness of his heart, but in truth, nothing on the station did much better, so there was no reason to penalize Andy. While everyone thought that Uncle Andy Gee's farewell *Fun House* would make television history, Stan's secret fear was that—even if it aired—no one would notice. Given the station's ratings, Andy could say a splashy goodbye and get nary a tear in return. Once, KBXT's old sports reporter had gotten drunk before a newscast and accidentally switched most of the major-league baseball scores on the air, turning half a dozen losers into winners and severely confusing anyone paying attention to the pennant race. The crew told Stan what happened, and a furious Stan fired the reporter within the hour, only to feel foolish later when a mere three viewers complained. And the newscast was KBXT's highest-rated show.

From the control booth, Stan saw Andy enter and make his way slowly to the set. He stood in the center and said, in a weak voice, "I'm ready." The crew scurried into position and Saul bounded to the booth to read the introduction. Stan slyly rolled his chair next to the main recording unit, so that when the show was over, he could grab the master cassette and keep it from falling into other hands.

Saul read the intro with enthusiasm, and Andy slid down the pole like a young man, leaping onto center stage, his voice booming as he said, "Do you know why this show is so special, everyone? It's because I love you all so much that I simply couldn't leave without saying goodbye. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, If Uncle Andy is so sick that he died, why does he look so happy, why does he look so strong? I'm happy because I have you, and because we love one another, and because for most of my life, I've been able to do exactly what I wanted to do—to make kids like you happy."

Stan watched the monitor. Despite the fact that the crew was emotionally spent—he saw the occasional tear streaking the acne-scarred faces of the young technicians—each one was doing his job. Andy was always in focus and in center frame, Gene called all the right shots and the boom man never missed a syllable. Maybe I've been too cynical about these guys, thought Stan. Maybe I'm the reason this is such a second-rate station. Someone with real talent and guts could make KBXT something special. Then he pondered the worst thought of all: Perhaps Andy was right—this is what has become of me, this is where I'm supposed to be.

"There are several things I have to tell you that I think are very important," said Andy, pacing the stage energetically. "The first is that I don't want you to be sad, because even though I'm gone, I was lucky enough to have a wonderful life. That's what's important, and that's what I want for you. Do you know how to have a wonderful life, everybody? It's easy—just figure out what it is that you want to do and do it, no matter what other people say, no matter how hard it is, no matter how much you get paid. Do you want to be a doctor or a dancer? Do you want to play baseball or write books or sing songs?" Andy paused, glancing at the control booth. "Do you want to run a railroad or a TV station? Then do it, and do it the best that you can and do it exactly the way that you want."

Dale Carnegie for kids. After cheering them on to greatness and telling them once again how much he loved them, Andy took out his guitar and sang *I'll Be Your Friend When I'm Gone*. As the song faded out, the credits rolled and when Gene yelled "Cut" through the microphone, the crew stood in stunned silence, not sure whether to weep or to applaud. Andy was spent, tears were ruining his make-up and his body was hunched and shaking. His booming voice was now a whisper and he seemed to have trouble moving. A grip took him a chair, and he motioned feebly to get the crew's attention. "I have one more favor to ask of you," he said quietly. "I know you have all indulged me greatly, and I thank you for it. This show is very special to me, and it wouldn't exist without our station manager. We all know that he's destined for great things, and that's why I'd like to ask all of you to join me in giving him a big hand for being the bravest, most adventurous station manager in the country."

The crew turned and faced the booth, obediently applauding. Stan stood behind the protection of the glass wall and waved. He flipped on the microphone. "Andy, you've done a show that you can be proud of—in fact, everyone in this studio should be proud of the job they've done today. Now let's get Andy some rest so that we can keep running the regular *Fun House* show for a long time to come."

Part of the crew hovered over Andy attentively, and the rest started closing up the sound stage. Stan slipped the master tape into his briefcase, and as the staff started to thin, he headed for his Volvo. Saul intercepted him.

"I just wanted you to know that you were right to leave Andy's script the way it was," he said. "Sometimes I'm gutless, but you were right to be strong. Andy's right—that's why you're going places."

Stan put his arm on Saul's shoulder and walked him to his car. "Give my best to Marijane and the kids," said Stan.

"You're doing a wonderful thing," said Saul, his eyes red and puffy. "I hope you know that."

Andy emerged from the sound stage, walking unassisted but surrounded, nonetheless, by his faithful crew. The kids were drained, as if they'd been to a funeral, and they wanted to say things that had meaning. They wanted to make emotional contact not only with Andy but with Stan as well. It made him feel uncomfortable, guilty for his insincerity and the ease with which he lied to Andy and his employees.

"Do you have someone to drive you home?" he asked Andy.

"No," said Andy, smiling. "The Fun Van drives itself."

It seemed disrespectful to leave before Uncle Andy, so Stan waited, briefcase in hand, while the Fun Van pulled out of the lot. Then the crew escorted him to his car and stood watching, like puppies, as he drove off.

Even though his wife and daughters were waiting for him, Stan again took the long way home, admiring the trees, looking at the nice cars, driving past the spacious homes.

As he drove, he allowed himself a self-indulgent fantasy. Andy dies and he runs the show. *Newsweek* calls and Stan is the subject of a brief but flattering story near the back of the magazine. Ted Koppel interviews him on *Nightline*. The phone rings and a perky female voice says, "Hold the line for Mr. Tartikoff, please."

But there's also reality. What will the staff say when the show never runs? How would young children cope with Andy's tortured farewell? He thought about his own daughters and how they'd respond, if they were *Fun House* fans instead of regular *Gimme a Break* watchers. He wondered about his next job, and the one after that and the one after that, all the way to his last job. Is this, he asked himself, what has become of me, or is there something else, anything else waiting farther down the line?

He drove until he saw the biggest, nicest house on the street, the type of home he once thought he'd own by now. He rolled down the window of the Volvo and dropped the cassette of Uncle Andy's special show out the window. Slowly, so that the neighbors would not be suspicious, he drove his car back and forth over the cassette—once, twice, three times—until the car wheels smashed the plastic casing and the tape unfurled down the street in the fall breeze. He watched for a few moments, and then headed home, knowing that starting Monday, he'd feel much more comfortable taking the freeway to work.

"Why the hesitancy? What makes the backwardness of the Saudis so special? Is it all that oil?"

purposes to show other Arabs that Islam's sacred places were being defiled. In a low point for First Amendment freedoms, the press was barred from covering the Bob Hope show, even though it was broadcast three weeks later as an NBC special.

If Saudi Arabia is worth defending, why not defend it with our values intact? Since when do we subject American citizens to the whims of dictators? If the Saudis expect hundreds of thousands of free Americans to stand in the front line for them, then *they*, not we, should be more accommodating. If they can't accept an Army of free individuals on their soil, then they should be encouraged to hire mercenaries more to their liking.

But no such attitude was spied coming out of the Bush Administration. On the contrary, the Bush boys fell over themselves making sure nothing would disturb feudalism as usual in a state best designed for life 500 years ago. When some Saudi women dared to drive cars and were stopped by the police, Americans said not a word in protest. The brass, meanwhile, had ordered *American* Servicewomen to be more circumspect. They were instructed that they should move out of their hotels in Riyadh only in groups of four, clad in the formless dress required of Moslem women. The Saudi regime also felt threatened by the free mingling of male and female Americans, so the U.S. restricted most of the troops to distant desert outposts.

Over and over, we were told by U.S. officials how important it was not to challenge the Saudi view of women, food or religion. Why? A plus of this huge American presence ought to be a push toward the transformation of Saudi society.

When Bush had his Thanksgiving photo opportunity with the troops in the Saudi sands, his media handlers insulated him from what the *Los Angeles Times* referred to as "a deepening social chasm within the desert kingdom." The *Times* noted the contrast between an increasingly fundamentalist militancy and "a growing number of Saudi intellectuals . . . blaming the American Government for failing to demand more democratic reforms in Saudi Arabia in exchange for the protection of its Armed Forces." Bush had a chance to at least feint in the direction of the progressives, but he refused. The point is that the situation inside Saudi Arabia is fragile and the U.S. is a player whether or not it wants to be. But silence puts the Americans on the side of the old guard.

"Most Saudis feel the Americans have been hypocritical. They have been demanding change all over the world, in Poland, in Germany, in Nicaragua, but they have not been doing anything here to advance the democratic process," said one Saudi intellectual.

Why the hesitancy from an Administration that has been willing to lecture everyone else in the world about human rights? Consider the demands on South Africa. What makes the backwardness of the Saudis so special? Is it all that oil?

Must be, for it is difficult to imagine such caviling behavior toward a dictatorship that didn't have oil and the economic clout that goes with it. U.S. troops in Panama were never required to shape up in this way. On the contrary, it was the obstreperous behavior of a squad of Americans—drunk, by some accounts—that was the occasion for the invasion that ousted Noriega.

But even if it is a matter of oil, why did the Bush Government think it had to do all of the caving in? What if it had said, "Sorry, fellows, but American troops have a right to drink beer and sing Christmas carols, and if you don't like it, look elsewhere for protection"? Just where would the Saudis have gone?

Yes, Saddam Hussein might have scored some points by pointing the finger at those free Americans and shouting that the infidels had landed. Well, they have, if by infidel you mean anyone who doesn't follow the most extreme manifestation of Moslem fundamentalism. But how long can this charade go on? There are profound contradictions between us and the Saudis that cannot be long hidden. The U.S. Army, like the society that spawned it, is a pluralistic, essentially secular consumer-oriented group of people. Shouldn't the Saudi rulers and their people learn this?

For better or worse, all societies that have been protected by large numbers of foreign troops have been dramatically influenced by them. Regardless of the Iraqi threat, it is clear that the oil-rich fiefdoms cannot any longer be expected to survive on their own. They will require a constant foreign protection. It is silly to expect their future security to depend on the preservation of a status quo so fragile that the presence of Marie Osmond could bring it down.

"Simultaneous at last!"

WISEGUY (continued from page 76)

"The difficulties seem remote relative to getting whacked with a bat or stuffed into a car trunk."

cared. Those asshole inspectors out there just didn't give a flying fuck."

•

Back in the early Sixties, when Attorney General Robert Kennedy first made the pursuit of organized-crime figures a top Government priority, a program for protecting high-profile informants and their families must have seemed like a dandy idea. As early as 1963, Kennedy hinted to the Senate subcommittee on organized crime that a program already existed on an informal level. Although official procedures had not been worked out, the means for protecting important witnesses were established that year when Mob hit man Joseph Valachi spoke before a Senate subcommittee on organized crime. His testimony was a revelation, and the fact that he dared give it at all was proof of the program's power.

Along with its potential as a crime-fighting tool, the concept of witness relocation contained a peculiarly American notion—a chance to correct past mistakes and literally become a new person. There was a kind of implied freedom in the program that suited the Great Society. The idea—that a lifelong criminal might somehow cleanse himself with the help of the Federal Government and emerge a chastened, productive member of society—was, of course, incredibly simplistic and naïve. Yet so appealing was this concept that for years the public accepted the Justice Department's contention that the program was working, even as the horror stories mounted.

"In the beginning," says John Partington, a former U.S. Marshal assigned to WITSEC, "we never had any manuals or textbooks to go by. Basically, we were making it up as we went along. Soon the demands became so great we just couldn't keep up. It became like the uninformed talking to the misinformed." The program was devised to handle fewer than 30 or 40 elite witnesses a year, but during his 15 years as a regional inspector, Partington would personally guard, relocate and help falsify I.D.s for nearly 2600 inductees.

"A big part of the problem," says Partington, now retired, "has always been that the program is run out of Washington. The bureaucrats don't seem to have any understanding of what's happening out there in the real world. They've never had to face up to their decisions."

For a long time, the Justice Department avoided making any written promises to witnesses. Only recently have inductees been required to sign a memorandum of understanding—known as an M.O.U. In the agreement, the Marshals Service makes it clear that while it will assist a witness in finding employment, it will not falsify credit or work histories. Thus, the witnesses are totally dependent on the Government to find them work and are prone to look for outside income. Says Partington, "You've got people in the program who are being asked to take on a lifestyle they've never experienced before. We've got guys—lifelong gangsters—capable of making two and three hundred thousand dollars a year through crime, and here we are, asking them to work nine to five, five days a week, for maybe fifteen grand a year."

An even more insurmountable problem than the financial strains faced by those in the program is boredom. It doesn't take a criminal sociologist to figure that people accustomed to an exciting, high-wire lifestyle will have trouble adjusting to working-class sobriety. Such has been the case with thousands of inductees.

Henry Hill, the Mafia wanna-be lionized in the book *Wiseguy* (the basis for last year's hit movie *GoodFellas*), is just one example. After a long career as a mid-level hustler affiliated with the Lucchese crime family in Brooklyn and Queens, Hill cut a sweetheart deal with the Government in 1980 and testified against his former pals, Jimmy "the Gent" Burke and the late *capo* Paul Vario. Relocated to Redmond, a Seattle suburb, Hill found his new life to be interminably dull. As he put it at the end of the book and film, "Today everything is very different. No more action. I have to wait around like everyone else. I'm an average nobody. I get to live the rest of my life like a schnook."

The irony, of course, is that Hill did not wait around. In May 1987, he was arrested on Federal drug charges after an undercover agent bought cocaine from two underlings who fingered him. Like their boss before them, Hill's henchmen turned canary and agreed to testify against him in court. A jury took two hours to deliver a conviction.

Hill had a strong incentive to stay clean, yet his addiction to the excitement and danger of crime—and the notoriety it provided—took precedence, a fact amply illustrated at the time of his arrest. When confronted by Washington state troopers, Hill is said to have asked pleadingly, "Don't you know who I am? I'm Henry Hill—the wiseguy."

•

It's not hard to fathom the appeal the Witness Security Program might hold for a career criminal facing a long prison sentence. Although inductees are often warned that life in the program will not be easy, the difficulties seem remote relative to getting whacked with a baseball bat or stuffed into a car trunk.

The assumption, of course, is that the Government will be able to deliver on most of what it promises. "What the

"Order the steak. You can't screw me on bean sprouts and tofu."

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Government says it can do and what it has the ability to do are two different things," says Mermelstein, who has been relocated four times in the past four years. "I've known lifelong criminals with more of a sense of honor than some of the people who run this program."

The prime appeal of WITSEC has always been the manufacture of a viable false identity, supported by all the documents. Although the Government continues to insist that it can process records at short notice, the history of the program suggests otherwise.

"Every week I was on the phone," says John Partington, "with some witness shouting in my ear, 'My kid wants to play little-league ball and he needs medical records.' 'My daughter wants to get married and where's the goddamn driver's license?' And what about a birth certificate? You need a birth certificate before you can do anything.

"Most times, these are street-smart people—hustlers. They're not Billy Grahams. They'd say to me, 'Just gimme a week. I'll get my own documentation.' And I'd have to say, 'But that's not legal. You do that and you're back to your old ways.' It was frustrating. Why should it take the Government months to do what these people could do in days?"

•

Despite the obvious failings of the program, there has never been a shortage of criminals trying to get in. During WITSEC's most ambitious period, the mid-Seventies, criminals were tripping over one another to cut a deal with the Feds and get relocated. From 1971 to 1977, the annual number of inductees exploded from 92 to 450. The standards for admission broadened beyond organized crime to include people for whom the program was never intended—small-time dope dealers, innocent victims of crime and white-collar stool pigeons. As those inductees worked their way through the system, new problems arose. Witnesses were told by the Marshals Service that they could no longer consider Atlanta, San Francisco or San Diego for relocation, because those areas were full.

If providing documentation and satisfying employment for lifelong gangsters with minimal job skills has presented the Government with difficulties, finding adequate work for college-educated brokers and other white-collar types has proved an impossibility.

Consider the case of Marvin Naidborne, WITSEC's most notable white-collar failure. The bespectacled manager of a Brooklyn car-leasing agency, Naidborne had a character flaw: He was an inveterate gambler often in debt to loan sharks. Arrested in the late Sixties, he was given leniency and relocation and testified in a number of trials, where he fingered, among others, a bank president who had received kickbacks for extending loans to his buddies at the Italian-American Civil Rights League.

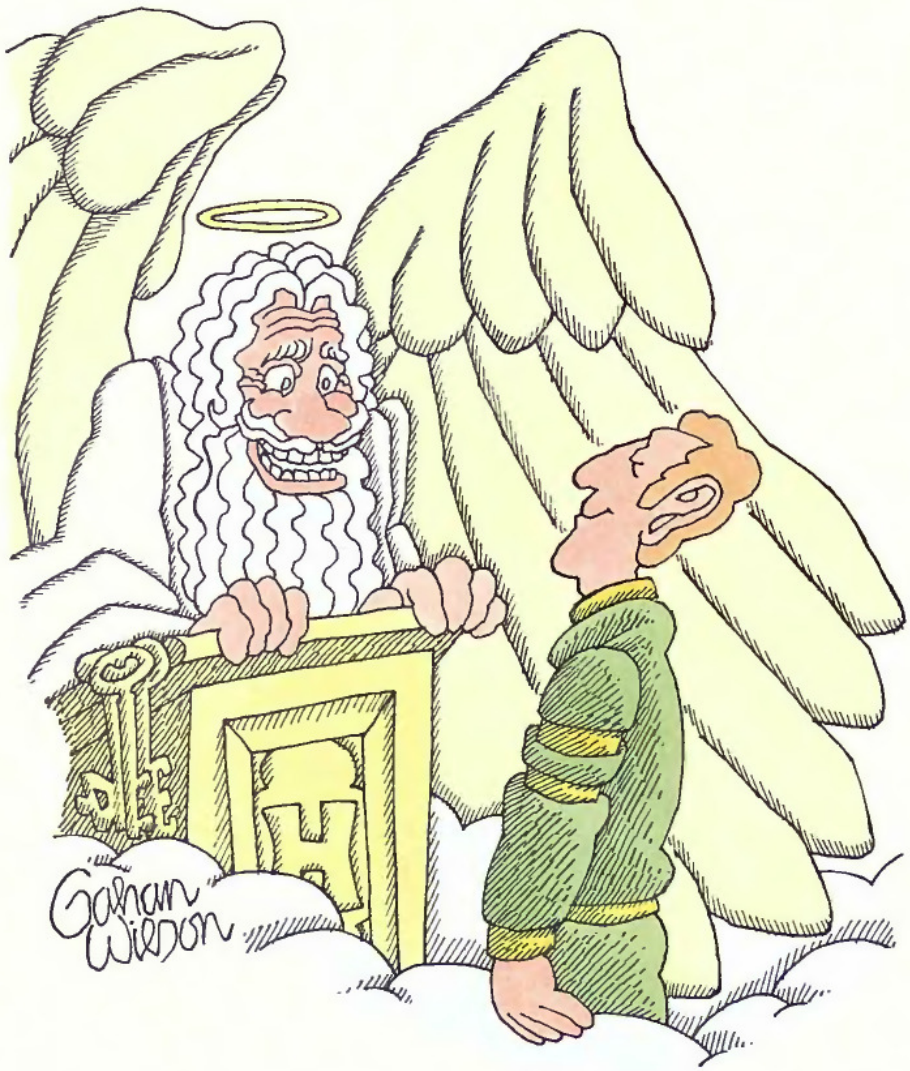
After relocation in the program, Naidborne, who had a degree in business administration, waited around for the Government to come up with a job, as promised. One of the jobs was part-time work as a process server. "That's a great job," Naidborne later told a reporter. "I bump into someone who knows somebody in the Mob and I get killed."

In due time, Naidborne heard of an opening as general manager of a Volkswagen dealership that paid $42,000 per year. When he asked the Justice Department to vouch for him, his request was ignored.

Totally dependent on the Government for subsistence, Naidborne spent the next few years working as a freelance rat fink. He would wander into a city, nose around and eventually present the Government with a major crime case. He would collect informer's fees from the FBI or the DEA, witness fees from the Justice Department and sometimes insurance rewards for recovered goods. In one newspaper article, Federal officials confirmed Naidborne's claim that he had accounted for arrests across the country involving drugs, stolen and counterfeit securities, stolen airline tickets and bookmaking rings. In a good year, he claimed he could make $30,000 as a Witness Security vampire. But it was a sorry, paranoiac life, said Naidborne, living on the run in bad motels. He blamed WITSEC: "They just don't care. They leave you there, out in the cold, like an animal. I don't want their money. . . . I just want a job, a chance to get my life straightened out."

•

Throughout WITSEC's troubled history, its flaws have frequently been fodder for investigative journalists. The Marvin Naidborne case led to a series of damning articles in Long Island's *Newsday*. In 1976, Fred Graham published a book called *The Alias Program*, a scathing



"My goodness, Mr. Barret, with all those vitamins and all that jogging, we thought you'd never show up!"

view of WITSEC. The bad press resulted, in part, in hearings before the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigation, chaired by Georgia Senator Sam Nunn. Federal lawmakers finally took a look at a program they had been routinely funding over the previous decade.

The result was an abundance of saber rattling—one Senator called WITSEC "a body without a brain"—but little in the way of legislation. It wasn't until 1984 that Congress enacted the Witness Security Reform Act, a toothless capitulation to the powers that run the program. Since then, there have been no substantive Congressional reviews, and WITSEC's budget has steadily increased, from $2,000,000 in 1972 to nearly $44,000,000 in 1988.

The program's most obvious deficiency has always been the degree to which it provides a framework for criminals to prey on unsuspecting communities, as in the case of Michael Raymond. Although the Justice Department claims that the current rate of recidivism among WITSEC's inductees is less than half the national average for felony offenders, this has never been very comforting for local cops. When trying to get information on someone they suspect might be a relocated witness, more often than not they find themselves butting heads with an intractable Justice Department.

One case that nearly singlehandedly sank WITSEC involved a bank robber and hardened lifer named Marion Albert Pruett. Pruett was released 11 months early from an eight-year prison term because he testified on behalf of the state of North Carolina in a murder case. After being relocated to New Mexico with his common-law wife, Pruett went on a violent rampage, murdering five people. One of those murdered was his wife, whom he bludgeoned with a hammer, strangled with a belt, then carried into the desert near Albuquerque, where he poured gasoline over her body and burned it beyond recognition.

When Pruett's case was brought before the U.S. General Accounting Office in 1982, it raised more than a few troubling questions. Local police in a number of jurisdictions had been trying to track him for years, but no one had been able to obtain information on his past. Even more pertinent was the degree to which informants like Pruett were supervised, and how closely they were monitored after their release from the program.

The Marshals Service may be correct in its claim that instances of people like Pruett's creating one-man crime waves are low, but there remain other troubling issues, such as the program policy toward innocent people who, for whatever reason, feel that they have been wronged as a result of WITSEC. In hundreds of cases, for instance, witnesses have used the program to dodge lawsuits and debt collectors. Some have even used it to keep divorced spouses from visiting their children. One such case, involving a Buffalo construction worker named Tom Leonhard, went as far as the U.S. Supreme Court.

A law-abiding patriot, Leonhard had been granted visitation rights to see his children each weekend by the courts of New York State. When they abruptly disappeared one afternoon with his ex-wife's new husband, Leonhard made the rounds of the local offices of the U.S. Marshals, the FBI and the U.S. Attorney. For two years, the Justice Department refused to admit it had had anything to do with his children's disappearance.

It was discovered that the children had, in fact, been relocated, so Leonhard sued the Government. Ultimately, a U.S. appeals judge ruled that since the officials of the Justice Department had "acted in good faith," the Federal court would not second-guess the officials' "rational exercise of discretion." Leonhard and the New York courts were bound by the decisions of WITSEC.

This example and others like it illustrate yet another flaw in the program—one that the Marshals Service has never been able to reconcile. In promising to protect the new identities of its inductees, the Justice Department is torn between its obligation to the witness and its obligations to the public. The result is that it is often unable to fully protect the interests of either.

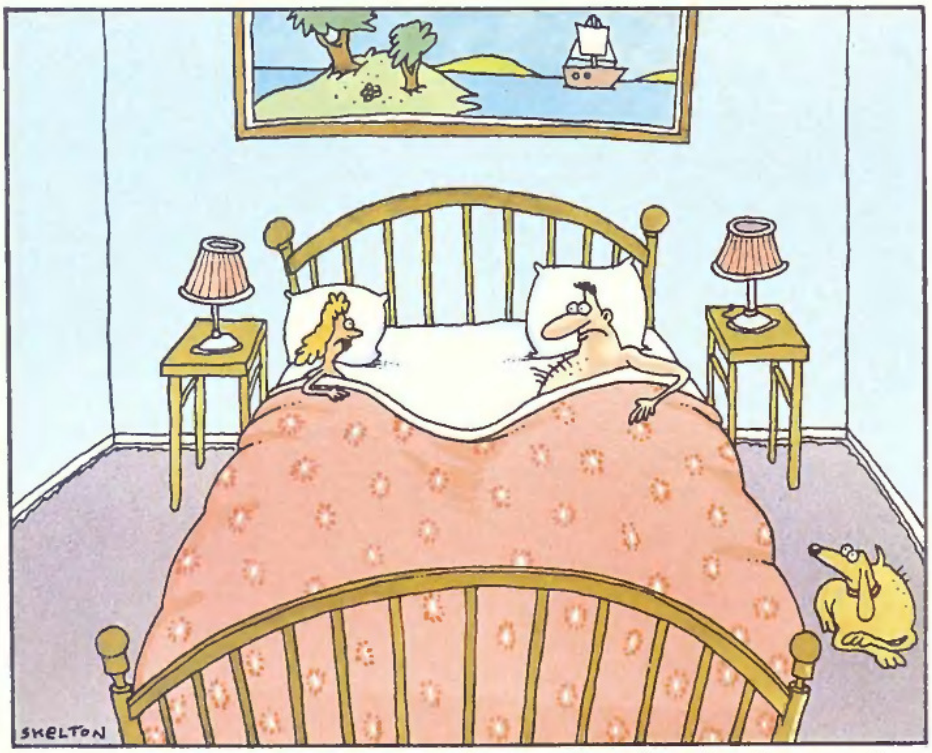
•

In contrast to the complex and abundant reasons WITSEC has never really worked as intended, the justification for its continued existence—according to those who support the program—is short and sweet: The Witness Security Program brings about convictions.

"You cannot make an organized-crime case in this country without it," says Richard Gregorie, a former Assistant U.S. Attorney in Miami who initiated hundreds of people—including Max Mermelstein—into the program during his 17-year Government career. "Our system of law requires firsthand evidence. Hearsay won't make a case. Unless you have someone who can put the criminal there firsthand, a conviction isn't going to happen."

There is no question that the U.S. Government has won a number of impressive victories in the past decade against what it likes to call "traditional organized crime." Together with the Racketeering and Corrupt Practices (RICO) statutes, the Witness Security Program has played an important role in these convictions. Virtually every major Mob case in recent years has relied heavily on turncoat witnesses. Invariably, the promises of the program have laid the groundwork for informant cooperation.

The fact that it works as a crime-fighting tool evidently carries weight with



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legislators and the public. Both seem resigned to accept the concept of a flawed WITSEC, believing, perhaps, that by fabricating new names and identities for people, our Government is proving its daring and omnipotence. The problem, of course, is that by allowing Government this power, we are only encouraging arrogance and cynicism, a fact amply illustrated by those who run WITSEC.

The program is now headquartered in Arlington, Virginia, and is run by Gerald Shur. Described by one witness currently in the program as "a small man with a small mind and a God complex," Shur is often cited by inductees as one of WITSEC's biggest administrative problems. He is known as something of a monomaniac in the J. Edgar Hoover mold and his decision-making process has been called "dictatorial and capricious" by one former WITSEC employee.

Shur almost never talks with the press, and he turned down repeated interview requests for this article. Doug Tillit, a spokesperson for the U.S. Marshals, responded by saying, "Our position is that there are some people who support the program and some who don't. There's nothing we can do or say about it." Shur has always preferred to let those who benefit most from the program—Federal agents and Government prosecutors—extol its virtues. As for its deficiencies, to say that WITSEC has engaged in a cover-up or two would be a quaint accusation. The program was *designed* to engage in deception.

It would be a mistake, however, to blame the failings of WITSEC entirely on Shur, or even on the inadequacies of the Marshals Service. The real question is not whether the program is badly administered but whether or not it can ever be administered.

No single group has a more acute understanding of this than the witnesses themselves. Dozens have turned to the press or the courts seeking an outlet, usually out of frustration with the Justice Department's lack of accountability.

Most witnesses enter the program in such a state of paranoia and fear that they willingly follow the Government's lead. For every Michael Raymond or Marion Albert Pruett—lifelong criminals who see WITSEC as just one more exploitable branch of the system—there are hundreds whose motives are more confused. Once persuaded by the Government to become informants, they have little choice but to see WITSEC in the most hopeful of terms, as a kind of redemption, a chance to cleanse their misbegotten souls.

Joe Labriola, a smalltime gangster from Connecticut, was looking for just such a cleansing in 1987 when he was busted for trafficking in cocaine. At the age of 51, Labriola did not want to spend any more time in jail. Despite misgivings, he decided to become a Government informant.

As with many criminals who do so, Labriola seemed to crave the approval of his masters. After each trial in which he testified against his former friends, he sought reassurance from the agents and prosecutors, who told him, "You did the right thing."

Had Labriola known that the suicide rate among inductees into WITSEC was many times higher than the national average, he might have asked himself an obvious question: Why? And he might have arrived at the obvious answer that those in the program were, after all, criminals, just like himself. To believe that the Government would ever truly concern itself with his welfare required the kind of wishful thinking of which only truly desperate men are capable.

Throughout his cooperation, Labriola sought to endear himself to the only friends he had left—the lawmen. Often he would cook meals for the police and prosecutors as they discussed his next day's testimony. Joe would regale them with stories from his Mob days, and they would all laugh and slap one another on the back. It was almost like old times, when Labriola had told wiseguy stories with his buddies until the dim hours of the morning.

But there was a difference. These men were cops and he was not. At the end of each day, they went home to their wives and kids, while he slinked around, feeling like a rat, hoping he wouldn't inadvertently blurt out some small fact that might betray his true identity. The contradictions in his life caused Labriola to suffer bouts of deep depression, which he sought to alleviate through the occasional use of cocaine and heroin.

In May 1990, Joe could take no more. Sitting on the bed in his tiny Government-assigned apartment in Springfield, Massachusetts, he swallowed an entire bottle of medication he had been taking for high blood pressure, chasing that with illegal drugs. He left behind a suicide note in which he said he could no longer take the pressures of being a Government witness. The last line, scrawled in what looked like a child's handwriting, read, "Don't be mad at me."

"You know," said a cop familiar with Labriola's case, "it's not all that shocking to me. Joe was in a lot of anguish. He never felt good about turning. It was an abrupt change in lifestyle. He was caught between two worlds and wasn't comfortable in either of them."

There were no Federal agents at Labriola's funeral. He left the Witness Security Program the same way he entered it. Alone.

 (continued from page 72)

"I told Demme, 'You can't do that, you're not Italian. Only Italians can play that music.'"

constant thing with us. We don't see each other that much anymore. He was like a big brother who helped me a lot.

PLAYBOY: How would you compare your Italian-American films with *The Godfather*, *Married to the Mob*, *Prizzi's Honor*?

SCORSESE: Demme was using stereotype for *Married to the Mob*, but for a farce, you can get away with it. *Prizzi's Honor*? Forget it; it's a whole different thing. Jack Nicholson and Anjelica Huston went right over the top with those accents. It was a wonderful self-parody in a way, and it's very difficult to do.

PLAYBOY: Are you at all offended or cynical about those films?

SCORSESE: Yeah. Certain films about Italian-Americans are exaggerations. They're not made by Italian-Americans. *Moonstruck*, for example, is an enjoyable picture, but it's a little exaggerated in terms of the ethnicity of it. It sometimes is disturbing. When the titles come up and you hear *That's Amore* by Dean Martin, as an Italian-American, you cringe a little bit. Or *Mambo Italiano* in the titles of *Married to the Mob*. I told Demme, "You can't do that, you're not Italian. Only Italians can play that music. Only Italians can say the bad things about ourselves."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gotten compliments on these kind of films from, say, Mafia types?

SCORSESE: Nick Pileggi told me that Henry Hill told him that [Mafia kingpin] Paulie Vario never went to the movies. One night, they said, "Paulie, we're going to take you to see this picture." They took him to see a movie, and it was *Mean Streets*. And he loved it. It was his favorite picture. And I got the same response from Ed McDonald, who was head of the Brooklyn organized-crime strike task force.

PLAYBOY: Why was it so appealing?

SCORSESE: Because it had a truth to it. And that was the highest compliment.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever packed any heat yourself?

SCORSESE: No. I'd shoot myself by accident. People would knock on the door and they'd be killed. I'd be so nervous, I'd be like Barney Fife.

PLAYBOY: This has been a whirlwind—and not only because you speak so fast between breaths and shots from your inhaler. When do you slow down?

SCORSESE: When I'm sleeping. Sometimes. Playing with my dog. When Jay Cocks and I are together, looking at old sixteen-millimeter films.

PLAYBOY: Don't you go out?

SCORSESE: I don't really see many people anymore.

PLAYBOY: When are you most alone?

SCORSESE: A few minutes before falling asleep. That's when I have a sense of mortality.

PLAYBOY: When you're alone in your New York apartment then, seventy-five stories above the city, looking out the picture window, surveying New York, what goes through your mind?

SCORSESE: The city looks like a painting that keeps changing. I keep thinking that I don't know how much longer I'll be there—I'm renting—that eventually I want to get my own place. But I realize I don't belong back on the Lower East Side. I don't belong in Rome. I don't belong in London. Where do I belong? Maybe just above New York—and me, afraid of flying. But I don't have to think about where I belong when I'm up there. I can just enjoy it, look over it and think about where I came from and what I'm doing now.

PLAYBOY: If you had to do it over again, would you do it the same?

SCORSESE: Oh, there's no doubt. I would have to, because the mistakes are even more important than the successes.

PLAYBOY: Any other wisdom to share?

SCORSESE: I'm reminded of a sequence I always loved from *Diary of a Country Priest*. The priest is listening to a woman's problems. She's had a very hard time. He tells her something I've always felt deep down: "God is not a torturer. He just wants us to be merciful with ourselves."

PLAYBOY: Is that the kind of advice you'd give to Martin Scorsese?

SCORSESE: It's good advice. I'm just trying to get through every minute of the day. It's the continuing struggle. It sounds pretentious, but I mean it in a good way. I don't mean being an achiever. I mean accomplishing whatever there is to accomplish between friends and in relationships. I was pretty strongly single-minded when I was young. I knew that I wanted to be a director, and I got that. And when you get it, when you get your dream, what do you do with it?

PLAYBOY: Good question.

SCORSESE: You go minute by minute.

"While you're on this medication, you're not supposed to operate machinery, but I think it will be all right for you to use your vibrator."

GEORGE FOREMAN *(continued from page 119)*

"A tank doesn't need a plan. A tank gets out there, and if you're in the way, you better hide."

don't have to. What I do better than anybody else is knock people out. I land a good punch. If I hit you on the shoulder, it hurts; if I hit you on the neck, it hurts; if I hit you on the chin, it hurts. I'll be throwing punches, and if Holyfield moves his chin out of the way and I hit him on his ear, he'll go down.

8.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to being a one-punch knockout artist, you seem to hurt your opponents until they crumple or quit. Do you think you operate a little differently from other fighters?

FOREMAN: Sure, I do. I have a style that most people haven't paid any attention to since I've been back. I don't fight the same way I did fifteen years ago. Originally, I had the style of the art of self-defense; I wanted to be a pure boxer with a good defense who could punch. This time around, I'm a pure offensive fighter. I think of myself as a tank that's going to war, and the only way to defeat me is to get a bigger tank to stand up to me. Tank battles don't last too long. My intention is to knock Holyfield out in two rounds. Everybody's gonna spend their money, so one round is for the show, but the second round, he must go.

9.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have undergone a personality transplant, George. When you were younger, you comported yourself like Sonny Liston; but these days, you seem to be talking like vintage Ali. How much calculation has gone into that change?

FOREMAN: It's knowledge and experience, not calculation. At one point, fighters like Liston, who put a big scowl on their faces, would sell tickets. But then, after a while, if that doesn't sell—and it didn't—you have to come up with another Barnum & Bailey situation. You're gonna hear, "Hurry, hurry, come on out and see." I'm not imitating Ali; it's just that people who are trying to sell a product sound alike. I'm gonna get paid in percentages, and if people don't know about the fight, they're not going to come. So I find myself literally on the corner, trying to sell this product. And people say, "Hey, he reminds me of so-and-so." And I *should* remind them of so-and-so. I'm an entrepreneur; I gotta make money. And sitting back with a scowl on my face won't bring in the customers.

10.

PLAYBOY: Is all this huckstering difficult for you?

FOREMAN: Oh, no, I like selling. I've been selling now for almost fourteen years. In 1977, I quit boxing to become an evangelist and started preaching on street corners. At first, I was horrible at it. I cut off my mustache and all my hair, and nobody noticed me. I had the best product in the world, but everyone passed me by, and that hurt me. When I realized I was

"I was pretty sure you weren't really Elvis, but I thought, why take a chance?"

going to have to do some selling, I got myself a little speaker and I went, "Hey, this is George Foreman, the guy who fought Muhammad Ali! Sure, he knocked me down; sure, I lost! But George Foreman is here to bring you to Jesus!" And they stopped. I wish I'd known about all this when I fought Ali in Zaire, because that fight just didn't pull in all the money it should have. I really didn't understand the closed-circuit deal and the fact that the more people who bought tickets, the more money you could make. They guaranteed me five million dollars and I said, "I'm rich." I didn't think, Man, this is a business. I can bring in triple that money. I was kind of ignorant at twenty-six, and I don't make excuses for ignorance. I didn't surround myself with people who'd tell me, "Hey, George, loosen up, baby."

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you still enjoy the physical part of boxing?

FOREMAN: I like it, yes. As a matter of fact, if you look at my record, I've been fighting once every other month. Sometimes twice a month. I've been allowing promoters the least amount of time to promote my fights.

12.

PLAYBOY: You've certainly given the promoters plenty of time to hype this fight. Because of the availability of pay-per-view TV, many people think this will be the most lucrative bout in boxing history. Do you?

FOREMAN: If Holyfield had a mouth, it definitely would be. Here you've got George Foreman trying to sell and the other fighter is walking around like, "I'm the champion of the world, look at my muscles." Holyfield is pure and traditional, and that doesn't mean a thing at the box office. I wish he would actually say something, but he lets his manager, Lou Duva, speak for him. Of course, if Holyfield sees this interview, he probably *will* say something, like, "Duh . . . I gotta ask my manager." And, believe me, that's the way he's gonna fight, too. Let me tell you something: If you depend on people to speak for you and train you, then you can't fight *me*, man. I'll eat you up, because when you get in the middle of the ring, you're by yourself. And if I catch you looking back at your corner, you're gonna be looking up from the canvas. Holyfield's not only going to be facing a big, strong, tough man, he's also going to be fighting one of the best trainers around who's getting instruction from his own self. Nobody screams instructions to me from outside the ring. I don't allow that and I don't need that.

13.

PLAYBOY: Speaking as one of the best trainers around, how much do you think you'll weigh for your bout with Holyfield?

FOREMAN: I don't plan like that. What I do is get myself in the best possible condition. I run hard, I train hard and whatever the scale says is fine with me. I never try to get down to a certain weight. I did that once, when I first got back. For one fight, I got down to two hundred and twenty-nine pounds, and I didn't like the way I felt. I can't describe it better than that; I just didn't feel right at two-twenty-nine. Maybe I felt like Holyfield—normal, like a guy who's gotta come up with a plan. My thing is, just wind me up and put me in the ring. A tank doesn't need a plan. A tank gets out there, and if you're in the way, you better hide.

14.

PLAYBOY: In preparing for this fight, are you at least putting your fondness for junk food on hold and getting down to serious nutrition?

FOREMAN: I'm following my own special seafood diet—I eat everything I see. The greatest pleasure of my life is my food. I love to eat, and I'm not gonna let Holyfield or no other human being put me in a position where I'm gonna sacrifice my meals. I've been told I remind people of Will Rogers—I never met a fast-food chain I didn't like. In fact, I love every hamburger franchise there is. And I love fried fish and fried chicken and ice cream. At the start of my amateur boxing days, I left Houston in '65, and I said, "One day I'm gonna come back and I'm gonna have a thousand dollars and I'm gonna spend it all at this one corner hamburger store in Houston, Dairy Dream. I'm gonna go there every day and have me a hamburger—I'll have that much money." When I was heavyweight champion of the world, I was regimented and my life was built around sacrificing. I became a robot. I forgot about things like hamburgers and having friends and how to enjoy myself. In 1977, when I left boxing and came home, I realized, George, you've got a million bucks. Not only do you have all that money but there are more fast-food chains in Houston than you ever imagined when you left. They were *everywhere*. I had this big fancy Rolls-Royce and I drove it to these fast-food chains a few times a day. When I ordered bags of food, the workers would all say, "Is that Foreman again?" They'd see the Rolls-Royce coming and know it was me. I had a choice and I made it—the Rolls-Royce was making me ashamed of myself. So I got me a Chevy pickup, and no matter how many times a day I pulled up, nobody would say, "Oh, here's George Foreman." Now that I'm older, I don't know why fighters pay guys to serve them chicken and chicken feed. You get to be champ of the world and all of a sudden you got to eat chicken feed? Not

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me. This time, I'm living a normal life and I'm not sacrificing anything.

15.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you mentioned Ali's penchant for fighting the toughest boxers in the world. Do you think that's responsible for his condition today?

FOREMAN: The only thing wrong with Ali is that he has Parkinson's disease, and from what I've been told, he would've gotten that if he never boxed one round. But he's still mentally sharp, and if you catch him at certain times of the day, he'll do the Ali shuffle and still be the greatest show on earth. He's like seventy percent of everybody in this country; he needs a prescription or two. His medicines have side effects that slow him down, but that's all. Otherwise, he's normal. And he's still productive—a few months ago, he traveled overseas and helped get some hostages released from Iraq. There are people in *splendid* condition who were unable to do that.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever have occasion to see Ali?

FOREMAN: Yes, and we've gotten closer over the years. After I was converted into peace of mind, I tried to get him to do the same thing. It's impossible, you see, to have peace of mind without Jesus Christ, but Ali always argues with me. I still want to convert him to Christianity, but instead of preaching to him, I try to win him over in other ways, mostly by looking after him. He'll find me helping him on with his coat or putting on his cuff links, tying his shoes, things of that nature. He don't want to hear my mouth sometimes, so I have to do these other things. I really *do* want him to find what I found.

17.

PLAYBOY: Was your conversion to Christianity why you left boxing in 1977?

FOREMAN: Christianity had nothing to do with it. All that boxing represented to me was confusion, and all it offered was fame and money. In 1977, I had money, so why stay in boxing? That's the reason I left. I'd be lying if I told you I had a revelation from God that said boxing's no good. The only reason I retired is because I didn't want to be a boxer anymore. And the only reason I returned is that in 1986, after I'd built my gym in Houston and had been working with kids for a couple of years, one of my accountants sat me down and said, "George, you just can't keep this up. You can't afford it. You've put money aside for yourself, but if you don't back off the gym, you're going to be another Joe Louis." After that, I started traveling around to speak at churches in return for donations to the gym. That ended one night in Georgia, when I felt like, Here I am, the former heavyweight champion who once made five million dollars for a single fight, and I'm begging people for money. I told myself, This will never happen to me again. I know how to get money: I'm going to be the heavyweight champion of the world again. I came back home, got out my athletic equipment and started training.

18.

PLAYBOY: In spite of what you said earlier about Ali, a lot of people think his condition is related to fighting well after he passed his peak. Do you ever worry about getting hurt in the ring? Holyfield, after all, is a much more dangerous fighter than the parade of pugs you picked on to get this title shot.

FOREMAN: Who's Holyfield ever hurt? Really, who in the world has he ever hurt? The answer is nobody. And now he's got to fight a real contender.

19.

PLAYBOY: If you beat Holyfield, Mike Tyson is waiting in the wings, and a Foreman–Tyson bout conceivably could be worth twenty-five million dollars to you. Will you fight him?

FOREMAN: Tyson's dead. Tyson's over the hill; the race has passed him by. People who say Tyson just happened to come up flat against Douglas remind me of Dr. Leakey explaining how the dinosaurs looked before they became extinct. The fact is, they weren't happening anymore, and neither is Tyson. He's not even in my head; his day has come and gone. What *is* in my head is this: When I came out of retirement, I needed money and said I was coming back to become champion of the world. I didn't say I was *only* coming back to get money, because that's the way you get hurt. I said I was coming back to be champion. Now I've accomplished that. When I beat Holyfield on April nineteenth, I'll have done all that I've said and wanted to do. There are no more goals.

20.

PLAYBOY: If there are no more goals, will there be more bouts?

FOREMAN: I don't think so. I'm a full-time preacher and I'm no longer interested in fighting. Whoever would have been champ of the world, I would have fought him, anyway. And I would have beaten him, because it's my destiny to become champion. Nobody could have stopped me. If my goal was to make a million dollars, I would have quit last year, after I beat Gerry Cooney. Once I become heavyweight champ of the world, there's nothing left to fight for. But that doesn't mean the Holyfield fight will definitely be my last. After I win, I'll retire, but I might come back at fifty-six or so and try it again. Don't laugh—I'm serious about that.

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 (continued from page 122)

"'Once the Italians see what the Japanese can offer, unsold Fiats will pile up like discarded tin cans.'"

plate. Oldsmobile's new Custom Cruiser features a fresh version of the famed Sixties Vista Cruiser see-through roof. Buick sells a similar model and Ford and Chevy will follow suit on the big Crown Victoria and Caprice platforms. Mercedes-Benz offers a pricey (about $58,000) but sure-footed wagon, with optional four-speed automatic and all-wheel drive. It may once again supplement its gasoline power plant with an efficient turbodiesel.

TRUCK STOPPERS

For nine years, the largest selling "car" in America has been a Ford pickup truck. More recently, enticed by low-priced Japanese offerings, good old boys (and girls) have been buying pickups in droves. With the average price of a new car climbing over $16,000, the little haulers, at considerably less, are real bargains and their *macho* image is a bonus. Inevitably, manufacturers offer upgraded stereos, luxurious interiors and more power.

Last year's hot truck, Chevy's speedy black 7.4-liter, 255-hp 454 SS, has been topped in 1991 by G.M.'s ground-pounding Syclone. The all-wheel-drive Syclone packs a turbocharged 280-hp V6 linked to a Corvette four-speed automatic. Blazing 4.9-second 0-to-60 times mean that this torrid machine can outdrag a Corvette ZR-1. Thanks to its sport suspension and ABS, the $26,000 Syclone also handles like a sports car.

FOREIGN BRIDES UPDATE

Ford descended on Jaguar with a vengeance, balancing more efficient production and painting techniques with a healthy respect for the Old World principles that make a Jaguar a Jaguar. It scrapped an in-house design for a new F-type sports car, but rumors persist that the roadster may be built by Tom Walkinshaw's JaguarSport, the specialists who build Jaguar's endurance racers. Under Ford's guidance, Jaguar is hurriedly designing a smaller sedan to rival the 5 Series BMW—reminiscent of the Jaguar 3.4 sport saloons of the Sixties. A baby Jag four-door will help Ford ensure that this expensive but savvy take-over pays off.

Saab and G.M. have been slow to consummate their marriage. Early rumors about importing Opel's dramatically styled Calibra sports coupe as a Saab have been squelched. From our point of view, a rebadged Calibra would have been a neat styling shot in the arm for Saab. Bob Sinclair, Saab's U.S. chairman, sadly admits, "G.M. of Europe never bothered to design the Calibra for the U.S. market. It would take too long and cost a fortune to adapt it now."

Renault and Volvo joined forces basically to sell trucks. Don't look for Renaults in the U.S. soon. (There are still plenty of disgruntled Fuego and Dauphine owners around.) Station wagons are half of Volvo's unit volume, but competitive minivans have taken a swipe at their sales. To rush an entry into the van wars, Volvo could adapt Renault's stylish Espace minivan.

Rumors of a Fiat–Chrysler merger were dashed as we went to press. That's a pity. Both giants sell more than 90 percent of their output on home turf. When European trade barriers drop in 1992, Fiat will face an onslaught of competitively priced, high-quality Japanese machines. One former U.S. Fiat dealer commented wryly, "Once the Italians see what the Japanese can offer, unsold Fiat Pandas and Tipos will pile up over there like discarded tin cans."

Chrysler would like to sell more cars overseas. If Fiat ever plans to be a contender here again, it will need dealers, and Chrysler has plenty of them. Insiders say the public posturing is just each company's way of jostling for an advantage. We think the two giants should find a way to mate. Fiat could help sell Chrysler's minivans, convertibles, jeeps and sports utilities in Europe, using existing brand names. Chrysler could raid the Fiat range for badly needed new small cars for the U.S. They'd be sold here as Chrysler products; Fiat's name plate isn't exactly an asset, but its ability to design and build fuel-efficient, high-volume little cars is.

Mitsubishi (Chrysler's present partner) could be the loser if Iacocca and Agnelli tie the knot. At presstime, despite his public hue and cry over Japanese auto makers, Iacocca was re-embracing Mitsu like a long-lost lover. Only time will tell.

VOLKSWAGEN: GEARING UP FOR EXPANSION

Despite a catchy ad campaign that has many people chuckling, Volkswagen's speedy Corrado coupes and roomy Passat sedans are well-kept secrets here. Back home, it's just the reverse. The Germans love the Corrado's stubby, boy-racer stance and they've ordered so many Passats that there's an eight-month waiting list.

Because of its strong international strategy, VW has remained a world player. Factories in Spain, Brazil and Mexico churn out thousands of low-cost SEATS (sounds like Fiats) and Volkswagens. And VW was one of the first companies to open a Chinese subsidiary

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PLAYBOY'S WHEELS FOR THE '90s

MERCEDES-BENZ 500E

Porsche builds the new 500E for Mercedes. Those bulging biceps are for real. The fleet and luxurious 500E tops out around 155 mph, we've been told.

BUICK PARK AVENUE ULTRA

"When bigger sedans are built, Buick will build them." Its ponderous Park Avenue handles well, thanks to an optional GT package. Be sure to order it.

BMW 325i

BMW's reply to rivals who copied its old 3-Series wheels is the sleek new 325i that sets driving standords even higher. Sorry about that, copycats.

SAAB 9000 TURBO

Saab turbocharged its balance-shofted 2.3-liter motor. You now get the speed and smoothness of a six-cylinder engine, with the economy of a four.

MITSUBISHI DIAMANTE LS

Mitsubishi's nifty Diamante LS, a thinly disguised 3000 GT with four doors, boosts Eurocar luxury and virtually every bell ond whistle the Japanese offer.

G.M.C. TRUCK SYCLONE

G.M.C. crossed a sports cor with an all-wheel-drive pickup to breed its new Syclone—a torrid truck thot blazes to 60 mph in just 4.9 seconds. Hang on!

PORSCHE 911 TURBO

Porsche tamed its once tail-happy Turbo with much improved suspension, then added even more horsepower to prove its point. This baby really flies!

ACURA LEGEND LS

Thought it was o BMW, did you? Acura's refined new Legend has all the panache ond high-tech features of top European rivals—for far fewer yen.

in Beijing. Wisely, it even began expansion efforts in the former East Germany long before reunification.

Now, capitalizing on pent-up demand and a large experienced labor force in Saxony, VW installs four-cylinder engines in the last of the Trabants, builds the same engines nearby in Chemnitz (and supplies them to Wartburg) and is assembling Polos in a new plant in Mosel. And it just purchased a controlling interest in Czechoslovakia's Skoda.

As a niche player, VW must continue to find market loopholes here. After sampling an early European version, we're looking forward to the spacious new Caravelle minivan, due late this year. If VW spruces up the Caravelle with more Chrysler-style amenities (plusher trim, decent switchgear, handy coin and cup holders, etc.), it may just have another winner on its hands.

WHEELS TO WATCH

Acura's brilliant NSX, *Playboy*'s 1991 Car of the Year, is playing to packed showrooms. Speculators bought up early dealer contracts and are asking from $5000 to $35,000 over sticker price for the sleek, mid-engined winner. A few greedy dealers even organized bidding wars among customers for early NSXs, a shortsighted sales strategy. Acura will import 3000 NSXs for the 1991 model year, three times the volume Ferrari sells here and at half the price of a 348ts.

Our advice? If you must have an NSX, wait six to nine months till the feeding frenzy dies down. When supply of the red-hot new $60,000-to-$65,000 two-seater catches up with the demand, you'll be able to buy one for the regular retail price (or even less).

Mercedes-Benz is excited about its BMW M-5 rival, the startlingly quick 500E. With help from colleagues at Porsche, the Benz boys stuffed their 500SL's 332-hp V8 into a mid-sized 300 Series sedan, tweaked the chassis for better handling, enlarged the brakes and altered the fenders to cover fatter rubber. "This is the first Mercedes that really handles like a Porsche," said Paul Hemsler, Porsche's engineering chief.

Although the new autobahn stormer is somewhat out of character for Mercedes, Benz insiders promise more exciting sports models for the future. Mercedes and new partner Porsche can build only 12 500Es per day, so even at an estimated $65,000, the superb-handling, 155-mph sedan will be in short supply when sales start this fall.

Cruising the Frankfurt–Darmstadt autobahn in a preview 500E, we were passed by a thinly disguised big sedan that disappeared over the horizon. We saw it long enough to know it was the long-awaited Mercedes-Benz S Class—a behemoth that sports a 400-plus-hp V12 and a price tag in excess of $100,000. Have the Stuttgarters lost

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Page 91: **Suit, shirt** and **tie** all by *Bill Robinson*, at Fred Segal Feeling, 500 Broadway, Santa Monica, CA 90401, 213-393-2322.

Page 92: **Ties** by *Audrey Buckner*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-753-7300; *Ungaro*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-705-2000; *Verri*, at Verri, 802 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021, 212-737-9200; *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, 108 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10010, 212-627-9770; *AKM*, at Union Fashion Clothing Co., Century Plaza Cielo Vista Mall, El Paso, TX 79903, 915-533-3684. **Cuff links** by *Lanvin*, at Bizarre Bazaar Ltd., Place des Antiquaires, 125 E. 57th St., Gallery 24, N.Y.C. 10022, 212-688-1830; *Laurence DeVries for the LS Collection*, at LS Collection, 765 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021, 212-472-3355; *Elizabeth Locke*, at Neiman Marcus, across the country, or by private order from Elizabeth Locke, 212-714-2790; *Lisa Jenks*, at Knot Krazy locations in Chicago, Los Angeles and Atlanta.

Page 93: **Jacket** by *Alexander Julian*, at Sims Ltd., 800 Nicollet Mall, Minneapolis 55402, 612-333-5275. **Shirt** by *Alexander Julian*, at Alexander Julian, 2554 E. Camelback, Phoenix 85016, 602-954-7005.

Page 94: **Jacket, sweater, trousers** by *Ronaldus Shamask*, at Wilkes Bashford, 375 Sutter St., San Francisco 94108, 415-986-4380. **Sunglasses** by *Persol*, at Optical Fashion Center, 9625 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills 90210, 213-274-6008.

Page 95: **Socks** by *Studio Tokyo*, at Chocolate Moose, 1800 M St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036, 202-463-0992; *Gordon Walker*, at Mark Shale in Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas and Minneapolis. *E.G. Smith Socks from The Sir Real Collection*, at all Macy's locations; *Laura Pearson*, at Sami Dinar for Men, 9766 Brighton Way, Beverly Hills 90210, 213-275-2044. **Braces** by *AKM*, at Union Fashion Clothing Co., Century Plaza Cielo Vista Mall, El Paso, TX 79903, 915-533-3684; *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Louis Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston 02116, 617-965-6100.

Page 96: **Sweater** by *Roger Forsythe for Perry Ellis*, at Dayton's, Hudson's, Marshall Field's, 700 on the Mall, Minneapolis 55402, 800-233-2000. **Trousers** by *Roger Forsythe for Perry Ellis*, at Macy's, 170 Farrell St., San Francisco 94102, 415-397-3333.

Page 97: **Jacket, trousers, shirt, tie** and **pocket square** all by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston 02116, 617-266-4200.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Page 124: **Skis** by *Karhu*, *Rossignol*, *Titan* and *Peltonen*, **boots** by *Salomon* and *Trak*, all at MC Mages, 620 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 60610, 312-337-6151.

Page 125: **Palmcorder** by *Panasonic*, available wherever fine consumer-electronics products are sold. **Car replicas** by *Schuco*, at Lilliput Motor Co., 555 Sutter St., San Francisco 94102, 415-986-2277. **Remote control** by *Proton*, at Harvey Electronics, Two W. 45th St., N.Y.C. 10036, 212-575-5000.

Page 126: **Stereo** by *Aiwa*, 800 Corporate Dr., Mahwah, NJ 07430, 201-512-3600. **Tray** by *Asprey*, at Asprey, 725 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10022, 212-688-1811. **Watch** by *Yema*, available at fine jewelry stores in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles and Kansas City.

Page 127: **TurboExpress** by *NEC Technologies*, available at limited toy and audio/video stores.

ON THE SCENE

Page 169: **Lighter** by *Zippo*, at Zippo, 33 Barbour St., Bradford, PA 16701, 814-362-4541. **Match holder**, at Geoffrey Parker, 409 N. Camden Dr., Beverly Hills 90210, 213-276-5455. **Lighters** by *Dunhill* and *Colibri*, at De La Concha Tobacconist, 1390 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y.C. 10019, 212-757-3167. **Art-deco lighter,** at Bizarre Bazaar Ltd., Place des Antiquaires, 125 E. 57th St., Gallery 24, N.Y.C. 10022, 212-688-1830.

their minds? A bigger, longer, thirstier limousine (though it will be available with in-line V6 and V8 power plants, too) seems the wrong car for the times.

Mercedes' head of passenger-car development, Dr. Wolfgang Peter, insists that his firm is "not out to topple Rolls-Royce," but Mercedes-Benz' marketers are determined to offer the best-engineered sedan in the world. The new S Class, which was five and a half years in the making exceeds every competitive performance standard except fuel economy.

Mitsubishi drives upmarket with its Acura-fighting Diamante LS. Think of it as a thinly disguised 3000 GT sports coupe with four doors. There's a powerful 202-hp DOHC V6 coupled with a four-speed automatic featuring a computerized shifting feedback system. Diamante is presently a front-driver with a Euro-handling package and the same multilink electronic-control suspension system of the 3000 GT. Mitsubishi sells for an all-wheel-drive twin-turbo 300-hp version in Japan. Marketing that car here in the future would give Mitsubishi an even greater edge over its European competition. Mitsubishi is gunning for Acura's Legend—but at less than $30,000, it may steal a few BMW customers, as well.

Looking for a cheap sports car? For about $9000, Hyundai's cute little Scoupe offers head-turning styling (especially in yellow), nippy acceleration and handling that won't embarrass an enthusiast on a budget.

The redesigned, small (but high-tech and performance-packed) BMW 325i's will be here this summer. We had a sneak preview and we're very impressed: The new "3s" are wedge-shaped, slightly smaller interpretations of the sleek 5 Series—with impeccable road manners, thanks to new multilink rear suspension and a powerful, 189-hp, four-valve DOHC six-cylinder engine. Best of all, the new 3 Series offers that fabulous German sport-sedan feeling—as though the car had been hewn out of solid rock. The Japanese may clobber the Germans on price, but they haven't managed to copy this sensation—yet.

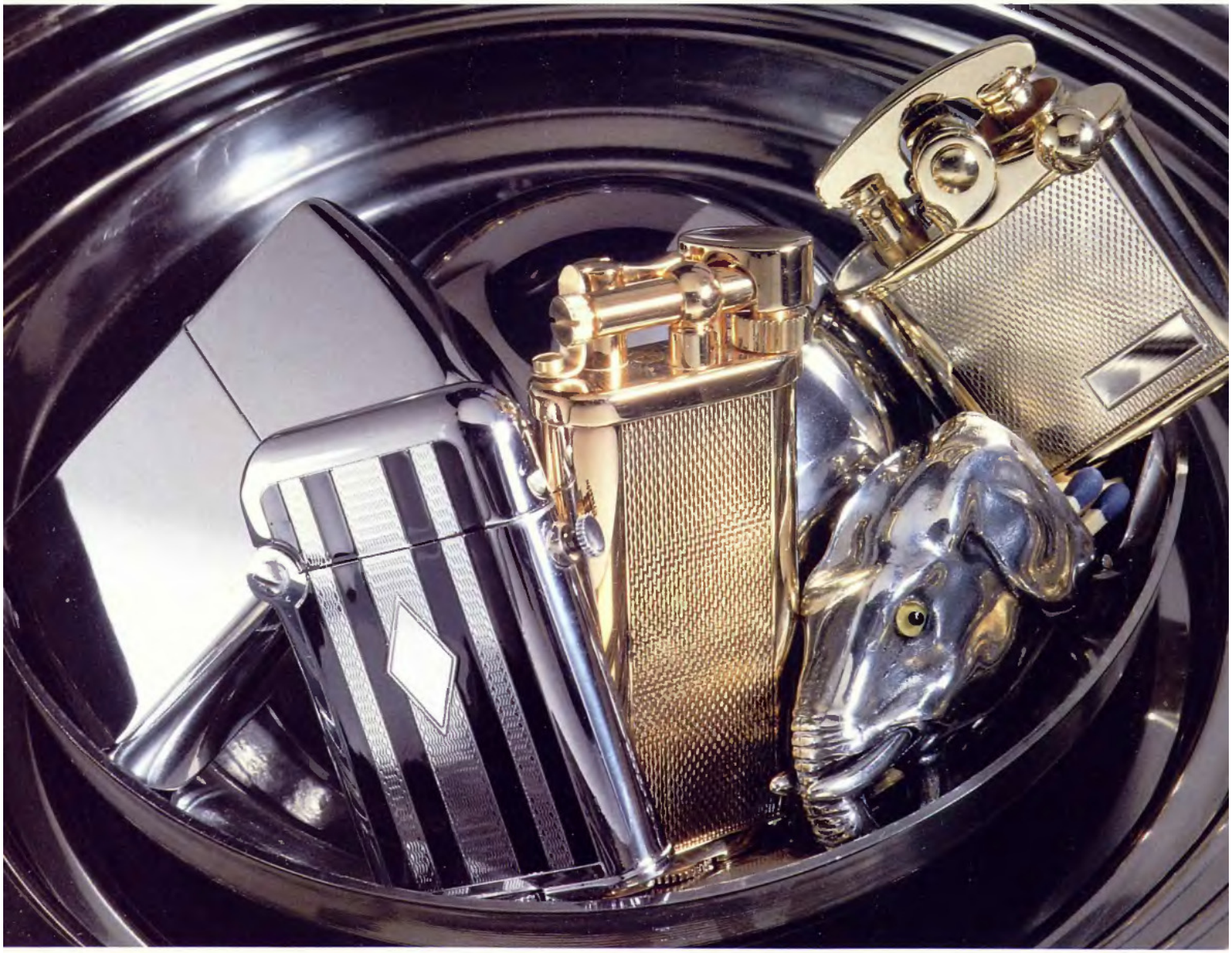
Finally, for those of you who aren't counting pennies, we recently sped from Nice to Paris in Porsche's $95,000 reborn whale-tailed 911 Turbo. Thanks to a newly designed coil-spring suspension (the venerable torsion bars are gone) and an improved limited-slip differential, the old 911 Turbo's tendency to swap ends under hard acceleration in a curve has been virtually eliminated. This incredibly quick (0 to 60 in 4.8 seconds, top speed of 168 mph) Turbo makes a not-too-subtle statement that's easily understood by any valet car hiker: "Park me right in front."

RETRO LIGHTERS

It seems that nothing burns as brightly as the return of an old flame. The contours of a familiar shape and a certain feeling in your hand combine to provide a spark that can rekindle the warmest of memories. Of course, we're referring to retro pocket lighters that are as hefty as they are handsome. Or, as Mae West might have said, "Is that a Dunhill in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" Most of the classic styles pictured here made their debut during an earlier age of elegance, when lighting a woman's cigarette or your own carefully chosen cheroot or a fine briar pipe called for just the right touch of incendiary class. And even if you choose not to smoke, there's no reason you can't light up somebody else's life with appropriate panache. Fire when ready!

STEVE CONWAY

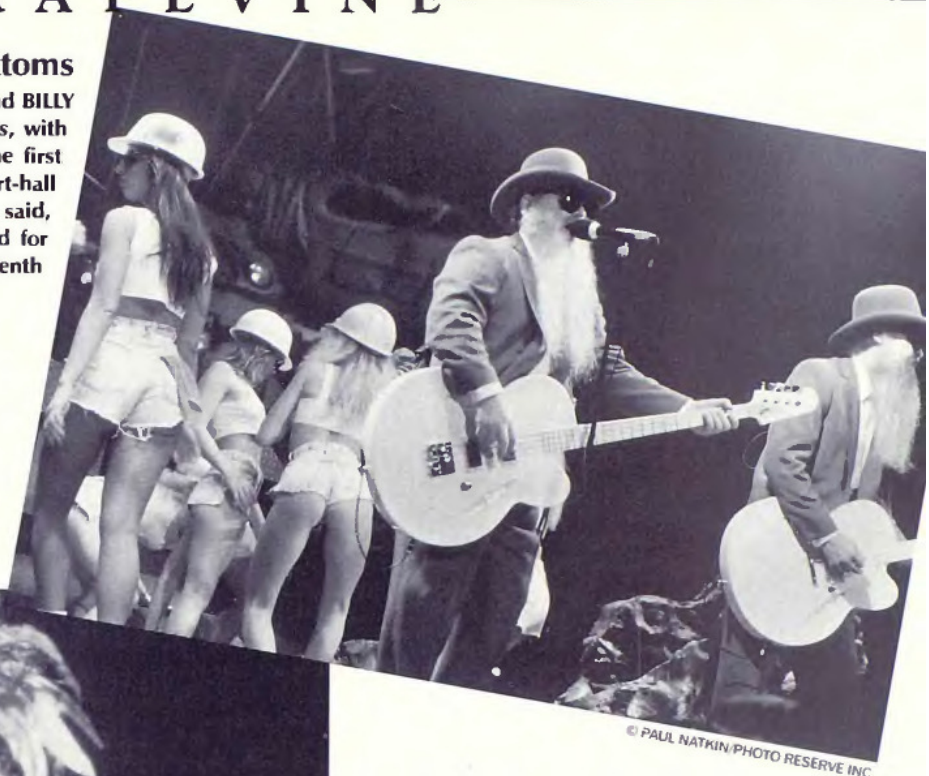
Left to right: Zippo's classic pocket lighter in polished chrome, about $12. Vintage chrome-and-enamel art-deco Thorens lighter, from Bizarre Bazaar Ltd., New York, $275. Butane gold-finished reproduction of Dunhill's circa-1920 Unique lighter, by Alfred Dunhill of London, $330 (silver-finished model, $250). Elephant-shaped sterling-silver reproduction of a Victorian match holder, from Geoffrey Parker, Beverly Hills, $370. Colibri's gold-finished limited-edition reproduction of its Original 1928 lighter, $95, including a handsome wooden presentation box.



Where & How to Buy on page 168.

The Tops and Some Bottoms

ZZ Top is on the road again and DUSTY HILL (left) and BILLY GIBBONS (right) crank up for that golden oldie *Legs*, with some heavy background visuals. This Top tour is the first since 1987. Before that, the band was doing the concert-hall shuffle for so long it got to the point where, Dusty said, "more than once, I picked up the phone and asked for room service at my own house." *Recycler* is the Tops' tenth LP and they still hit all the blue notes.



© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

SVEN ARNSTEIN/HBO

She Dares to Be Bare

If you were stopped by this photo, we say don't miss actress LYNN WHITFIELD in HBO's production of *The Josephine Baker Story*. Entertainer Baker caught everyone's eye in Paris in the Twenties, and Lynn does her justice in the Nineties.

© PHIL ROACH/PHOTOREPORTERS INC.

Kirstie Gets Her Licks In

Cheers star KIRSTIE ALLEY and actor husband PARKER STEVENSON get silly occasionally, but so what? With *Look Who's Talking Too!* on the big screen, *Cheers* in the top ten on TV and a crush on her husband, Kirstie's too busy to be formal.

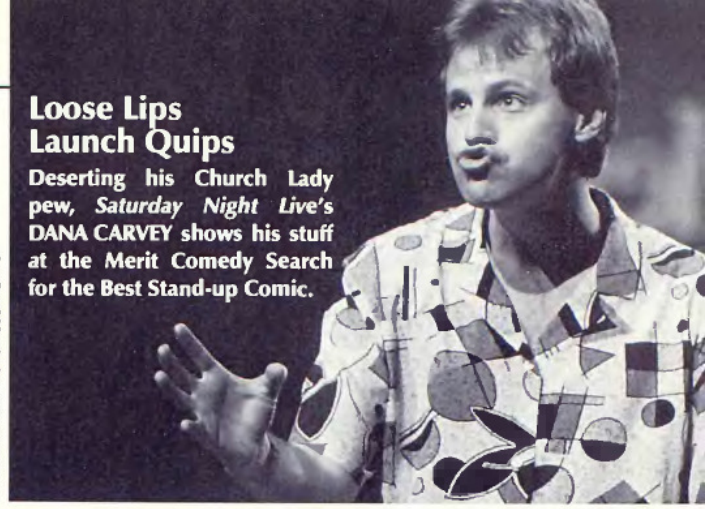
A Big Grin and a Touch of Skin

Did you see SABRINA GALLUCCI compete in a bikini contest on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*? She is also a Miss Coors Light poster girl and she appeared on MTV in a Busboy video. For us, she donned a hot-weather outfit to remind *Grapevine* readers that spring will once again return at its regularly scheduled time. Thanks, Sabrina.

© MARK LEIVDAL

Loose Lips Launch Quips

Deserting his Church Lady pew, *Saturday Night Live*'s DANA CARVEY shows his stuff at the Merit Comedy Search for the Best Stand-up Comic.



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Carlene's Got the Genes of a Country Queen

Singer/writer CARLENE CARTER (June's daughter) currently shares the country charts with stepsister Rosanne Cash and Johnny himself. Even in that family group, Carlene's LP *I Fell in Love* jumps out. Check out her video or catch her in concert.

A Pretty Face *and* Good Taste

Actress NICOLE GREY had a part in last year's hot movie *GoodFellas* and has had roles on four soaps, including *All My Children* and *Another World*. We're glad she's a success at work, but we're even happier about her lingerie. Nicole knows lace.

© MARK LEIVDAL

RUNWAY SUCCESS

"If you travel and you like exotic dancers, this is the directory for you," say the publishers of *Exotic Dancer*, the directory of North American nude, topless, stripper and go-go bars, clubs and dancer agencies. With more than 1000 entries (plus coupons for free admission and drinks at dozens of clubs), you can bet a stageful of sequined G strings that there'll be at least one hot spot you'll want to visit. The Palomino Club listing in North Las Vegas, for example, includes everything from Types of Dancers ("nude") to Clientele ("mostly white-collar") and also rates as a Publisher's Pick. For a copy, send $22.95 to *Exotic Dancer*, 249 Bailey Street, Suite 209, Fort Worth, Texas 76107. Or, if you're as hot as the clubs, call 817-485-1513 and put it on plastic.

CHECKMATE, STUPID

Fidelity Electronics in Miami has just introduced Chesster Phantom, an electronic chess game in which your computer-brained invisible opponent not only kibitzes and coaches you with a 500-word vocabulary ("I'd resign, too, in that mess!") but also moves its own pieces about the board. Twenty-five skill levels are available and Chesster Phantom will even play a game against itself. The price: about $600. To order, call 800-634-4692. Yes, a human answers.

BALL GAMES IN STYLE

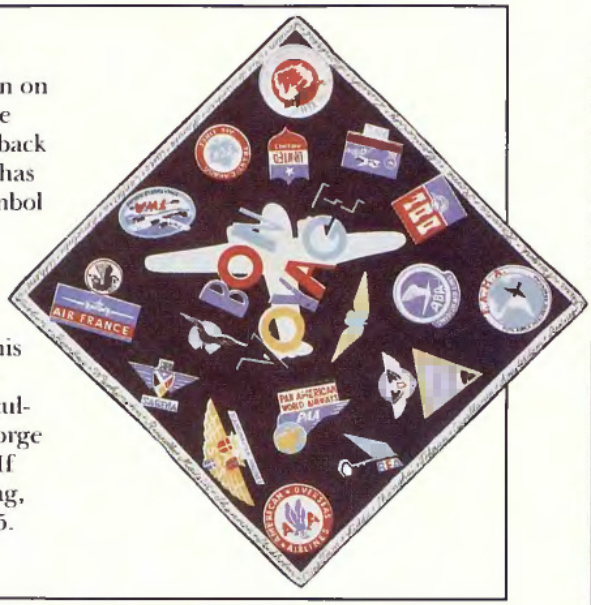
The 1991 Ultimate Baseball Road Trip has released its schedule, and if you're a fan of the national pastime, this is the way to catch some great games hassle-free. Six trips are planned, ranging in price from $575 to $700. For the Stars & Stripes junket from July third to seventh, you join the group in Baltimore for a game against Detroit. Then move on to Philadelphia for one against St. Louis, travel to New York to see the Yankees play Baltimore, take a Cooperstown Baseball Hall of Fame tour and wind up in Boston for a game against Detroit. The price: $700 per person, including accommodations (in the same hotels as the players), transportation between games and a gala banquet. For more information, call Sports Tours, Inc., at 800-722-7701.

LOOK! UP ON THE MACHINE! IT'S SUPERMAN!

The first *Action* (with Superman's debut, in 1938) is worth about $32,500 and *Batman No. 1* is valued at $14,500. But now you don't have to sell your Porsche to enjoy these and other golden-age DC comics. MicroColor International, 85 Godwin Avenue, Midland Park, New Jersey 07432, is offering five-issue sets on color microfiche, which you can view on a library machine, for $29.95 each, postpaid. Call 800-666-4054 for details.

TIE ONE ON

"Waved in the air, worn on the head or around the neck, bursting from a back pocket, the bandanna has endured as a great symbol of the free American spirit," according to Chronicle Books, the publisher of *The American Bandanna*. This 119-page softcover by Hillary Weiss covers "culture on cloth from George Washington to Elvis." If bandannas are your bag, the price is only $16.95. Don't blow it.

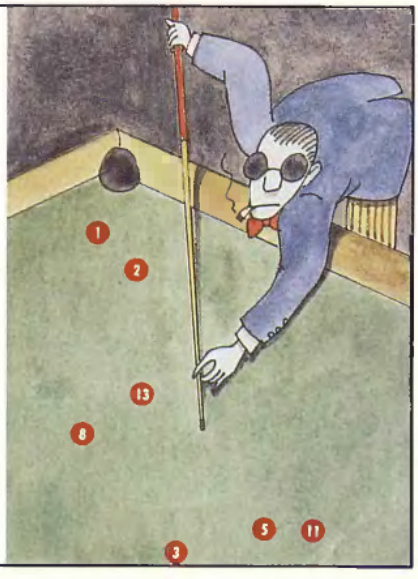


NIGHTSTICKING IT TO AUTO THIEVES

If you're looking for an inexpensive alternative to a costly auto alarm, consider Kraco's Electronic Nightstick. Resembling a policeman's billy club, its LED flashes when the Nightstick is activated and a motion-and-shock sensor detects illegal entry and sounds a piercing siren. Automotive stores sell the Electronic Nightstick for about $100. Lock on to it.

PUTTING N.Y.C. ON THE MAP

Want to know Martha Stewart's favorite Manhattan food stops or the 13 best pool halls for singles? These and other insights into the Big Apple most tourists often miss are contained in *Spade & Archer's 50 Maps of New York*, a $9.95 softcover that will slip into your breast pocket. And when you head West, grab *50 Maps of Los Angeles*—a companion volume that includes Zsa Zsa's personal tour of Rodeo Drive.



CALL OF THE WILD

It won't be long before The Antler People will once again travel to the Rockies to collect the antlers that are naturally shed each spring by elk, moose, caribou and deer. They are then turned into fireplace sets ($250), corkscrews ($25), candelabra ($55), bolo ties ($45) and other handsome, horny pieces (all prices postpaid). For a complete list of products, send a dollar to The Antler People, P.O. Box 255, Pinckney, Michigan 48169.

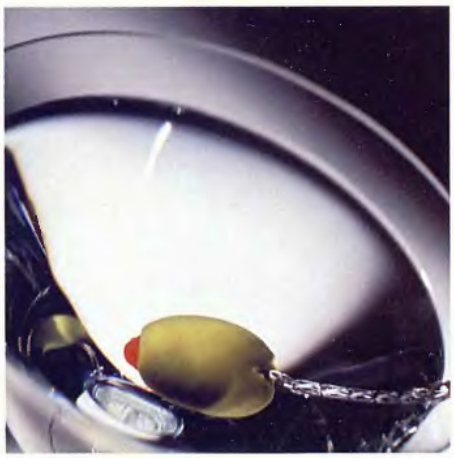
LET YOUR WRIST WATCH DO THE TALKING

Dick Tracy would love this—a voice and sound recording wrist watch named The ChatterBox that captures up to 15 seconds of sounds for instant playback. And it's a five-function quartz watch, too. Aside from recording brilliant thoughts while you're on the way to work, The ChatterBox will deliver opening lines in singles bars, and you can record secrets just as spies do in the movies. It's available from Hammacher Schlemmer for only $54.95, postpaid, via a credit card, by calling 800-543-3366. Speak up.

NEXT MONTH

BIG TROUBLE

MALE SUPREMACY?



PICK DRINKS

BOSS TWEEDS

"BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE SAIGON"—ON THE NATION'S MOST CONSERVATIVE TURF, ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, VICIOUS SOUTHEAST ASIAN GANGS HAVE BROUGHT THE VIETNAM WAR BACK HOME—BY **JIM GOAD**

"LOOK WHO'S TALKING"—LEARN WHY SO MANY CELEBS ARE MAKING COMMERCIALS FROM A GUY WHO HAS TALKED, BARKED AND FLUSHED HIS WAY INTO THE LIVING ROOMS OF AMERICA—BY **CHIP BOLCIK**

GEORGE STEINBRENNER, BANISHED BOSS OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES, GOES ON THE OFFENSIVE AND TALKS ABOUT HIS EXILE AND HIS BATTLES WITH **DAVE WINFIELD** AND COMMISSIONER **FAY VINCENT** IN A HEAVY-HITTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"A CASE OF LOATHING"—IN AN AGE OF SUPPOSED TOLERANCE, ROVING BANDS OF HOMOPHOBES HAVE TAKEN UP GAY BASHING AGAIN. A DISTURBING REPORT BY **NAT HENTOFF**

"DRINKS FOR THE DESIGNATED DRIVER"—SO YOU'RE THE GUY WITH THE CAR KEYS. NAME YOUR POISON. A CHARGER? A SPAGO ALLIGATOR? HOW ABOUT A DUST CUTTER? HERE'S HOW TO DRINK AND STAY SOBER, BY **RICH LALICH.** IF YOU'RE A BREW FAN, CHECK OUT OUR **"CONNOISSEUR'S GUIDE TO NONALCOHOLIC BEERS,"** BY **MICHAEL JACKSON**

ONE'S AN ACTRESS AND A MOM, THE OTHER'S AN ACTRESS AND A MODEL. BOTH OF THEM ARE STUNNING. DON'T MISS OUR EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL WITH THE WORLD'S SEXIEST SISTERS, *PLAYBOY*'S VERY OWN **SHANNON** AND **TRACY TWEED**

"WHO DAT"—THE U.S. GOVERNMENT RECRUITS OUR NEXT SECRET NATIONAL HERO. HIS UNIQUE TALENT: HE COULD AFFECT THE OUTCOME OF THE WORLD SERIES—FICTION BY **GEORGE ALEC EFFINGER**

WHITNEY HOUSTON, THE TALLEST R&B QUEEN, HITS THE HIGH NOTES ON RAP, RACE AND HER ONGOING RELATIONSHIP WITH **EDDIE MURPHY** IN A **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH MUSIC CRITIC **NELSON GEORGE**

PLUS: "PLAYBOY'S 1991 BASEBALL PREVIEW," BY **KEVIN COOK;** THE WINNERS OF THE MUSIC POLL AND THE VOLKSWAGEN HALL OF FAME SWEEPSTAKES IN **"PLAYBOY MUSIC 1991";** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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drinking it before you know it's right for you,
it probably isn't.

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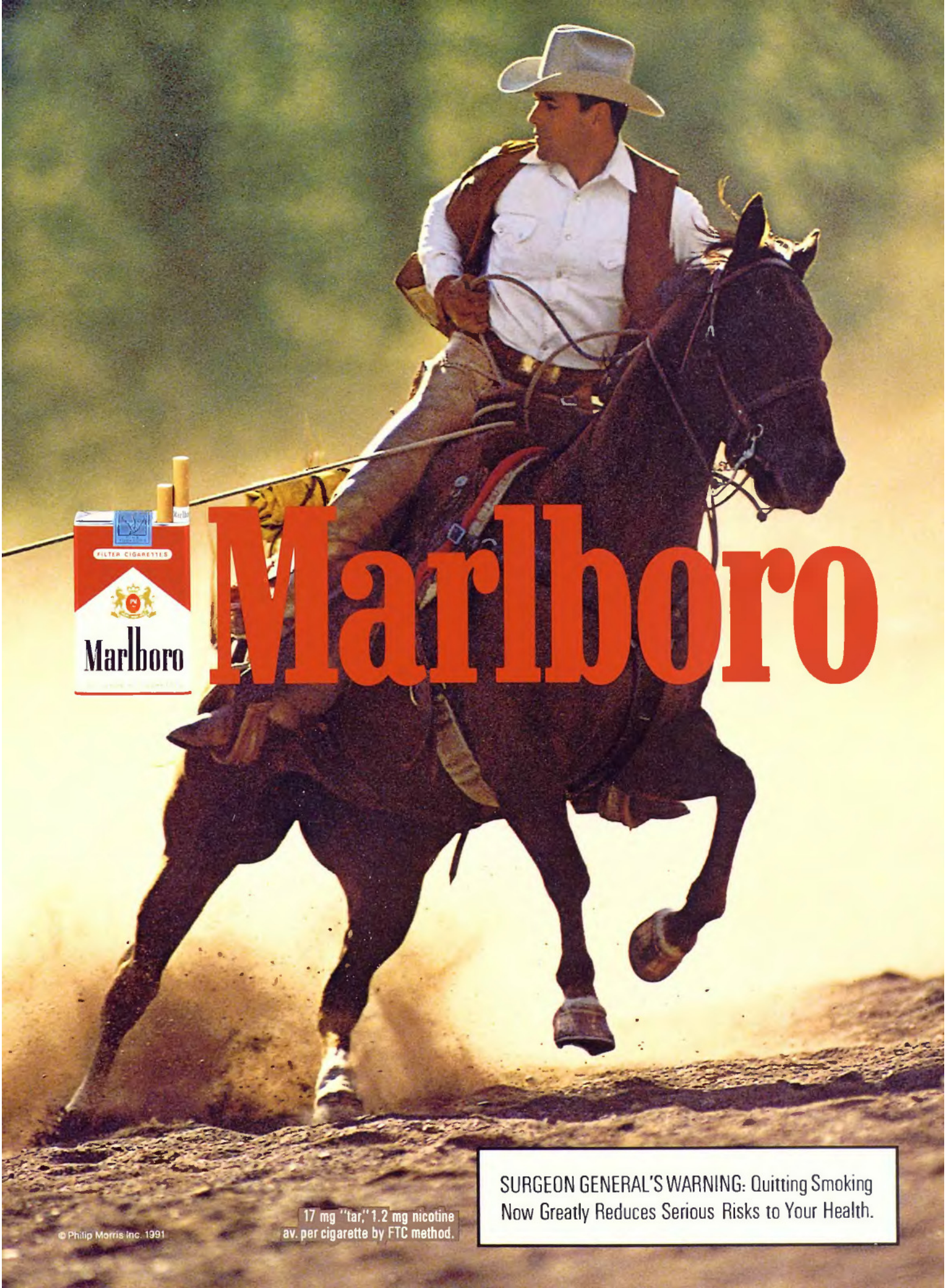

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.